Vol. XVII. No. 66 June 1928

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

I. John Keogh and Catholic Emancipation — *Denis Gwynn*

II. Governor Alfred E. Smith .... — *James J. Walsh*

III. A Poltergeist in a Huguenot Household — *Herbert Thurston*

IV. Scotti Peregrini. Part II. .... — *Gerard Murphy*

V. John Stephen McArdle .... — *William Doolin*

VI. John Singer Sargent .... — *Thomas Bodkin*

VII. Some Irish Bardic Poems. No VI. — *Lambert McKenna*

VIII. Evolution and Catholic Doctrine — *Patrick J. Gannon*

IX. Georges Goyau .... — *Virginia M. Crawford*

X. Henricus de Abrincis Archipoeta — *Paul Grosjean*

XI. Chronicle—Teachers and Universities — *T. Corcoran*

XII. Reviews of Books

Dublin—The Educational Company of Ireland Limited
London and St. Louis—B. Herder
Melbourne—William P. Linehan

Single Copies - - - - 3s. 6d. net
Annual Subscription, post free to all countries, 15s. net
Subscriptions are payable in advance

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office in St. Louis

HEATING *and* VENTILATING

WE have been entrusted with and have carried out the following contracts:—

RATHFARNHAM CASTLE (new additions).

BELVEDERE COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

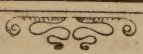
CLOGHAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, CO. DONEGAL.

GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

ROCHE'S BUILDINGS, CORK.

MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN.

FRANCISCAN CHURCH, MERCHANT'S QUAY.



J. J. NOLAN & SON

Heating and Ventilating Engineers

25 MURTAGH RD., DUBLIN

1930——FIRST IRISH

National Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

BOOK NOW AND PAY BY INSTALMENTS

Organised by the Catholic Truth Society with the sanction and fullest approval of all the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland.

The Pilgrimage will be led by His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Harty, President of the C.T.S. It will occupy about 32 days, leaving early in March and returning before Holy Week.

3% INTEREST ALLOWED ON INSTALMENTS PAID IN ADVANCE

ONE FULLY INCLUSIVE FARE ONLY } **90 Guineas**

The numbers will be strictly limited. Full particulars from Catholic Truth Society, 7 & 8 Lower Abbey Street Dublin.

The LEADER

Read extensively by the Clergy and the thinking men in Ireland and Great Britain. No Irishman should be without it, and every Catholic home ought to procure a copy each week. Its pages are full of common sense talk, and the best interests of eire *are foremost in its views always.*

If you are not a Subscriber already—become one now.
Posted to your address every week for **13/-** per annum.

A Good Paper for Advertising because of the high-class Clientele it enjoys, especially amongst Clergymen.

'Phone: **2412.** *Offices*—**PEARSE ST., DUBLIN.**

NATIONAL CITY BANK

(Affiliated to the Bank of Ireland) LIMITED

10 COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, £406,018 CAPITAL PAID-UP, £203,018

TRUSTEE AND EXECUTOR DEPARTMENT

Daily, it is becoming more and more difficult to get reliable and competent persons to undertake the duties of Trustees and Executors—duties which are often of a trying and arduous nature. The employment of Professional Trustees is, therefore, becoming more popular.

This department of the Bank places at customers' disposal the services of a highly efficient organisation for the conduct of these duties, including Investment, Supervision, and Distribution. The fees are reasonable: the service reliable and secret.

THE BANK TRANSACTS EVERY DESCRIPTION OF BANKING BUSINESS

Brochure giving full particulars of the Trustee and Executor Department may be had from The Bank, The Bank of Ireland, or any of its Agents.

O'K.

THE

PATRIOTIC Assurance Company, Ltd.

FIRE, ACCIDENT, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION & BURGLARY.

Registered and Head Office: **9 College Green, DUBLIN.**

CAPITAL FULLY PAID £100,000.

DIRECTORS—

SIR THOMAS HENRY GRATTAN ESMONDE, BART., Chairman.
LAURENCE W. MARTIN, ESQ. | PHILIP H. GRIERSON, ESQ.
RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WICKLOW.

Low Rates of Premium and prompt and liberal Settlement of Claims.
The position of the Company is amply secured independent of Capital.

PROPOSAL FORM AND ALL INFORMATION ON APPLICATION TO COMPANY'S AGENTS, OR TO **STUART C. SMITH, Manager & Secretary.**

THE HIBERNIAN FIRE :: AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED :: ::

HEAD OFFICES. 48 & 49 Dame St., Dublin.
BRANCHES: Dundalk, Belfast, Derry, Cork.

Policies issued cover **Fire, Fidelity Guarantee, Burglary, Third Party,** and :: :: ::

Employers' Liability Risks.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CORK

(*A Constituent College of the National University of Ireland*).

Full Courses for Degrees and Diplomas in

Arts, Celtic Studies, Science, Medicine, Dentistry, Engineering, Commerce, Agriculture, Law, Education, Music. : : :

Full particulars as to the conditions and cost of obtaining these Degrees and Diplomas, with all other information as to the College, its facilities and Scholarships, may be obtained on application to THE REGISTRAR.

The College has a number of valuable SCHOLARSHIPS, full particulars as to which can be obtained gratis, on application to THE REGISTRAR at the College.

The HONAN HOSTEL provides for Catholic Men Students. For Terms apply to THE WARDEN.

A List of recognised Lodgings, approved by the President and the Deans of Residence, is available for the use of parents and guardians.

The College has playing grounds, 15 acres in extent, available for all kinds of games.

TALBOT PRESS PUBLICATIONS

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF IRISH BIOGRAPHY. By Dr. J. S. Crone, M.R.I.A.

Few, if any, sources of information have been left untapped in compiling this most comprehensive list ever published of notable Irish men and women in every sphere of activity. Price **10s. 6d.** net.

SPENSER IN IRELAND. By Pauline Henley, M.A. Cr. 8vo. With specially drawn maps. Cloth extra.

An interesting story from original sources of Edmund Spenser's life and work in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth. Price **5s.** net.

NOW READY VOLUME III. PART I.

MEDITATIONS AND READINGS for Every Day of the Year. Selected from the Spiritual Writings of St. Alphonsus, and edited by Very Rev. John Baptist Coyle, C.SS.R.

Towards the Completion of this Important Work Vol. III., Part I., has now been issued, covering Pentecost, Corpus Christi, etc. Price **5s.** net.

THE LATE STANDISH JAMES O'GRADY.

All the Books of this distinguished Irish Author should be in every Irish Home and every Library.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

"O'Grady is our best storyteller."—Æ.

THE CUCULAIN CYCLE.

(1) **THE COMING OF CUCULAIN.**
(2) **THE TRIUMPH AND PASSING OF CUCULAIN.**
(3) **IN THE GATES OF THE NORTH.**

With an introduction by Æ. Cr. 8vo, cloth, each **3s. 6d.**

These three books contain the essential portion of Mr. Standish O'Grady's "Bardic History of Ireland," which proved to be the starting point of Ireland's Literary Renaissance.

FINN AND HIS COMPANIONS	**3s. 6d.** net.
THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE	**3s. 6d.** net.
ULRICK THE READY	**3s. 6d.** net.
THE CHAIN OF GOLD	**2s. 6d.** net.
LOST ON DU CORRIG	**2s. 6d.** net.
THE DEPARTURE OF DERMOT	**1s. 0d.** net.

In preparation :—

QUEEN OF THE AIR. The Story of Ireland.

By Ernest Boyd :—

STANDISH O'GRADY : Selected Essays and Passages. With introduction and portrait. **3s. 6d.** net.

BOOKS ABOUT IRELAND

Complete Catalogue of all the important Books about Ireland will be sent on application to the Publishers :

THE TALBOT PRESS, Ltd.

89 Talbot Street : Dublin

AN EPOCHAL WORK.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE SAINTS.

BY THE

RT. REV. MGR. F. G. HOLWECK, S.T.D.

Royal Octavo. XXX and 1,053 pages. Cloth **40s.**

"Is bound to take its place in every reference library."—*The Month.*

"A monumental work."—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record.*

"The book is a splendid achievement."—*Blackfriars.*

"May really claim to be a complete and universal manual of Hagiology."
—*The Ushaw Magazine.*

B. HERDER, PUBLISHER TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE : : :

33 QUEEN SQUARE——————LONDON, W.C.

15 and 17 S. BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS, U.S.A. | 8 VIA DI PROPAGANDA, ROME, ITALY.

"Irish Messenger" Books.

Price TWOPENCE each

Embracing over Three Hundred very attractive Publications (some in Gaelic, including a Quarterly Magazine, THE GAELIC MESSENGER) on subjects—

DEVOTIONAL **HISTORICAL**
BIOGRAPHICAL **SOCIAL**
ECONOMIC **IRISH**

Also, a Penny Monthly Magazine, THE MADONNA, for Children of Mary; sent for 1/- a year (2/- post free). Special terms for quantities of twenty and upwards.

☞ **Send for our new 52-page Catalogue**

ALSO:

Sacred Heart Manual for Youth

AND ALTAR-SERVERS' PRAYER-BOOK

2nd Edition. *20th Thousand.*

Price 4d.; Postage 2d. **Special Terms for Quantities.**

It has long been felt that a neat and handy, cheap prayer-book, specially suited to the needs of the young, was badly needed. This urgent want, so long felt, is now met by the publication of the present splendid little Manual.

This new prayer-book is over 130 pages in length, very neatly printed, and in a neat and handy size, with strong cover.

"IRISH MESSENGER" OFFICE, 5 GT. DENMARK ST., DUBLIN, C. 14.

Centenary of CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION 1829———1929

The number of sets available of the following Standard Works by the late Bishop Ward is limited and have been secured for readers of "The Tablet."

THE EVE OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. Being the History of the English Catholics during the first Thirty Years of the Nineteenth Century. By the Right Rev. Monsignor BERNARD WARD, F.R.Hist.S. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 8vo.

Vols. I. and II. 1803-1820.

Vol. III. 1820-1829.

3 vols. **38s.**

THE SEQUEL TO CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. The Story of the English Catholics continued down to the Re-establishment of their Hierarchy in 1850. By the Right Rev. Monsignor BERNARD WARD, F.R.Hist.S. With numerous Portraits and other Illustrations.

8vo. 2 vols. **£1 2s. 6d.**

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE ROCHECHOUART: 1788-1822

In France, Southern Russia in the Napoleonic Wars, and as Commandant of Paris.

Authorized Translation by FRANCES JACKSON.

This autobiography is valuable and interesting alike for the social and personal incidents which it contains, and for the sidelights which it throws on the history of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. The Duc de Richelieu, an émigré who held a high post in Russia, adopted Rochechouart as his son and assigned to him responsible duties. As Aide-de-Camp to Alexander I., he served in the campaign of 1812, and records many remarkable incidents in the course of the retreat of Napoleon's Grand Army. Rochechouart took part in the advance of the Allies, and became Commandant of Paris.

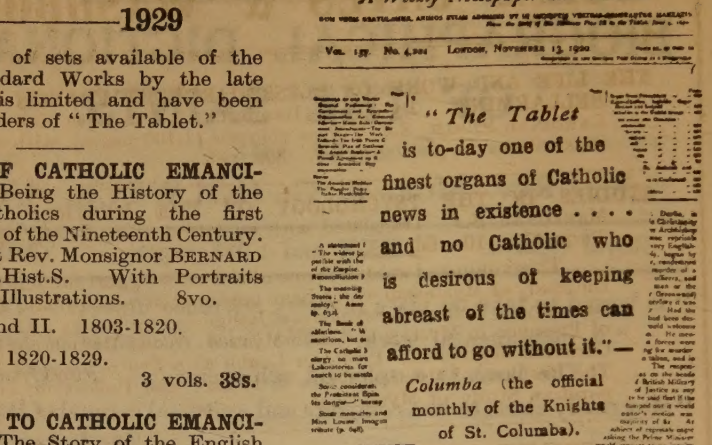
Published at 16s. Offered at **5s.**

Are you seeking OUT OF PRINT BOOKS? If so advertise for them free of charge in the *Tablet* Readers' Book Market. *See this week's "Tablet."*

THE TABLET

A Weekly Newspaper and Review

VOL. 137. No. 4,994 LONDON, NOVEMBER 13, 1920



"*The Tablet* is to-day one of the finest organs of Catholic news in existence . . . . and no Catholic who is desirous of keeping abreast of the times can afford to go without it."—*Columba* (the official monthly of the Knights of St. Columba).

CHRONICLE OF THE

WEEKLY FEATURES:

Notes and News of the Week.

A reasoned summary of the principal happenings of the week—Imperial, Parliamentary, Ecclesiastical, etc.

Topics.

Powerful articles contributed by the foremost leaders of Catholic thought and learning in Great Britain.

Etcetera.

A weekly *causerie* noting events and commenting on personalities of interest to Catholics.

ORBIS TERRARUM. A succinct digest of Catholic news from all parts of the world.

REVIEWS. CHESS. LITERARY NOTES

ROME WEEKLY LETTER from our correspondent.

ALL THE IMPORTANT CATHOLIC NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Tablet can be had, on order, from any Newspaper Shop anywhere at 6d. per week or direct from the office.

Post free for 52 weeks for 30s. 26 weeks, for 15s. 12 weeks for 7s 6d

Send a Postcard for a Specimen Copy.

THE TABLET

6 ADAM STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2.

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE

THE LIFE AND WORK OF BLESSED ROBERT FRANCIS CARDINAL BELLARMINE, By James Brodrick, S.J. With Introduction by Cardinal Ehrle, S.J. Two volumes (1,100 pages), with 44 full-page illustrations in photogravure. **30s.** net.

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MYSTICS. By Joseph Maréchal, S.J. Translated with an introductory Foreword by Algar Thorold. **10s. 6d.**

This volume of studies is one of the most important contributions to the study of Mysticism which have appeared in recent years. It contains six essays : Empirical Science and Religious Psychology ; On the Feeling of Presence in Mystics and Non-Mystics ; Some Distinctive Features of Christian Mysticism ; Professor Leuba as a Psychologist of Mysticism ; The Problem of Mystical Grace in Islam ; and Reflections on the Comparative Study of Mysticism.

THE ENGLISH MYSTICS. By Dom David Knowles, O.S.B. **6s.**

Contents : The Nature of Mysticism ; The Mystical Experience ; The Epoch of the Mystics ; The Ancren Riwle ; Richard Rolle ; The Cloud of Unknowing ; Walter Hilton ; Margery Kempe and Dame Julian ; Father Baker ; Characteristics of the English Mystics ; Bibliography ; Dean Inge and Miss Underhill ; Dame Gertrude More and Father Benet Fitch.

THE "ACTION FRANCAISE" CONDEMNATION. By Denis Gwynn. Herein is told for the first time in English the full story of the events which led up to the Papal condemnation of the "Action Française" newspaper and of the writings of M. Charles Maurras.

PRAYER AND POETRY. By Henri Bremond, of the French Academy. Translated by Algar Thorold. **7s. 6d.**

"A work which must be read, indeed studied, by all who are concerned either with spiritual or æsthetic realities."—"The Spectator."

THE MIRROR OF SIMPLE SOULS. By an unknown French mystic of the thirteenth century. Translated into English by M. N. Now first edited from the MSS. by Clare Kirchberger. The Orchard Books, No. 15. Cloth, **5s.** ; leather, **7s. 6d.**

This highly important mystical work, now for the first time printed, was discovered in 1911 in a British Museum MS. An account of the work, by Miss Evelyn Underhill, appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1911 ; and at a later date other MS. were discovered at Oxford and Cambridge, as well as a MS. Latin translation made from the English version. It is a treatise on the progress of the soul from the earlier stages of the spiritual life to its highest and rarest experiences, and forms a link between the eleventh and twelfth century writers on prayer and the Flemish mystics of the fourteenth century.

THE BOOK OF THE BEASTS. Translated from the Catalan of Ramon Lull by E. Allison Peers, Professor of Spanish at Liverpool University. **3s. 6d.**

A LIFE OF RAMON LULL. Written by an unknown hand about 1311, and now first translated from the Catalan by E. Allison Peers. With a contemporary Latin Version. **3s. 6d.**

---

28 Orchard St., W.1. :: 8-10 Paternoster Row, E.C. 4

BROWNE & NOLAN, Limited

THE SACRED CEREMONIES OF LOW MASS. By Rev. Felix Zualdi, C.M. Edited, with additions and Notes, by Rev. M. O'Callaghan, C.M. Revised and harmonised with the latest Decrees and the New Code. By Rev. J. S. Sheehy, C.M. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 5s.

PROGRAMMES OF SERMONS AND INSTRUCTIONS. Comprising (according to the course laid down by the Catechism of the Council of Trent) The Apostles' Creed; The Commandments of God, and Precepts of the Church; Prayer and the Sacraments; as also an Exposition of Christian Doctrine. By the Rev. Thos. MacNamara, C.M. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD. Elucidated according to the mind of the Church. By M. J. Ollivier, O.P. Translated from the French by E. Leahy. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 7s. 6d. (In the Press).

ST. BERNARD'S SERMONS. Translated by A Priest of Mount Melleray.

1. On the Canticle of Canticles. Eighty-six Sermons. Two volumes. Vol. I, 10s. net; Vol. II, 10s. net.
2. For the Seasons and the Principal Festivals of the Year. Crown 8vo, cloth. Three volumes. Vol. I, 10s. net; Vol. II, 10s. net; Vol. III, 10s. net.
3. St. Bernard's Treatise on Consideration. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

"Nobody can read these discourses without great pleasure and spiritual profit. . . . . They are full of wisdom."—Catholic Times.

THE DIOCESE OF LIMERICK IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES. By John Canon Begley, P.P., V.F., M.R.I.A. Containing a large amount of Records and material hitherto unpublished, with Illustrations and Plans. Demy 8vo, cloth, 21s.

41 & 42 NASSAU STREET :: :: DUBLIN

Branches—BELFAST, CORK, WATERFORD

LONDON: 1 & 2 IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.

OFFICIALLY APPROVED

GAELIC TEXT BOOKS

For Irish Colleges, Training Colleges, National Teachers' Summer Courses and Secondary Teachers' Courses.

uraiceacht céimseatan. By Seóirse Mac Niocaill. 232 pages, cloth (by post, 3s. 4d). .. 3s.

lonnaireacht. By Micheál Sriobta. 80 pages, (by post 10d.) .. .. 8d.

trom agus éadtrom. By Micheál Breathach. 84 pages, price (by post 11d.) .. .. 9d.

cormac macaint. By Cormac Ó Cadhlaig, M.A. 65 pages, price (by post 1s. 0d.) .. .. 10d.

beagnach fíor. By Pádraic Ó Conaire. 104 pages, price (by post 1s. 0d.) .. .. 10d.

an tost agus sgéalta eile. (Barry Kehelly). 110 pages (by post 1s. 5d.) .. .. .. 1s. 3d.

béal na h-uaighe. By L. O Broin. Crown 8vo. 146 pages (by post 1s. 9d.) .. .. .. 1s. 6d.

ALEX. THOM & CO., LTD.

The Appointed Publishers,

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS, CROW STREET, DUBLIN.

SANDS & CO.

THE LIFE OF CARDINAL MERCIER. By HENRY LOUIS DUBLY. With a Preface by MGR. BAUDRILLART. Translated by HERBERT WILSON. Illustrated. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By W. E. BROWN, at one time Lecturer in History at Glasgow University. Price 5s. net.

ST. MARTIN OF TOURS. By PAUL MONCEAUX. Translated by MARY CAROLINE WATT. Price 6s. net.

STUDIES IN HEBREW HISTORY. By JUDITH F. SMITH. With a Preface by the Rev. HUGH POPE, O.P. Price 4s net.

SPIRITUAL LIFE (THE). A Summary of the Instructions on the Virtues and on Prayer, given by St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Compiled by the Sisters of the Visitation, Harrow-on-the-Hill. With a Preface by His Eminence CARDINAL BOURNE. Price 8s. 6d. net.

DO WE REMEMBER? A Tale of Oxford at the Reformation. By FRANCES DE PARAVICINI. With 24 illustrations of Oxford. Price 5s. net.

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE MOTHER MARIE THÉRESÈ HAZE. Foundress of the Daughters of the Cross of Liége. From the French of J. de M. Illustrated. Price 6s. net.

STORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH (THE). By the Rev. G. STEBBING, C.SS.R. From the Days of Our Lord to the Year 1927. A New and Enlarged Edition. 714 pp. Price 6s.

A complete History of the Church in one volume, giving at a glance full information on every important event in the history of the Church.

THE PRICE OF DAWNING DAY. A Missionary Romance of Indo-China. By the Rev. T. GAVAN-DUFFY, Missionary Apostolic of Pondicherry, India. Price 5s. net.

DIVINE REFRESHMENT (THE). Chapters on the Blessed Sacrament. By the Rev. R. EATON. With Preface by His Eminence CARDINAL BOURNE. Price 2s. 6d. net.

TOWARDS FREEDOM. A Novel. By MOLLY VENESS. Price 7s. 6d. net.

LONDON: 15 King St., Covent Garden, W.C.2, and Edinburgh.

THE

OIREACHTAS COMPANION AND SAORSTAT GUIDE

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN.

Crown 16mo. 336 pages. **PRICE 5/- NET.**

2nd EDITION NOW READY.

The First Complete Work devoted to the **Parliament and Institutions of the Irish Free State,** published in Ireland. Outlines the raison d'être of Saorstát Eireann and the establishment of the Oireachtas, gives the composition of both Houses (Dáil and Seanad), with **Biographies of Deputies and Senators**; sets out the functions of the **several Departments of State,** with staffs attached to each; contains valuable **Electoral Information. The Administration of Justice** is dealt with, also the personnel of the **Supreme Court, High Court, Circuit Courts,** and **District Courts,** as well as the **Garda Siochana,** are given.

Immediate Access, in the readiest and most convenient form, to official information **constantly sought for.**

The Companion also contains valuable information about the British and Overseas Dominion Parliaments and the Parliament of Northern Ireland.

An Indispensable Guide for professional and business men, and for all those interested in public affairs.

HELY'S, LIMITED,

ACME WORKS, DAME COURT,

DUBLIN.

THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES REVIEW

A Monthly Magazine which Discusses the Facts, Problems and Methods of Charity and Related Social Questions . .

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: FIVE SHILLINGS

Rev. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D., LL.D., Editor-in-Chief,
Rev. JOHN O'GRADY, Ph.D., Managing Editor,
The Catholic University of America,
WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A.

OXFORD BOOKS

THE POEMS, ENGLISH, LATIN AND GREEK, OF RICHARD CRASHAW. Edited by L. C. MARTIN. Oxford English Texts. 21s. net.

". . . An edition of a poet as poets should be edited, but as only such editors as Mr. Martin and only such publishers as the Oxford Press can or will produce. . . "—Manchester Guardian.

THE POEMS AND LETTERS OF ANDREW MARVELL. Edited by H. M. MARGOLIOUTH. 2 vols. Oxford English Texts. 31s. 6d. net.

" . . . This is the latest addition to that truly admirable Oxford series which includes Professor Grierson's " Donne " and Professor de Selincourt's " Prelude " . . . little more need be said in praise of Mr. Margoliouth's work than that it is worthy of its company. . . ."—New Statesman.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON WITH THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE. Edited by EDITH J. MORLEY. 2 vols. 42s. net.

". . . These two volumes are a model of editorial responsibility. . . ." —Arthur Waugh in the Daily Telegraph.

". . . Of Miss Morley's zeal and care it is not possible to speak too highly. She has devoted years of intelligent labour to a task which she has executed with skill and exactitude. . . ."—Sir Edmund Gosse in the Sunday Times.

ENDYMION: A Poetic Romance. By JOHN KEATS. Edited with Notes by H. CLEMENT NOTCUTT. 7s. 6d. net.

". . . Endymion is handicapped by being one of those allegorical poems that depends too much upon the allegory itself. The first book may be comparatively straightforward, but the remaining three need the information which the present editor supplies. The whole plan is very well worked out. . . ."—London Mercury.

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION IN POETRY. By GILBERT MURRAY. 12s. 6d. net.

". . . One of the most important contributions to the philosophy of literary criticism which has appeared in this country during the last decade. . . ."—Spectator.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR LITERARY STUDENTS. By R. B. MCKERROW. 18s. net.

". . . Dr. McKerrow's book is the most important contribution to general bibliographical knowledge yet published. . . ."—Oxford Magazine.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Amen House, E.C.4

UNIVERSITY PHARMACY

102 Lower Leeson Street (St. Stephen's Green)

AND

FURLONG'S MEDICAL HALL

17 Upper Merrion Street, DUBLIN

A Pharmacy is known by the Doctors who patronise it

Prescriptions for some of the best known Physicians in Town are filled here

JOSEPH O'REILLY, M.P.S.I., Telephone: 61760.

UNIVERSITY HALL, DUBLIN

FOUNDED AND DIRECTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS

University Hall is maintained exclusively as an academic residence for students who are pursuing university studies in the City of Dublin. The buildings stand close by the site of University College, Dublin. They can accommodate seventy students—an academic community sufficiently large to furnish opportunity for the mutual culture in social intercourse which is among the most important advantages of university life, and an essential factor in university education.

TERMS

There are three Terms in the year; Michaelmas Term, from the beginning of the Session till the Christmas Vacation; Hilary Term, between Christmas and Easter; and Trinity Term, from Easter till the Summer Vacation. The opening and close of Terms coincide with the opening and close of Lectures at University College, Dublin.

FEES

The Residence Fees are Twenty-five Guineas a Term: or, for the Session, £76 if paid in advance.

Parents residing abroad can make special arrangements for Students' vacation expenses.

Applications for admission and inquiries for further information should be addressed to

THE PRESIDENT, S.J.,
University Hall, DUBLIN

Are WE - -
Your - - -
Photographers ?

Specimens and Quotations free.

Keogh BROS LTD

75 LR. DORSET STREET and 124 STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.
(Next College of Surgeons.)

VOL. XVII No. 66

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

JUNE 1928

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	JOHN KEOGH AND CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION ... ... *Denis Gwynn.*	177
II.	GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH ... ... *James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.*	196
III.	A POLTERGEIST IN A HUGUENOT HOUSEHOLD ... *Herbert Thurston, S.J.*	215
IV.	SCOTTI PEREGRINI. PART II. ... ... *Gerard Murphy*	229
V.	JOHN STEPHEN MCARDLE ... ... *William Doolin, M.B., F.R.C.S.*	245
VI.	JOHN SINGER SARGENT ... ... *Thomas Bodkin, D.Litt.*	257
VII.	SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS. No. VI. ... ... *Lambert McKenna, S.J.*	266
VIII.	EVOLUTION AND CATHOLIC DOCTRINE ... *Patrick J. Gannon, S.J.*	271
IX.	GEORGES GOYAU—HISTORIAN ... ... *Virginia M. Crawford*	282
X.	HENRICUS DE ABRINCIS ARCHIPOETA ... *Paul Grosjean, S.J.*	295
XI.	CHRONICLE—TEACHERS AND UNIVERSITIES ... *T. Corcoran, S.J.*	309

XII. REVIEWS OF BOOKS:

Life of Matt Talbot, p. 315.—Lavigerie, p. 319.—Saint Pierre, p. 319.—Saint Bernard, p. 319.—Pie X., p. 319.—Foclóir Gaedhilge agus Béarla, p. 323.—Sofoicléas: Aintioghoiné, p. 325.—Rí Oidiopús, p. 325.—A History of Railways in Ireland, p. 327.—Dr. Arnold of Rugby, p. 329.—L'Ecole Unique, p. 330.—L'Homme qui ressuscita d'entre les Vivants, p. 331.—The White Bolle-Tree, p. 333.—Spenser in Ireland, p. 334.—The Achievement of the Middle Ages, p. 336.—A Chain of Error in Scottish History, p. 337.—The Celtic Church and the See of Peter, p. 337.—A History of England, p. 339.—Studien zum Schriftstellerkatalog des heiligen Hieronymus, p. 340.—Christian Spirituality, p. 343.—Neo-Hegelianism, p. 345.—The Nature of Existence, p. 345.—La Vie et les Oeuvres de quelques Grands Saints, p. 347.—Carmelitana. Enucleatio Mysticae Theologiae, p. 348.—Fondements de la Morale, p. 348.—La Littérature grecque chrétienne, p. 349.—Irish Fireside Hours, p. 349.—Huc and Gabet's Travels in Tartary, Tibet and China, p. 350.—Luther and the Reformation, p. 350.

STUDIES is published in the months of March, June, September and December.

Single Copies - - 3s. 6d. net (postage 3½d.).

Annual Subscription, post free to all countries, 15s. net.

Editorial Offices: 35 Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

Publishing Offices: The Educational Company of Ireland Ltd., 89 Talbot Street, Dublin.

GREATER PURITY means finer flavour

Purity has a very extreme meaning to the makers of Fruitfield Preserves. In the first instance it means the rejection of all that is not superlatively good in the raw material. It means the selection of the very choicest and freshest fruit and the purest crystal white sugar. It also means the most scrupulous care in every stage of manufacture and packing. Fruitfield has a wonderful flavour because of its wonderful purity.

"The Taste Tells."

Fruitfield
HIGH CLASS **Preserves**
Made in the County Dublin

JOHN KEOGH AND CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

BY DENIS GWYNN

NOT until the middle of the eighteenth century had it been possible even for the cautious beginning to be made, in asserting the claims of the Catholics to liberation from their bondage, which was initiated by the joint efforts of the three earliest pioneers of Catholic emancipation in Ireland—Dr. Curry, Charles O'Conor and Thomas Wyse. Accident threw Curry and O'Conor together when each had been meditating for some years upon the possibility of a definite effort towards organising the Catholics against the penal code. They were soon joined by Wyse, who became the most active organiser of the first Catholic Association which, after much difficulty, succeeded in presenting an address of loyalty to the Lord Lieutenant in 1759. All three came from the impoverished and harassed class of Catholic landlords; and it was to the Catholic gentry that they appealed first for support in the work to which they had devoted themselves. But the gentry would not even consider their suggestion, and the clergy were even more timid politically than the gentry. From the oppressed and illiterate peasantry, who were the great majority of the Catholic population, it was hopeless to expect anything. But one class among the Irish Catholics had already begun to recover the courage and independence and self-respect which had been systematically beaten out of the Catholics as a whole; and among the new merchant class Dr. Curry and his friends met with an immediate and increasingly determined response. From the very beginning this contrast between the attitude of the new merchant class and of the aristocracy who dreaded any renewal of persecution, led to an acute division among the Catholic forces. It was to persist through a whole

generation until a Dublin silk mercer, John Keogh, had come forward as the recognised leader of the democratic elements in the Catholic agitation, and in 1791 compelled Lord Kenmare and most of the aristocracy to secede altogether from the Catholic Committee.

Of Keogh Sir Thomas Wyse wrote in his *Historical Sketch of the late Catholic Association of Ireland*:—

> John Keogh rose out of the mercantile body, was created by its necessities, adopted its wishes, directed its will and ruled it, and through it the entire Catholic community, with very nearly undivided sway until his death. He was roughly hewn, both in mind and body—endowed by nature with the coarser rather than the nicer faculties of the statesman—his education solid rather than elegant. The character of John Keogh was eminently, was especially framed for the times. It was the offspring of the existing opinions and the local circumstances of the body. No man could more felicitously seize or more promptly lead both, when necessity required it, to his purpose. He gave a movement far more general support than any which had yet been experienced to the Catholic mind. . . . . To the object which he had in view, and the body with which he had to deal, his mind and manners, his frame of thought and colour of expression, his writing and his speaking, were singularly adapted. It was all quiet, business-like matter of fact; no display; little expenditure of art; everything for an express and intelligible purpose.

Not until 1790 does Keogh's name appear with any prominence in the records of the Catholic agitation. But his ascendancy in the Catholic Committee after he had become a member of it was extraordinary. Friction between Lord Kenmare and the democratic elements had been simmering ever since the conflict over his appeal to the Catholics to retire from the Volunteer movement, in which they had found a means, albeit illegal, of carrying arms in spite of the penal code. The Catholic Committee had even issued a public repudiation of Lord Kenmare's appeal, but there was no definite breach until 1792, when he was again publicly repudiated by the Committee for having presented an address to the Lord

Lieutenant which declared the "perfect submission" of Catholics to the existing laws, and expressed abhorrence of every form of agitation. Sixty-eight of the more conservative members of the Committee thereupon seceded, headed by Lord Kenmare and Archbishop Troy of Dublin, and the Committee was thenceforward completely under the control of Keogh and his democratic friends. "He did more for the Roman Catholics than any other individual of that body," writes Grattan's son, who knew him well. "He had the merit of raising a party, and bringing out the Catholic people. Before his time they were nothing; their Bishops were servile, and Doctor Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, though an excellent man, was under the influence of the Castle."

He had begun life as a humble tradesman, but had grown rich by his ability in business. For years the Catholic merchants had provided the sinews of war for the Catholic agitation, and Keogh became one of the most generous subscribers for political expenses, besides being incomparably the ablest leader of the Committee. In the long years during which the Catholics saw that they could hope to achieve no more than mere legal recognition of their existence in the country, they had acquired the habit of subscribing money generously for the employment of lawyers to conduct their defence against the more flagrantly unjust impositions such as quarterage, or to obtain the services of able pamphleteers. Edmund Burke had been writing at intervals on behalf of the Catholic claims for more than twenty years, and he had declined the handsome remuneration that the Catholics offered to him for his services. But Keogh's alert political instinct saw the possibilities of enlisting the active sympathies of Burke again. Sufficient concessions had already been won to give a new feeling of security to the Catholic body; and an incident towards the end of 1790 had determined them upon a direct appeal from Dublin Castle to the King. When the Lord Lieutenant visited Cork in that

year, the Catholics had prepared an address expressing their loyalty, which concluded with a hope of some relaxation of the penal laws. The address was returned to them, with a message that it could not be delivered unless the concluding passage was struck out. The Catholics of Cork, with admirable spirit, refused to omit their appeal for relief, and the Catholic Committee now turned its face towards London instead of Dublin Castle. In September, 1791, Keogh was sent on their behalf to London, where he remained for three months negotiating with influential persons, including Edmund Burke. On his return, a formal invitation was sent to Burke asking that his son Richard should become their salaried agent. The invitation offered an ideal opportunity for the career which Burke had dreamed of for his son; and in 1792 Richard Burke was accordingly in Dublin as their agent, while his father lavished advice and philosophical dissertations upon him by correspondence.

Keogh's choice of Richard Burke had been characteristically shrewd; for Edmund Burke was already recognised as the most vehement critic of the French revolution in England; and in appointing his son as their agent, the Catholics effectively disposed of the prevalent accusation that they were in league with the French revolutionaries. But Keogh had no intention of allowing sentimental considerations to interfere with work he had in hand. Richard Burke was a hopeless failure almost from the start. His pompous style, his colossal conceit, and his entire lack of tact infuriated everyone with whom he had to negotiate on behalf of the Catholics. By the end of three months Keogh determined to put an end to a disastrous experiment, and with the presentation of an honorarium of 2,000 guineas Richard Burke was politely but firmly sent home. The question whether the Catholics should have one of themselves or a Protestant as their agent caused considerable discussion in the Committee, but Keogh discovered a young man after his own heart

to take his place. Theobald Wolfe Tone was a young briefless barrister of great promise, who had been Auditor of the Historical Society as a student in Trinity College, and who had quite recently issued an extremely able pamphlet in support of the Catholic claims. Keogh made his acquaintance, and introduced him to other members of the Committee, and within a few months he was definitely appointed agent for the Catholics to replace Richard Burke. The two men could scarcely have been more unlike. Tone had no family or name to help him; he had no inherited political opinions; he was as wildly exuberant in his passion for political activity as Richard Burke had been pompous and ineffective. He was an unreserved enthusiast for the French revolution which Burke had been trained to denounce in laboured rhetoric; and with an infectious gaiety and idealism, Tone showed himself at once to be everything that the astute John Keogh could have desired in a political agent at the time. The relations between Tone and his patron were as cordial as possible at first. Tone regarded him with a certain degree of hero worship as the first creator of a democratic agitation in Ireland, and he made more allowances than he was willing to make a little later, for the inevitable cautiousness of any Catholic politician who dared to attempt to overthrow the penal code.

Whereas Richard Burke, with none of his father's redeeming features, had carried respect for the aristocracy to the point of vulgar snobbery, Tone felt that he was becoming engaged in a social revolution which must be the prelude to a complete upheaval similar to that of France, and that Keogh was to be its principal organiser. The younger Grattan asserts quite definitely that, from his entry into the Catholic Committee, Keogh had "instantly formed a plan to destroy the aristocratic part, and introduce the democratic. He wrote, he published, he harangued, and strove to kindle new spirit among the people." But he had only his own self-made wealth as

a draper to reinforce his indomitable courage in the lonely struggle he had undertaken; and it was not until he had discovered an ideal political agent in Wolfe Tone that he began to make decisive headway. In 1792 he confided in one of the Protestant supporters of the Catholic cause, Mr. Peter Burrowes, that he felt already that he had failed, that the people could not be induced to assert themselves or to hold public meetings, and that all his own efforts were unavailing. Then quite suddenly the Diehards of the Protestant ascendancy played right into his hands.

Lord Kenmare's secession from the Catholic Committee, with practically all the leading members of the nobility and gentry as well as Archbishop Troy, had added enormously to Keogh's difficulties. Henceforward the ascendancy was able to discredit every action taken by the Committee by merely quoting the public disavowal of all agitation that had been made by Lord Kenmare. When a petition signed by the Catholics was presented to the Irish House of Commons in 1792, it was indignantly removed from the table of the House by a special and almost unprecedented resolution, while its authors were denounced as the "rabble of the town," and John Keogh in particular was subjected to a furious campaign of calumny. But Keogh was already well accustomed to abuse, and these systematic insults only stiffened his determination. At a time when the Catholic nobility and the bishops did not dare breathe a word that might incur censure from Dublin Castle, Keogh showed a most extraordinary independence of spirit. "The only Catholic with courage that I ever saw," is how Lord Donoughmore described him at the time to the gossip Creevey. But he had astonishingly shrewd political instinct as well. These diatribes against the Catholic Committee, on the ground that it could not claim to represent the Catholic body, gave him the very opportunity he had sought to clear up the issue. In conjunction with some of his

friends he now elaborated the proposal that had frequently been made, for creating a complete representative committee consisting of duly appointed delegates from every county and important town. The indignation which had already found expression at Lord Kenmare's subservient address to the Lord Lieutenant assured him that, if such a Committee were constituted, the predominance of his own democratic supporters would henceforward be unchallenged.

It was decided to take steps immediately to bring such a new Committee into existence. The derision which had been poured upon Keogh and his friends was made the pretext for such a revolutionary departure, and the insults and calumnies of the bigoted ascendancy had at last goaded the Catholics into rallying in his support. Rumours of what Keogh had on foot spread fury among the ascendancy, and the Grand Juries up and down the country proceeded to fulminate with blood-curdling resolutions threatening civil war and every sort of horror if any tampering with the Protestant establishment were attempted. The proposals for a meeting of the new assembly in Dublin were denounced as being definitely illegal, and Keogh and his indefatigable assistant Wolfe Tone decided to settle the issue by taking the opinion of two of the most distinguished King's Counsel at the Irish Bar. Keogh knew that he was on safe ground. The two Counsels' opinion was unequivocably favourable to his plans, and Wolfe Tone immediately proceeded to publish them in the newspapers and to distribute them by every conceivable means, as an encouragement to the Catholic body to show some spirit.

Keogh's original idea had been to create the new General Committee and to maintain contact with it by correspondence through the permanent sub-committee which sat in Dublin. But the legal opinions which had been obtained emboldened Keogh and his friends still further. Provided the ostensible purpose of the assembly was to prepare a petition for presentation to the King

himself, there was apparently no obstacle to bringing the entire General Committee of delegates to Dublin, and holding there what must in fact be no less than a National Assembly of the Irish Catholics. Grattan, who was in close touch with Keogh at the time, not only approved, but urged the Catholics to assemble. A private meeting took place in the house of Mr. Forbes in Kildare Street, where Grattan, George Ponsonby, and the future Lord Donoughmore attended to consult with Keogh and Edmund Byrne and others of the Catholic leaders. Grattan's son states that the Catholics, including Keogh himself, were very diffident about the proposal, and that "the party had some difficulty in persuading them to come forward." But the opinion of the gathering was overwhelming in favour of taking the offensive boldly, and Keogh left the house determined to go ahead. Meanwhile the Grand Juries, under the presidency in each district of the most distinguished leaders of the ascendancy, including the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons, vied with one another in issuing lurid threats against the Catholic agitation. The Catholic nobility may well have trembled in their shoes. But Keogh saw at last that the dream of his life was about to be fulfilled. He came in triumph to see Grattan, brandishing the Grand Jury resolutions in his hand. "By God!" he exclaimed, "Lord Clare has done what I so long attempted and attempted in vain—he has roused the Catholics."

Throughout the summer of 1792 the preparations for electing the new General Committee and for holding the Catholic Convention in Dublin were being feverishly pressed forward. Keogh and a few other leaders of the Committee were undertaking personal missions all over the country to convert the waverers, and above all to win the sympathy of the distrustful and uneasy hierarchy. Wolfe Tone's inimitable diary during these months gives a vivid picture of the restless activity and unstinted

public spirit of John Keogh. "Gog" (as Tone always called him, with his whimsical habit of inventing nicknames) "converts a bishop at Newry, another at Downpatrick," he records. His first hero-worship of Keogh was, it is true, beginning to grow thin; and he refers continually to the vanity which he discerned in him. But Keogh's success and his indomitable energy are abundantly evident in Tone's graphic diary. "Arrive at Dundalk," one entry continues. "Gog insufferably vain, and fishing for compliments, of which Mr. Hutton (*i.e.*, Tone himself) at first is rather sparing. Gog then praises Mr. Hutton, who relents thereupon, and lays it on in return pretty thick. Nothing too gross." But the next day's entry records yet another mission: "Set off early, and ride twelve miles on a lame hack. . . . Leave Gog converting another bishop (the Catholic Primate) and, drive off in the stage." Two days later Keogh is again back in Dublin, riding out with Tone to consult with Grattan, who already expects that the Government will attempt to arrest the chairman of the Convention when it meets. Meanwhile other troubles arise which Keogh masters indomitably. Richard Burke returns to Ireland, practically refusing to consider himself as having been replaced; but Keogh—even though his sons have been staying with Edmund Burke at Beaconsfield—is adamant, and finally informs Richard Burke that the Committee will have to state publicly that he no longer represents them unless he agrees to withdraw. Other missions become necessary up and down the country, involving long journeys by road, in order to encourage waverers or to counteract the local influence of certain Catholic landlords who are trying to discredit the Committee's plans. Early in August Keogh is North again to confer with the Primate, at whose house he and Wolfe Tone meet eight bishops in all, and leave them entirely satisfied. Emerging at last from the comparative security in which he had directed the Catholic agitation from Dublin, Keogh travels

everywhere in these whirling months, pleading, exhorting, persuading, peacemaking, exercising all his energy and ability to reconcile the existing feuds.

Finally in December 1792, the Convention meets in Dublin, in an atmosphere of extraordinary excitement. Archbishop Troy of Dublin and Bishop Moylan of Cork have been persuaded to attend as delegates, and others of the Kenmare party have been brought into line. It was not merely the first public assembly of Catholics on a national scale that had been held since the penal code was established. For several years all eyes had been turned towards France, and the Catholic delegates were aware before they had come together that their convention must bear a dramatic resemblance to the first National Assembly in Paris, only a few years before, which had ushered in the new revolutionary regime for France. Keogh, with his old habits of working behind the scenes, and with his lack of oratorical talents, obviously could not aspire to be the Mirabeau of the Irish Convention. But his directing hand in its stage management was to have an immense influence upon its proceedings. It was Luke Teeling, one of the delegates from County Antrim, who assumed the role of the Tribune of the People from the outset, and succeeded superbly in generating the necessary enthusiasm and fervour. But the first business to be transacted was the special triumph of John Keogh, though he did not even speak in the discussion. The proceedings opened with the bold proclamation that " the meeting, as then constituted, with the Peers and Prelates, were the only organ competent to speak the sense of the Catholic body." An attempt was made at once to modify this, on behalf of the gentry who until now had acquired a hereditary right to regard themselves as the spokesmen of the Catholic body. But the amendment was overwhelmed by opposition, and from that day forward there could be no further question of the timid counsels of the nobility impeding the progress of the Catholic democracy.

It was on the next resolution that Luke Teeling found his chance for a dramatic outburst. The main business for which the Convention had been organised was to prepare a petition against the grievances of the Catholics for presentation to the King. The petition which had been drafted was accordingly submitted to the Convention, paragraph by paragraph, for its adoption, and was carried unanimously without a hitch until the end. Luke Teeling then rose dramatically to protest against the final paragraph, on the ground that it expressed only a limited demand for Catholic rights. His own instructions from his constituents, he explained, were to require nothing short of total emancipation, and he declared that the dignity of the meeting, and still more of the whole Catholic body, demanded that no action whatever should be taken " to sanction by anything which might be construed into acquiescence on their part, one fragment of that unjust and abominable system, the penal code." He moved, therefore, as an amendment to the final paragraph, that a clear request should be inserted instead, praying that the Catholics might be restored to the equal enjoyment of the blessings of the constitution. Teeling's bold attitude and accomplished oratory produced an overwhelming effect upon the Convention. His proposal was greeted with prolonged and tumultuous applause, and when D. T. O'Brien of Cork rose to second the amendment in unequivocal terms, the first climax of the assembly had already been reached.

Keogh might well feel that his hopes had at last been fulfilled beyond all expectation. But he was determined to do everything possible to emphasise and strengthen the new spirit of defiance that had arisen. Just as the Convention were ready to carry Teeling's amendment with acclamation, he rose to impress upon the delegates the enormous importance and solemnity of what they proposed. He declared his own entire agreement with the spirit of the amendment, and asserted that they now

had only to ask and they would receive. But he implored the Convention, with the artistry of a born demagogue, to pause well before committing themselves to an attitude from which they could never afterwards recede. "Have you considered," he asked in a dexterous rhetorical question, "the magnitude of your demand and the power of your enemies? Have you considered the disgrace and the consequences of a refusal, and are you prepared to support your claim?" His challenge swept the assembly off their feet. Rising as one man, and each solemnly lifting his right hand, they vociferated a tremendous shout "WE ARE." Even so, Keogh was determined to avoid every appearance of action upon impulse. "Then I know and rejoice in a spirit which must render your success infallible," he answered back; "but let it not be said that you took up a resolution of this infinite magnitude in a fit of enthusiasm. Let us agree to retire. We meet again to-morrow. We will consider this question in the meantime, and whatever be the determination of the meeting, it will not be accused of want of temperance or consideration."

Recognising the wisdom of their leader, the delegates agreed to adjourn, and on the following day Teeling once more returned to the charge. Views had been exchanged eagerly during the previous day and evening, and fear of possible reprisals arising from the suggested course had been freely expressed. Teeling dealt with these apprehensions at once; and declaring that he himself could see no danger, he appealed to the delegates not to wrong their cause by asking for less than complete emancipation. Once again he assumed the role of Mirabeau. "We have been asked," he said, "what we will do in case of a refusal? I will not, when I look round me, suppose a refusal. But if such an event should take place, our duty is obvious. We are to tell our constituents, and they, not we, are to determine. We will take the sense of the whole people, and see what *they* will have done."

Had there been less skilful or less daring leadership, the resolution would certainly not have been carried. Even after the excitement of the first day's proceedings, there were rumours of a secession by many delegates if extreme measures were insisted upon. But Keogh's stage-management, combined with the brave leadership of Luke Teeling, created an atmosphere which banished all timidity. The demand for complete emancipation was carried unanimously, and the next question was the manner of presenting the petition to the King.

Once more the timid counsellors were able to cause obstruction. A direct approach to the King was represented as being an implied insult to the Castle. Again Keogh had to manipulate a situation full of difficulty. It was agreed to send a deputation immediately to the Castle, to ask for certain whether the alleged promises were well founded, that the Castle would immediately forward the Catholic petition by express messenger to the King, and back it with a strong recommendation. Keogh went in person to conduct the interview, while the delegates—who had seen the last Catholic petition flung from the table of the House of Commons earlier in the year—now sat counting the minutes until their ultimatum to the Government expired. Keogh returned quickly, having been officially informed that there was no authoritative communication to be made; and he now indignantly reported to the Convention this last instance of the duplicity of the Castle. "Will you trust your petition with such men," he demanded triumphantly of the Convention; and a loud shout of "No" confirmed him in his victory. The delegates were by this time thoroughly inflamed, and after a series of defiant speeches which would have been inconceivable before the Convention had assembled, a ballot was taken to appoint the five gentlemen who were now to carry their petition direct to the King over the heads of Dublin Castle.

So in due course, the five chosen delegates—Keogh,

Byrne, Bellew, Devereux and Sir Thomas French—set forth without delay on their momentous mission. Contrary winds made it impossible for them to sail from Dublin, and they travelled north at once to sail across from near Belfast—where they were received with a popular ovation from the Dissenters, who even unhorsed their carriage and drew them in triumph through the streets. In London they encountered opposition immediately from Dundas, who desired to present the petition on their behalf. But they had brought strict instructions from the Committee which they might not ignore, that they must either go to the King in person or else return home. Grattan and Lord Donoughmore hurried to lend their assistance, and Lord Moira not only gave them every hospitality in London but promised to see the King in person as a peer, and introduce them himself if the objections of Dundas could not be over-ruled. Their firmness and diplomacy prevailed, and on January 2, 1793, they were formally introduced to the King by Dundas as Home Secretary.

For the self-made Dublin draper this interview with the King, won as a right on behalf of the Catholic democracy whom he had been the first to organise, must have been an amazing experience. Grattan and Burke derived much amusement from the spectacle—"seeing Keogh and the other delegates admitted to the first court in Europe, going in great state and making a splendid appearance. Keogh in particular was prodigiously fine," writes Grattan's son; "he wore silk stockings, and a round sharp-buckled tie-wig, with two rows of hard curls, that were extremely well powdered. He was highly delighted with his position—looked very grand and very vain; he seemed to soar above all those he had left in Ireland. But when he returned home, he had too much good sense to preserve his grandeur; he laid aside his court wig, and his court manner, and only retained his Irish feelings."

The sequel to the deputation is well known. By a direct appeal to London the Catholics had circumvented the Irish ascendancy; and under direct orders from Pitt, acting through the King, the Irish Parliament was compelled to carry, within less than a year of its insult to the Catholic petition, a measure admitting the Catholics to the franchise. It was Pitt himself who had insisted, against the urgent entreaties even of Grattan and Lord Donoughmore during the deputation to London, that the Catholics must be admitted to the forty shilling franchise, although he had every reason to believe they would have accepted a much more exclusive qualification. The battle was now all but won. Langrishe's Relief Act of 1792, coupled with the admission to the franchise in 1793, had given the Catholics almost every important concession except for admission to the legislature itself. The General Committee were so satisfied with what had been achieved that they disbanded themselves and undertook to avoid all further agitation, as evidence of their gratitude to the King. The whole atmosphere in Ireland changed, and the ascendancy were converted within a year to the necessity of completing the work of emancipation by the admission of Catholics to Parliament. Pitt's own desire for their admission—to remove their only remaining discontent while the war with France grew constantly more menacing—was well known. But one effect of the delay was to diminish still further the influence of the Catholic aristocracy. The Catholics themselves saw plainly that it was Keogh who had led them to victory and healed their divisions. But had Catholics been at once admitted to Parliament, it was obvious that the Catholic gentry would have regained much of their lost influence. As things were, they were deprived of all special status in public life; and the Catholic movement never passed again from the leadership of the democratic forces which had created it.

A re-grouping of political parties in England, owing

to the secession of a section of the Whigs, hastened further developments at the end of 1794. Fitzwilliam, who was well-known to be a strong advocate of Catholic emancipation, was sent over to Ireland as Viceroy, and the news of his impending appointment revived the Catholic agitation before he had yet landed in Ireland. He found on his arrival that no further delay was possible, and even the landlord Parliament had become prepared to vote the admission of Catholics to the legislature within the following months. The final stage of John Keogh's triumph seemed already in sight when Pitt suddenly changed his mind, as the result of an interview with Lord Fitzgibbon, who had convinced him of the possibility of abolishing the Irish Parliament altogether on condition that it were made thoroughly unpopular. The subsequent story need not be told here. Defeated of their hopes, when they had been led to expect emancipation by the consent of the Irish Parliament, the Catholics were thrown back first into discontent and then goaded to despair by a revival of systematic persecution. France, which had shown the Catholics how to assert the organised will of the democracy, now offered the only hope of escape from a tyrannical and persecuting Government; and the United Irishmen, with their programme of fomenting an Irish revolution in conjunction with the revolutionary Government of France, rapidly won the active sympathies of the Catholic people. But Keogh himself was too astute to commit himself to treasonable complications, though he had been in close touch with all the early activities of the United Irishmen through his association with their founder, Wolfe Tone. One of the Dublin Castle informers, Collins, had reported even in 1792—though it is impossible to estimate the accuracy or veracity of his reports—that "Keogh is the principal performer behind the scenes [in the United Irishmen gatherings]—as the fellow's art is such he does not appear amongst us, but has a set of fellows to

constantly attend and broach his sentiments." But Madden's testimony leaves no doubt of his activity as a member of the Society, while he shows his unfailing cautiousness. Keogh, he asserts, was called upon to preside on one occasion, at " a very important meeting of the United Irishmen of the higher class of Dublin leaders at a house on Usher's Quay Island. Keogh, on taking the chair, called for a list of the members who were to attend. After some time a gentleman, known to be a United Irishman, but whose name was not on the list, entered the room and took part in the proceedings. Keogh became uneasy; he beckoned to McCormick [formerly Secretary of the Catholic Committee] and desired him to inquire why persons attended the meeting who had not been invited. The latter made an inquiry and brought back word that the gentleman was the friend of one of those who had been invited. Keogh was not satisfied. Another gentleman was brought in under similar circumstances. Keogh then whispered to McCormick : " Dick, men's lives are not safe with fellows who would act in this manner." And in the course of a few minutes he pleaded an engagement, and quitted the meeting, and from that time never attended one, but continued known to the chief men of the society as an attached friend of their cause.

Through all the years of persecution and disillusionment which followed upon Fitzwilliam's brief and ill-starred Viceroyalty, Keogh was at least able to escape arrest, though he was constantly watched by the Government. Tone, in Paris at the time, and deep in negotiations with the French Government for the despatch of a military expedition to Ireland, received an English newspaper which actually announced his arrest. Relations had grown strained between them, when Keogh had counselled moderation after the victory of 1793, which the young barrister had regarded only as the prelude to a revolution. But the news of his misfortune filled Tone

with dismay. "If we lose him, I know not where to look for a man to supply his place," he wrote in his diary. "I have differed from him at one time, but his services to Ireland have been eminent indeed, more especially to the Catholics, and in all probability, they will prove his ruin; for, from the state of his health, confinement in the unwholesome air of a prison will be to him death as certain as the guillotine."

But Keogh was too wary to incur imprisonment; and in the years that followed—even while Cornwallis and Castlereagh were negotiating, under Pitt's direction, to win the support of the Catholics for the abolition of the Irish Parliament which had refused to admit their final emancipation—his name seldom appears. Grattan's son describes how, even in 1797, he had been so determined to avoid embarrassing commitments, that when a foreign emissary obtained an introduction to him and began to expatiate upon the possibilities of securing foreign assistance, Keogh warned him outright that he would have him reported to the Government if he did not desist; and when his remonstrances failed, Keogh did, in fact, get the Government to order him out of the country. The active leadership of the Catholics passed gradually to the younger and less discouraged hands of the barrister Denys Scully; but Keogh still remained the foremost layman in the councils of the Irish Catholics. It was not until 1811—six years before his death—that he found himself definitely eclipsed by the rising genius of Daniel O'Connell. The immediate occasion of their first conflict was characteristic of the difference between the two generations. O'Connell, as one of the newer members of the Catholic Committee, protested against the neglect to keep the Catholic question alive by presenting petitions to Parliament. Keogh had seen too many petitions presented ineffectually in the past twenty years to have retained any faith in their value. He was not present at the Committee when O'Connell moved that a

petition should be immediately prepared; but his attitude of disapproval was well known. O'Connell nevertheless carried the majority with him, and Keogh realised that his own leadership of the Committee was at an end. For a good many years ill-health as well as disillusionment had forced him to live in retirement at Mount Jerome, and his periodic appearances at Catholic meetings became gradually less welcome to the group of Catholic barristers who had, since the Act of 1792, become more and more conspicuous among the Catholic leaders.

Keogh recognised in O'Connell the new demagogue upon whom his own mantle had fallen; and in spite of the inevitable conflict of view between them, as representatives of the old and the younger generation, he regarded his successor with affection and admiration. His vanity has been so much emphasised by Wolfe Tone, in his immortal diaries, that the prodigious strength and reticence of the real man have been too much ignored. More even than O'Connell he was fully entitled to boast, as he did, that he "had made men of the Irish Catholics." O'Connell lacked generosity in his attitude towards the veteran pioneer of the Catholic organisation. Keogh died at an advanced age, an infirm and disappointed but by no means an embittered old man, in his house at Mount Jerome in 1817. The debt of Catholics in England as well as in Ireland to the unobtrusive forerunner of the Great Liberator has been deplorably forgotten. Whereas O'Connell came upon the scenes when the Catholics had already gained courage, had acquired the habit of organisation, and had been freed from all the crushing tyranny of the penal laws, John Keogh had fought the battle of the Irish Catholics almost alone against overwhelming odds.

DENIS GWYNN.

GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

IN beginning my sketch of the life of Patrick Cardinal Hayes, our seventh American cardinal, for the volume *Our American Cardinals*,[1] I wrote: "Cardinal Hayes was born in New York City, in that lower part of Manhattan Island now known as the Lower East Side, where besides himself, within a few blocks and within a few years of each other, Cardinal Mundelein (Archbishop of Chicago) and Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York were also born." As a matter of fact all three of these men were born within a radius of a quarter of a mile and within three years of one another. All of their parents were poor, and all three of these boys in their youth felt the pinch of poverty. The Lower East Side of New York used to be not unlike the East End of London in its crowded dwellings for the poor, though now of course a great many of the tenement houses are giving away to skyscrapers for business purposes and to municipal buildings of various kinds.

Birth under such conditions might seem to be a handicap, though it apparently proved an incentive to these men. All of them lost their fathers at a comparatively early age; but then our own distinguished New York jurist, Judge Daly, once declared that the best education which you can give a boy of fourteen or fifteen is to put his widowed mother on his hands to support. He added: "If there is anything in that boy, it will come out. Education is the process of bringing out what is in us, not pouring things into us." That was the education Judge Daly himself received; for when he was fifteen and his brother Augustine about thirteen they had to support their widowed mother. He became

[1] New York, 1926.

one of the leaders of the New York Bar, while his brother became a distinguished producer of plays, who after great success in New York attracted (if possible) more attention in London. Our three distinguished New Yorkers of the present generation had some excellent examples before them in the matter of orphans finding their way to the top mainly as the result of the will-to-do that was evoked in them early in life by having to devote themselves to the support of the family.

Alfred E. Smith was born on December 30, 1873, and his upbringing was that of the ordinary boy whose father had to work hard for a living in the New York of fifty years ago. His father was a truckman, who died when his son was about thirteen. His mother, who had been Catherine Mulvihill, was born (1850) in a little store building a few blocks away from the house on South Street in which her children were raised. Mrs. Smith was quite ready to support herself and the family, for she had two trades: she could make hoopskirts, which were in great demand in those days, and she could make umbrellas. When her husband died in 1886, fifteen years after their marriage, he had been ill for two years, and Mrs. Smith herself was ill the following summer—very probably from the years of strain in caring for her husband and from the worry as to the future of her family. She went back to the trade of an umbrella maker in order to keep Alfred in school.

It is no wonder that Governor Smith has always shown the deepest affection for his mother, and when he arose in life he always insisted that she should have the seat of honour in any function that was arranged to honour him. There is no doubt at all that she had a great deal to do with the formation of his character. She had a few simple rules on which she insisted. One of these was that it is the most important thing in the world to tell the truth, and another that the next most important thing is not to make excuses. One of her sayings that

has come down to us is: "Show a child the difference between right and wrong, and it will choose the right." Manifestly she was an optimist, and manifestly also she was of those who believe in teaching as if the power will follow the word. It is related of her that in spite of her poverty she was decidedly attentive to the dress and neatness of the children. According to a well established tradition, the future governor was one of the most neatly dressed boys in the neighbourhood, and ever since he has always been a careful dresser.

Smith's grandmother on his mother's side was educated above the average of the Irish immigrants of her day; she had attended a convent in Ireland and was known for her skill in needlework. She was rather looked up to by the neighbours as being something of a scholar, and undoubtedly her influence had a good deal to do with turning her grandson's thoughts toward things more serious than the daily papers. There is a tradition that when he was a young man and only a clerk in a fish market, in the intervals between studying the parts he had in the plays of the St. James' Dramatic Society, he used to like to read Job and the Gospel of St. Luke. There is something doubtless in this tradition, but it should not be taken too seriously. Al Smith was too intensely interested in life as it moved strenuously around him to have much time for culture.

Smith's mother was evidently willing to stand a good deal of bother in order to keep her children off the streets. During the years while father was ill the boy, in order to help out with the family expenses, began to sell newspapers. According to the story, he had twenty cents of capital to begin the business with. Even the small amounts of coin he brought to the family exchequer every evening filled a definite need. In the evenings he brought the neighbouring boys into the attic of the house and managed amateur theatricals. He has always been an organiser and a manager of men. His sister tells that

she did not come up to his standard in theatrics and was promptly told so and her part transferred to someone else. She recalls the many apologies for the noise in the attic that her mother had to make to the barber and his wife downstairs, who fortunately were good-natured and accepted the apologies whole-heartedly. It must have been a good deal of a trial for Mrs. Smith, but she was willing to stand it because the attic was a safer place morally as well as physically for the children than the street corner, the only other place they would have had to play if she would not stand their noise at home.

At the age of fifteen Smith left school, and as his father had been a truckman the son quite naturally began life as a " truck chaser," that is a " business hunter " in the trucking business. At the age of seventeen he became assistant shipping clerk in an oil factory. After this for several years he worked in the Fulton Fish Market as a combination salesman and bookkeeper. The hours were from four a.m. to four p.m. except on Friday, when he started work at three a.m. He had half a day off on Saturday. It was here at the fish market that Smith picked up some of the homely similes that he still uses, especially with regard to people he does not like. He said of one man : " He has an eye as glassy as a dead cod." Of another person who did not prove to be at all impressive on first acquaintance he said : " He shakes hands like a frozen mackerel."

In 1895, when he was twenty-two years of age, Smith was appointed process server in the office of Commissioner of Jurors, and since then he has almost continuously been in the public service. He continued to occupy this position for the next eight years, until 1903, when at the age of thirty he was elected to the Assembly, that is the lower house of the New York State Legislature. In the meantime he had at the age of twenty-seven, in 1900, asked Catherine Dunn to marry him. She had the courage of his convictions that he could support a family ;

and so, though his salary at the time was but $75. a month, they were married. They lived around in various small apartments on the Lower East Side, where their children were born, the two first on the third floor of a small flat house at 79 Madison Street. They could not afford to spend any considerable sum of money for rent, and even when they moved into 25 Oliver Street, where their last child, Walter, was born in 1909, they occupied only half of the house though it had been originally built for a single family. It was not until Smith's return from Albany at the beginning of 1921, after having completed his first term as Governor of the Empire State of New York and when he was a man of nearly fifty, that the family felt they could assume the responsibility of the rent of the whole house.

The New York Constitutional Convention of 1915 proved Smith's mettle. Every twenty years the state of New York has the privilege of rewriting its Constitution. It must not be forgotten that each state in the United States is a sovereign state, possessing all the rights of government except those which are definitely delegated to the Federal Government. The recurring Constitutional Conventions are, therefore, important events. Smith had been a dozen of years in the Assembly or lower house of the New York Legislature, and had become thoroughly familiar with the legislative needs of the commonwealth. He impressed himself deeply upon the group of men, the most distinguished representatives of the people of New York, who assembled in that Convention. The great New York lawyers were particularly taken by his ability to penetrate the meaning of the proposed amendments to the Constitution and by his power of expressing himself on the needs and problems of New York State.

Men who had been or were afterwards to be holders of the most important offices in the country were highest in praise of him. Delancey Nicol, a very well known New York lawyer, who had made a magnificent record

as a district attorney for New York County, declared at the end of the Convention that Smith was "the only man at the Convention who knew what he was talking about." George W. Wickersham, Attorney General of the United States, said: "He is the most useful man in the Convention." Mr. Elihu Root, afterwards Secretary of State and looked upon as one of New York's most distinguished lawyers, described Smith as "the member of this Convention whose attractive personality has impressed itself upon every member of this Convention." Charles E. Hughes, who had been Governor of New York State and who was afterwards to be Secretary of State of the United States, declared that the Convention was particularly indebted to two men—Elihu Root, who was the chairman of the Convention, and Alfred E. Smith. He summed it up in the expression: "Root planted the crop, and Smith watered it." No wonder after his experience with Smith in the Convention that Root himself did not hesitate to declare that Smith understood the business of the State better than anyone else. That position of understanding he has continued to occupy ever since, and now it is recognised on all hands, as it has been since his first governorship more than eight years ago, that no one approaches him in knowledge of the affairs of New York state.

Those from outside New York who have become interested in Al Smith and his popularity among the people of the state, are often prone to ask the question: "Where did he get it?" and then: "How did he get it?" The principal foundation for that popularity is to be found in his work for the New York Factory Commission. The appointment of that commission was the result of an awful tragedy that occurred one afternoon in the heart of New York City. A fire took place in a shirtwaist factory. The floor, oil-soaked from the machines, caused it to spread very rapidly. Fire escapes, supposed to be provided for such emergencies, were either

inadequate or badly placed or shut off by doors that could not be opened. The result was that in the course of an hour 145 girls were dead either from the fire itself or by jumping to the sidewalk. The tragedy made it perfectly clear that laws were needed for the protection of factory workers, and that above all there was supreme need for the enforcement of the laws which were already on the statute books.

The work for this commission put Smith in touch with most of the problems relating to the working people throughout the state, and it has been said of him that he never forgets anything that he has once known. The three volume report of the commission constituted the basis of Smith's knowledge of actual conditions. Having been a worker himself, there was no limit to his sympathy nor to his readiness to accomplish everything possible for the benefit of the working people, and naturally they came to know that and they have never forgotten it. As his biographers, Hapgood and Moskowitz, have said : " The leading principles laid down by that Commission Report are those which have guided Al Smith in his work in the legislature and also as Governor of the State." Here is a striking summary of what he feels to be the duty of the state with regard to the working man and his health :—

> Health is the principal asset of the working man and the working woman. The state is bound to do everything in its power to preserve the health of the workers, who contribute so materially to its economic wealth and its industrial prosperity. . . Indifference to these matters reflects grossly upon present-day civilisation, and it is regrettable that our state and national legislation on the subject of industrial hygiene compares so unfavourably with that of other countries.

That was the state of affairs when the State Commission made its report. By the time the legislation based on that report had been passed, conditions were very different. The importance of the laws that resulted will be best appreciated from a report made by the New

York State Federation of Labour, who more than any other set of men was in a position to judge of the value of the legislation. The Federation said :—

> Your legislative committee desires to call the attention of the delegates to the great number of bills cared for at the last session, and the unprecedented number of labour laws placed on the statute books of this State. No Legislature in the history of the State Federation surpassed the session of 1913 in the passage of so many or so important remedial measures for wage-earners of New York State, and we doubt if any state in the Union can now compare with our Empire State in its present code of labour laws. The result this year is due to the State Factory Investigating Commission, of which Senator Wagner is chairman and Speaker Smith vice-chairman.

As might be expected from his Irish origin, Al Smith has a thoroughgoing sense of humour. Occasionally this serves him to very good purpose. There is a very striking example of it which illustrates how with a single sentence he routed the attempts of certain manufacturing interests to secure permission to employ working people, at certain busy times of the year, for seven days in the week—that is permitting Sunday work. The canners of fruits and vegetables, who want to do their work just when the fruit is at its ripest, felt that since their product was almost a public necessity they should be permitted to employ Sunday as well as the other days during the season. This was very strongly opposed by the Factory Commission of the state; but the canning interests actually succeeded in inducing a number of respectable citizens to go before the legislature and plead for the exemption from the law of Sunday rest. Smith rose in his place in the legislature and condensed all that he had to say into this single sentence :—" If these distinguished champions of women and children were to rewrite the divine law, I have no doubt they would change it to read : ' Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy—except in the canneries.' " That settled the bill. The expression was worthy of Lincoln.

There is one thing that Al Smith does not lack and that is moral courage, the stamina to stand up for what he thinks is right. The story is told that a rather important public official in New York State was placed in a position where he might either resign or else have to stand a good deal of fire from opponents. He was perfectly justified in continuing in his position; but he took the easier way and resigned. There were a good many reasons why men of his party and particularly Al Smith himself felt that the official should stick to his post and bravely bear the brunt of whatever attacks might be made on him. He saw fit however to resign. A little bit later that same day Smith heard that the ex-official had slipped on the pavement while leaving his office. It was said that he had injured his arm. Smith's one remark was: "Well, he couldn't have hurt his backbone. What he has for a backbone is a strip of spaghetti that has been soaked overnight in hot water."

In spite of all that he had done for the people of New York as a member of the lower house of the legislature, Smith's first election to the governorship of New York was by a bare majority. He had a plurality of less than 15,000 in several millions of votes. Indeed only for certain adventitious circumstances he would almost surely have been defeated. A few days before election about ninety people were killed and over a hundred were injured in Brooklyn under circumstances for which the Public Service Commission appointed by his opponent for election, the actual governor of New York, had to share the responsibility. Besides it was influenza year, 1918, and the people out in the country places were very fearful of the disease and stayed away from the polls. City folk took the risks better, and the cities were Democratic and the rural districts Republican. Without these factors Smith would have been defeated.

As a matter of fact prejudice against having a Catholic governor of New York was still active. A

generation ago Francis Kernan, who had served as United States Senator elected by the New York legislature, was badly defeated for no other reason than that he was a Catholic. Governor Glynn, who after election as Lieutenant Governor succeeded the impeached Governor Sulzer, made an excellent state executive; but he was defeated for election as governor because certain rural districts, ordinarily Democratic, piled up a big majority against him. New York State is normally Republican by 50,000 to 100,000, and Governor Smith's election can be attributed to his personal popularity. As a matter of fact a number of other officers on his ticket were not elected.

Smith had now the opportunity to show what was in him, and he took it very well. How the people came to feel toward him as the result of his successful governorship is well illustrated by what happened two years later when he ran over a million of votes ahead of the national Democratic ticket. This was due to Smith's increasing hold upon the voters in the state, because they saw how good a governor he had made. Since then votes have always piled up for him. At that second election, in spite of the fact that he was more than a million of votes ahead of his party's presidential ticket, he failed of election, and to most people it seemed as though this meant the end of his political career. Two years later, in 1922, Smith ran against Governor Miller, who had defeated him in 1920, and was elected by a majority of 400,000 votes. Two years later, again in a presidential year, Smith ran against Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, himself a hero of the Great War, prominent in war veterans associations and the son of the late very popular president of the United States. In spite of the fact that President Coolidge carried New York State by a plurality of over 850,000, Smith was elected by over 100,000 votes. Once more he ran nearly one million of votes ahead of his ticket. Two years later the Republicans pitted against

Smith a very strong candidate, Congressman Ogden Mills (brother of Lady Granard), and this time, without any presidential election to disturb the ordinary course of voting, Smith won by very nearly a quarter of a million of votes. He is the only man ever elected four times to the governorship and the only one ever elected after a defeat.

What this demonstrates is that Smith has wiped out the tradition that existed until his first election and which came near beating him at that first election, that a Catholic could not be elected governor of New York State. Never again will there be a question of Catholicity as a test of a candidate's fitness in New York State. It is being said now that a Catholic should not run for presidency of the United States, because his candidacy will arouse bitter bigoted feelings. Doubtless it will among the pagans and the heathens, that is the dwellers in little towns and on the countryside, who are behind the age and are still ready to believe that the Church is Anti-Christ and the Pope the Scarlet Woman of Babylon, but it will not among the voters who have any intelligent idea of realities in the religious situation. If there is any office of the United States that can be a real training school for the presidency of the country, surely it is the governorship of New York State, which contains not only more than one-tenth of the population of the Union, but which controls (it may almost be said) more of the wealth and the business of the country than all the rest of the states put together. After Governor Smith's four terms as the Chief Executive of New York and his demonstration of how to change what but for fortuituous circumstances would have been a defeat through bigotry into the capacity for running a million of votes ahead of his tickets, Governor Smith has not only the right but the duty to do the same sort of thing for the presidency of the United States. Those who know him feel that there is no one in our generation so capable of accomplishing that as New York's present governor.

By the end of his first term as governor the people of New York had come to realise that, whoever else was or was not, Smith was for them. A typical story is told of his care for the poor and the friendless which demonstrates that he was the governor for all of the people. He was surprised to learn one day that there was a murderer condemned to death for whom no appeal of commutation of sentence had been made. Not a soul had appeared before the governor to ask for his life, so that it was perfectly clear that he must be without friends and without money. That fact made it a special duty of Governor Smith to inquire into the case. If the man had no friends, then the governor must be his public defender, must be doubly certain that there was no error of justice in the case. Personally Governor Smith inquired into the facts, and personally he decided that there was enough doubt about them for him to commute the man's sentence, and he did so. This was one case in the world's history, there are not many others, where poverty and friendlessness were actually an advantage for a man.

In his message as Governor in January, 1920, Smith outlined the policy as regards the relations of the state to the people which he felt ought to be put into effect. Already four of his propositions have been actually enacted into laws and constitute the basis of government of the people, by the people and for the people as it is formulated in New York. It seems very likely that in the course of the next few years the other five shall also be adopted as basic state laws, though all nine of them even a few years ago seemed entirely too radical and too socialistic to be ever adopted by so conservative a legislature as that of New York. Here are the items :—

1. A minimum wage.
2. The eight hour day for all women workers.
3. Maternal insurance for expectant mothers.
4. The extension of workmen's compensation to cover occupational illnesses and accidents.

5. The appointment of state physicians and nurses in rural communities now destitute of medical aid.
6. The ownership, development and operation of all water powers in the state.
7. State owned and operated grain elevators in three cities after the manner of the Non-Partisan League experiments in North Dakota.
8. Control and supervision of the milk supply of New York on the theory that every child is as much entitled to pure milk as to pure air and pure water.
9. The municipal operation of public utilities.

There have been five problems that have been particularly insistent for solution during Smith's public life. These are :—1. public markets for the distribution of food to New York and its environs; 2. public parks for the people not only in the cities but also out in country places; 3. the regulation of the port of New York so as to enable the most business to go through it with the least friction; 4. the question of water power and its proper development and regulation; and 5. the housing problem for the poor.

It may be said at once that, with regard to all of these, Smith has occupied a thoroughly conservative yet progressive position. In connection with all of these there were the thorniest problems. For instance, the marketing of the supplies necessary for the feeding of some eight millions of people in and around New York is an immense business which almost inevitably tempts to all sorts of trade abuses and to exorbitant prices. If the agriculturalists could be brought more intimately in contact with the consumer and above all if the number of middlemen could be kept down, an immense economy would be secured and the cost of living lowered.

It is easy to understand that Governor Smith, from his own life experience, would be deeply interested in this problem, and that he would do some of his most serious thinking with regard to it. While acting as president of the Board of Aldermen of New York City,

he devoted himself to this problem, and he pointed out that the freight rates, which were supposed to have a great deal to do with the high cost of living, were of very little importance as compared with the charges that were incurred as a consequence of the passage of things sold through the hands of a series of middlemen. He declared that the most important development needed by New York was a system of terminal and public markets, with a better method for the transportation and distribution of the food supply. To quote his own words :—

> Profiteering can never be prevented in the traffic of life's necessaries so long as the two essential factors, producer and consumer, are left helpless as they have been in former years. . . It is my conviction that we should have publicly owned and controlled public markets in our city of New York, which will insure an open channel from producer to consumer.

On the other questions Governor Smith was quite as direct. Mr. Villard in his article in *The Nation* says that there is nothing more to Smith's credit than " the refusal to allow rich property owners of tremendous political and social influence to divert him from his plan to establish state parks on Long Island—the owners of large estates did not want the ' masses from New York ' pouring out in their direction." The Governor, however, recognised that the trend of population was in that direction ; for Brooklyn on Long Island is now larger than Manhattan in population, and the western end of Long Island is becoming more and more thickly populated. It was extremely important therefore that there should be breathing spots for the people and especially for the generations to come, and Governor Smith bravely set himself the task of securing them. The opposition of wealthy and influential men meant nothing to him, for he was intent on securing the benefit of the people.

He has been put in some very difficult positions, and he has come out of them as a rule with flying colours and with added prestige. Of course the most serious

political question in the United States at the present time is that of Prohibition. The Constitutional Amendment forbidding the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquor, instead of proving effective in preventing intoxication, has had the opposite effect. There are more deaths from alcoholism now than before prohibition, and there is much more alcoholic insanity. An amendment to the Constitution of the United States once adopted by three-fourths of the states can only be eliminated by the same process, and it is probable that that is impossible. Besides, no one wants the saloon back again in its old form, and the question is just what can be done. Meantime the two political parties have been ignoring this prohibition issue or straddling it, and a great many men who vote "dry" are "wet" in their personal habits of life.

The eighteenth amendment to the Constitution, prohibition, is put into effect by means of what is known as the Volstead Law, a national regulation for the prevention of the sale and manufacture of liquor. Many of the states, after the adoption of the eighteenth amendment, passed special laws designed to support the government in the effort to enforce prohibition. Some years ago the liquor question was brought prominently into New York politics when the legislature repealed the special state enforcement law. This piece of legislation came before Governor Smith for his signature or rejection. He felt that the Republican majority in the New York legislature had deliberately tried to create a situation where, no matter what he did, he would be condemned by friends or political opponents. To sign the bill and thus do away with special state enforcement would apparently indicate that he did not believe in prohibition. Such neglect of the Constitution is spoken of, according to an old time political tradition, as nullification, and the Civil War is often said to have been an attempt on the part of the southern states to nullify the Constitution of the United States. On the other hand, if he vetoed

the bill and thus permitted the special state enforcement act to continue, it would seem as though the governor considered that prohibition, which was showing itself a failure, must be enforced in every way. Most of his friends suggested that he should veto the bill. That was his own feeling at first, but after consideration he signed it and left the enforcement of the Federal Constitution to the Federal Government. Everyone recognises now the wisdom of that action, and Governor Smith reached the determination to do it from his own consideration of the subject and not from the advice of others.

Expressions of praise for Governor Smith's power of intellectual penetration and his ability to grasp a large and complex question thoroughly come not alone from his friends and from his political colleagues, but also from others who have an open mind in the matter. For instance, the *New York Times* (Dec. 15, 1926) said of one of Governor Smith's speeches on the question of public parks for the people of New York :—

> Governor Smith's speech on Monday night is a thing which by itself should be studied by all who wish to know the secret of his astonishing hold on the people. As a mere intellectual performance, it bears out the characterisation of William Allen White, that Governor Smith has the best brain now being applied to public affairs in this country.

All manner of men, on intimate contact with him, have found this intellectual ability of Smith. As the result of his appointment as a member of the Board to draw up regulations for the Port of New York in order that the goods of the nation for import and export might find their way through New York with as little trouble and expense and waste of time as possible, Smith had to meet the railroad men who have terminals in New York and who represent the brains of the railroads. It is a matter of common knowledge now that when he went into conference with such men as the presidents of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of the New York Central, of

the Baltimore and Ohio, of the Erie and Lackawanna, and of other roads that require port facilities, he proved as much of a surprise to them as he had proved to the distinguished legal members of the Constitutional Convention. He did not merely talk or listen; he took a serious part in the discussion and fairly amazed the railroad men by his familiarity with the details of their problems.

Very probably the most interesting feature of Governor Smith's political life has been his ability to choose men to help him in his work. Almost needless to say, in this he has not been a politician, but quite to the contrary he has been the despair of practical politicians because he has never considered political office to be a reward for party loyalty. Now that the question of his nomination for the highest office in the gift of the people has come up, one of the salient features of his career is seen to be the fact that he chose men absolutely without any regard for their party affiliations, but according to their ability to do what was expected of them. The result has been that no one has been able to pick any flaws in his administration—neither in the matter of extravagance nor in the choosing of political favourites. He has not surrounded himself with a group of Catholics; indeed Catholics have complained that they have not been quite fairly treated in appointments.

As a matter of fact a man's Catholicity has probably never been a reason that occurred to Smith when the question of appointment came up. It is altogether a matter of suitability for the office, the promise of the power to be able to fulfil its duties to the best possible advantage. When he appointed Mr. Sullivan Jones to the position of state architect, he is said to have remarked when the name was first suggested to him: "Well, I like the first part of his name, but I'd like to know something about the man and his qualifications for the office." He received a list of several names suggested

by prominent members of the American Institute of Architecture. When he found that Jones's name was on this list and that he had already had experience with the sort of work that would be particularly asked of him, he was ready to appoint him. Still he wanted to know the man himself. In the straightforward English of the Lower East Side he said: "I like his front name and he certainly seems to have the goods, let me size him up." So, to use the words of his biographers, "he had him come to see him, liked his get-up and made the appointment." Before receiving the list of names, he had never heard of him. Politicians complained that Jones was not a Democrat. Smith replied: "I did not ask what his politics were, I want an architect."

Since it has become clear that he will be a prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination for the presidency in 1928, many people who are good friends of Governor Smith have suggested to him that, since his best asset is his personality and since the people who know him are sure to like him, he ought therefore to give more people throughout the country the opportunity to know him personally. They more than hinted that he ought to be ready to accept invitations to talk here and there throughout the country and thus get into closer touch with the people. He has constantly and consistently refused to do anything of the kind; he considers it his duty to remain at Albany always on his job, so as to fulfil to the best of his ability the obligations that are incumbent on him as governor of the largest state in the Union. He thinks that under the circumstances he has plenty to do, and that going round campaigning for the presidency would be the last thing in the world that should commend him to honest citizens.

Mr. Frank R. Kent, in an article on Al Smith in *Collier's Weekly* (March 3, 1928), said:—

> Most men ambitious in politics work and sweat until they are elected. Their disposition is then to take it easy. They

had to work to get the job, it seems all wrong to work after they arrive—and very few of them do. Smith happens to be one of the few. A really intelligent man, with a quick, clear, keen mind thirsty for facts, capable of comprehending any problem of finance and government, and trained in legislative and political ways, he has not only worked at his job but worked much longer and harder than anyone else who ever had it. As a result he unquestionably knows more about the business of the state of New York, its finances, its machinery, assets, liabilities and problems, than anyone else in the state now knows or ever did know.

This is the opinion of others with regard to Smith, and they find it one of his most precious traits. Mr. Villard, Editor of *The Nation* (New York), said :—

Never before has the business of the state of New York marched along as under Governor Smith. He has worn himself out on it ; it is the breath of his body ; the life of his soul. It fascinates him beyond anything else. A public document is his novel, a complicated set of figures entertains him more than a theatre.

There seems reason to think, with the present shaping up of political affairs—though everyone is well aware how shifting are the sands of politics—that Smith will be nominated by the Democrats and will be elected president. Had prosperity continued at its flood tide, there would have been grave doubts of it. But there has been a halt. We have more idle men in our eastern cities than at anytime since before the War. That is a factor in favour of a change of government and will almost surely give the Democrats the victory in the election.

JAMES J. WALSH.

New York.

A POLTERGEIST IN A HUGUENOT HOUSEHOLD

BY HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

BY way of supplement to a previous article on Poltergeists,[1] it may be of interest to call attention to a case of a rather unusual type, in which the spirit not only carried on long conversations in the "direct voice," but deliberately set himself to imitate the speech of those whose accent and mannerisms were well known to his interlocutors. Mr. H. Dennis Bradley,[2] a spiritualistic writer who has recently claimed that the direct voice furnishes conclusive proof of the identity of the communicator from the other side, can hardly maintain in the face of this evidence that the phenomenon is decisive. If spirits can counterfeit the handwriting of the dead, so also can they counterfeit their tone and manner of talking. Neither is it possible for any one of us here to assign a limit to the degree of accuracy possible in such mimicry or to the length of time for which this simulation may be prolonged. The contention which I have previously urged in these pages, that we can never be sure of the identity of the purporting communicator, seems to me to be singularly confirmed by this Huguenot example, now some three hundred years old.

Not least distinguished among the eminent men born on Irish soil in the 17th century was the Hon. Robert Boyle, the youngest son of Richard, first Earl of Cork.

[1] See March issue.

[2] Any reader of Mr. H. Dennis Bradley's *Towards the Stars* and *The Wisdom of the Gods* may learn that his father was an Irishman from County Galway, who, "though he lived many years in England, retained to the end his rich Irish brogue," and that his mother, "being a devout Roman Catholic," very naturally had scruples as to the lawfulness of attempting to communicate with the dead through a medium.

As one of the founders of the Royal Society, as the discoverer of that working hypothesis regarding the pressure of gaseous bodies which among writers of English speech is most commonly known as Boyle's Law, and as a man of genuinely scientific temper, he deserved in large measure the prodigious reputation he enjoyed with his contemporaries. Though wholly wedded to the cause of Protestantism, he seems to have been a sincere Christian, abstemious, charitable, and conscientiously devoted to the furtherance of biblical studies. In the course of his early wanderings on the Continent he was at two different periods resident in Geneva, in which Calvinistic atmosphere he spent close on four years. It was probably on the second of these occasions (1642 to 1644) that he came in contact with a Huguenot minister, one Francis Perrault. The date is of some interest; for Perrault presented him with a copy of his poltergeist narrative, and Boyle was so impressed with it that he persuaded Dr. Peter Du Moulin to translate it into English.[1] The tractate must therefore have been completed at least as early as 1644, though the French original was not printed at Geneva until nine years later. This lends confirmation to Du Moulin's definite statement (made in his preface to the English translation) that the account was drawn up shortly after the events it records. It was certainly not a story concocted by an old man in his dotage regarding an experience which had happened to him forty years earlier. In view of the references made by Perrault himself to certain published sermons of a famous Capuchin, Father Marcellin, and to other documents, there can be little doubt

[1] The title of the little book runs as follows: "The devill of Mascon, or a true Relation of the chiefe things which an Uncleane Spirit did and said at Mascon in Burgundy, in the house of Mr. Francis Perreaud, Minister of the Reformed Church in the same Towne; Published in French lately by himselfe, and now made English by one that hath a particular knowledge of the truth of this story. Oxford, Printed by Hen. Hall, printer to the University, for Rich. Davis, 1658." The French original is entitled *L'Antidemon de Mascon*, etc., *en la maison du Sieur F. Perreaud*, Genève, 1653; the modern annotated edition was edited by Philibert Le Duc, Bourg en Bresse, 1853.

that the incidents of this diabolical visitation, as it was then judged to be, were widely discussed in Burgundy and Savoy at the time when they occurred. In a letter to Du Moulin, Robert Boyle himself says :—

> I must freely confess to you that the powerful inclinations which my course of life and studies hath given me to backwardness of assent, and the many fictions and superstitions, which (as far as I have hitherto observed) are wont to blemish the relations where spirits and witches are concerned, would make me very backward to contribute anything to your publishing, or any man's believing, a story less strange than this of Monsieur Perrault.
>
> But the conversation I had with the pious author during my stay at Geneva, and the present he was pleased to make me of this treatise before it was printed, in a place where I had the opportunity to inquire both after the writer, and after some passages of the book, did at length overcome in me (as to this narrative) all my settled indisposedness to believe strange things.

We further learn from the same letter that "that great scholar and excellent person," Dr. Peter Du Moulin's father, had a very high opinion of François Perrault, and Boyle considers that this commendation will go far "to make wary readers believe even the amazing passages" of the narrative thus introduced to them. With regard to the Huguenot minister whose experiences are recounted, both internal and external evidence present him in a very favourable light. His descendants in course of time reverted to Catholicism, and one of them, who in 1853 was partly responsible for an annotated edition of what had become a very scarce booklet, is able to supply much documentary evidence of the esteem in which his ancestor was held. The Perraults were of ancient lineage, and were already landed proprietors in the fourteenth century. The grandfather of François had fallen under the personal influence of Calvin, but the younger generation, though still Huguenots, seem to have laid aside much of the fanaticism which was characteristic of the Genevan reformer. Be this as it may, it is in the following terms that the evangelical minister, François Perrault, begins

his narrative. I quote Du Moulin's translation, modernising the spelling :—

The 14th day of September in the year 1612, I went with one of the Elders of the Church of Mâcon to the meeting held at the Borough of Couches, and five days afterwards we returned. Being come home, I found my wife and her maid in very great consternation, apparent in their face and countenance, and when I inquired the cause of that great alteration, my wife told me that the night after I went out of town, she being in bed, her first sleep was broken by some-thing, she knew not what, that drew her curtains with great noise and violence. That her maid that lay in another bed in the same room, hearing that, arose in haste and ran to her to see what it was, but saw nothing; yea, that she found the doors and windows of that room very close as she had shut them before she went to bed. My wife told me also that the night following she made the maid lie with her by reason of that accident; that as soon as they were in bed they felt something that pulled off their blankets; that then the maid, getting out of bed, went from that room, which is on the back side of the house, to go to a kitchen which is in the midst of the house, but that she found the door bolted, not within only, as she had bolted it herself, but without also, which before she could perceive, after she had unbolted the door and would open it, she felt resistance, as if a man had been on the other side thrusting against her; that the maid finding herself shut up, called a youth that lay in another room on the foreside of the house, who rose to open her the door, to whom she would say nothing of that disorder lest he should be frighted, but lighting the candle, she found in the kitchen the pewter and brass thrown about, wherewith the same night and the following nights the evil spirit made such a noise as they use to make when they give a *charivary*[1] or when they will hive bees.

M. Perrault protests that he found it extremely difficult to credit this story. He thought that some malicious person or practical joker must have secreted himself to play pranks upon two timid women. Accordingly, before retiring to rest himself on the night of his return, he searched every corner and saw to the fastening of every door and window, "stopping even the very

[1] "A *Charivary* is a mad kind of serenade music of pans and kettles [might we say "jazz" ?] given to old widows when they marry."—Note of Dr. P. Du Moulin.

cat-holes of the doors" (*jusques à boucher les chattières qui estoyent aux portes*). He seems, however, to have gone to bed early and left his wife and her maid "spinning by the fire, with a lamp upon the table." But he had not long to wait before events developed, for, to quote once more from the seventeenth century translation, which I have compared with the French original :—

Scarce was I in my bed, but I heard a great noise from the kitchen, like the rolling of a billet thrown with great strength. I heard also a knocking against a partition of wainscot in the same kitchen, sometimes as with the point of the finger, sometimes as with the nails, sometimes as with the fist, and then the blows did redouble. Many things also were thrown against that wainscot, as plates, trenchers and ladles, and a music was made with a brass cullender, jingling with some buckles that were at it, and with some other instruments of the kitchen. After I had given attentive ear to that noise, I rose from my bed, and taking my sword, I went into the room where all that stir was kept, the maid holding the candle before me, and did search narrowly whether I could find somebody hidden, but finding nothing, I returned to my bed. The noise beginning again, I rose again and searched again, but all in vain. Then did I begin to know indeed that all this could not proceed but from a wicked spirit, and so did I pass the rest of the night in such an astonishment as any man may imagine.

Early the next morning M. Perrault made a report of what had happened to the Elders of his Church, and he also gave an account to M. Francois Tornus, a royal notary and a procurator of Mâcon, "although he was a Roman Catholic and very zealous of his religion." The result was that a number of these gentlemen came that night to see for themselves, but nothing happened. I think we may infer that the Huguenot minister's word was trusted, for in spite of a succession of disappointments the same friends continued to visit him on several subsequent evenings.

In the end, upon the 20th of September, about 9 o'clock, the wicked spirit made himself openly known for such as he was. For in the presence of us all, Mr. Tornus being one of the company,

he began to whistle three or four times with a very loud and shrill tone, and presently to frame an articulate and intelligible voice, though somewhat hoarse, which seemed to be about three or four steps from us. He pronounced these first words singing *Vingt et deux deniers*, a little tune of five notes which whistling birds are taught to sing.[1] After that he said and repeated many times the word "Minister," "Minister." Because that voice was very terrible to us at the first, I was long before I would answer anything to that word, but only "Get thee from me Satan, the Lord rebuke thee."

It is curious that in the accounts that are given of "direct-voice" séances at the present day it frequently happens that new communicators are said to be indistinct or hoarse in their first attempts to make themselves understood. Assuming the accuracy of the records printed in Mr. H. Dennis Bradley's two books, many examples of this might be cited from his pages. As the sittings are continued, and more especially with the same group of intimates, the voices gain greatly in strength and distinctness. M. Perrault's experience at Mâcon three hundred years ago seems to have been in every way similar, for he goes on to tell us of what were evidently long and bantering conversations between the spirit and the visitors who night after night assembled at his house. But the Mâcon communicator made little or no attempt to disguise the fact that he was amusing himself at their expense, and though sometimes he told them things which were true and which they were afterwards able to confirm, he did not scruple to make all sorts of ridiculous pretences which they were evidently very far from crediting. For example :—

Then he (the spirit) did offer to transform himself into an angel of light, saying of his own accord and very loud, the Lord's prayer, the Creed, the morning and evening prayers and the ten commandments. It is true that he did always clip and leave out some part of it. . . . Then he said many things which might be true, as

[1] This seems to be a French equivalent of "Pop goes the weasel," which is often now-a-days used in this country for a similar purpose.

some particular passages belonging to my family, as among other things that my father had been poisoned, naming the man that did it, and why, and specifying the place and the manner of the poison.

There were a number of other mischievous stories of the same kind about wives who had murdered their husbands, unfriendly neighbours who kept intending visitors away, and so on. It would be useless to go into details here. The astonishing fact is that for two months or more a group of townspeople seems to have gathered together almost every evening to converse and exchange badinage with this denizen of another world, who never showed himself to their bodily eyes, but whose voice was audible to all. It may be remembered by some of my readers that the conditions described closely reproduce those recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis in the case of the Pembrokeshire goblin four centuries earlier. If anyone were disposed to conjecture that some member of the company was practising ventriloquism, this solution seems barred by the fact that the spirit did on many occasions manifest a knowledge of past and distant things which could not naturally be known to any of them. Moreover, the physical phenomena, which were numerous and which continued to the end, still remain unaccounted for. M. Perrault is quite precise in the description he gives of many of the tricks performed by the alleged demon. Thus he remarks :—

As his words were strange and admirable, so were his actions ; for besides those which I have related, done in my absence, he did many more of the same kind, as tossing about very often a great roll of cloth of fifty ells which a friend had left at my house to be sent to Lyons by water. Once he snatched a brass candlestick out of the maid's grasp, leaving the candle lighted in her hand . . . .

One afternoon a friend of mine, one M. Connain, a physician of Mâcon, bestowed a visit upon me. As I was relating to him these strange passages,[1] we went together to the chamber where

[1] As often in Shakespeare, the word " passages " is used by Du Moulin in the sense of experiences, incidents.

the demon was most resident. There we found the feather-bed, blankets, sheets and bolster laid all upon the floor. I called the maid to make the bed, which she did in our presence, but presently, we being walking in the same room, saw the bed undone and tumbled down on the floor, as it was before. . . . Sometimes he would be the groom of my stables, rubbing my horse and plaiting the hair of his tail and mane, but he was an unruly groom, for once I found that he had saddled my horse with the crupper before and the pommel behind.

There can be little doubt that the medium in this case was no other than the maid to whom M. Perrault so often refers. Her remarkable courage in going before him with a candle on the occasion when he first had personal experience of these disturbances seems to suggest that she was not unused to such happenings. She was a girl from the neighbouring province of Bresse, a name then given to what is now the department of Ain, and she spoke only the Bressan patois. Her master himself tells us that many of his friends "attributed the coming of that demon" to her presence in the house, for she was the daughter of parents who had been suspected of witchcraft, and she was believed by some to be a witch herself. In accordance with this view, M. Perrault mentions one or two facts which seemed to him to suggest that the maid was very much at her ease with the cause of all the uproar. The spirit delighted in chaffing her, "*l'appelant à tout propos Bressande,*" calling her his Bressan girl and "mimicking her patois."

The truth is [the Minister goes on] that she would jest and be familiar with him. For besides what I have mentioned before,[1] she once expostulated with him that he brought her no wood, whereupon he presently threw down a faggot for her at the stair-foot; and whereas, upon her offering to leave our service, another came to serve us in her place and lay in the same bed with her, the demon who never hurt her (the Bressande) used to beat that new maid in the bed and to pour water upon her, until he forced her to go away.

[1] Perrault says elsewhere: "He would throw our shoes about the room, those of the maid especially, who, feeling him once taking one of her shoes, laid hold presently of the other, and said smiling, 'this thou shalt not have.'"

The climax of the physical phenomena is recounted as follows :—

His last actions at my house were the most troublesome of all, as they say that the devil is always more violent at the end than in the beginning, and is then most fierce when he must be gone. He threw stones about my house continually the ten or twelve last days from morning to evening, and in great quantity, some of them of two or three pounds weight.

One of those last days Mr. Tornus, coming to my house about noon, would know whether the devil was there still, and whistled in several tones, and each time the devil whistled to him in the same tone.[1] Then the devil threw a stone at him, which being fallen at his feet without any harm to him, he took it up and marked it with a coal, and flung it into the back yard of the house, which is near the town wall and the river Saone, but the devil threw it up to him again ; and that it was the same stone he knew, by the mark of the coal. Tornus taking up that stone found it very hot, and said he believed it had been in hell since he had handled it first.

I may confess that I have conceived a very good opinion of M. Perrault's truthfulness and sobriety of judgment, and it seems worth while to point out that the statement regarding the heat of the stone comes to us only on the authority of the notary Tornus and not on that of the Minister. Similarly, it should be noticed that Perrault is not personally responsible for the story that *the day after* the demon took his departure " a very great viper was seen going out of my house, and was taken with long pincers by some nail-makers, our neighbours, who carried it all over the town, crying " here is the devil that came out of the Minister's house." Apparently such a snake was caught, and eventually left with an apothecary in the neighbourhood, but Perrault tells us no more than that it was found to be " a true and natural viper, a serpent rare in that country." After all the talk that had been going on regarding the diabolical manifestations in the home of the Huguenot, the tendency

[1] This seems to dispose of the ventriloquism hypothesis, unless indeed M. Tornus, the Catholic, was himself the ventriloquist.

amid a superstitious and not too friendly population would undoubtedly be to connect any such unusual incident with the visitation of the evil spirit. It must be remembered that this was a period when the witch mania was at its height. Almost any unusual manifestation was liable to be construed as a presumption of sorcery. We shall probably, then, be justified in regarding it as a high tribute to M. Perrault's reputation that not only the procurator Tornus père, but M. Fovillard, the Lieutenant-General, and Monseigneur Gaspard Divet, then Bishop of Mâcon, seem all to have taken his side against the misrepresentations of the Capuchin, Father Marcellin. The Bishop, he tells us, sent his secretary, M. Chambre, "to learn the particulars of these passages from mine own mouth, to whom I related all without concealing or disguising anything." Perrault was afterwards informed, both by Tornus and Chambre, that the Bishop had been much impressed by the story, and had had a record of the facts drawn up in writing. Undoubtedly the Minister was no fanatic, and, though he himself had written a book on demonology, he was far from sharing the extravagant prejudices of his age. As his modern Catholic editor, M. Le Duc, points out, he has left on record his congratulations addressed to the magistrates of Berne upon a decree which they had recently issued safeguarding the citizens of that town against frivolous accusations of witchcraft. He also manifests a spirit of sincere gratitude to God for the protection afforded, as he believed, by Divine favour, during the time of his own visitation.

All the time [he writes] that the demon haunted my house God permitted him not to do us any harm, neither in our persons nor in our goods. Those bells which he did so toss and carry about, he hanged at a nail over the chimney of the room where he was most conversant the day that he left the house. He had not so much power given him as to tear one leaf of my books, or to break one glass, or to put out the candle which we kept lighted all the night long. Wherefore I bow my knees, and will, as long as I live, unto my gracious God, to give Him thanks for that great mercy.

Here again we have a feature which is in curiously exact accord with Giraldus's description of the Pembrokeshire poltergeist in 1184. The spirits, says Cambrensis, who threw things about "meant to deride rather than to do bodily injury" (*quibus illudere potius quam lædere videntur*). At the same time M. Perrault and his Huguenot friends seem none of them to have had the least doubt that their unseen visitor was in truth a myrmidon of Satan, though this did not prevent them from exchanging the liveliest badinage with him whenever the opportunity presented itself. The "demon," on his side, seemed equally to delight in such encounters, and he loved in particular to banter one Michael Repay, a young man who came to the house almost every night with his father, when the ghost used to greet him playfully, shouting "Michael," "Michael," and reminding him of ludicrous misadventures which had lately happened to him.

He put him in mind that the Sunday before, going to church with one Noel Monginot, to the village of Vrigny, he was saying that the way to catch the devil was to spread a net for him, and then he told him, "Wilt thou now spread thy net to catch me?" At the same time he did so lively counterfeit the voice of Michael Repay's mother that the lad said laughing to his father, "Father, truly he speaks just like my mother."

This counterfeiting of voices is another curious detail the bearing of which upon the phenomena of modern Spiritualism is full of significance. Mr. H. Dennis Bradley and Sir A. C. Doyle are convinced that they really are in communication with their departed friends, because they recognise their voices and the mannerisms peculiar to them in life. But it is plain that, if any credence is to be given to the record with which we are here concerned, there may be excellent mimics—whether diabolical or not I do not pretend to say—upon the other side, who find a quite particular amusement in mystifying the curious and in pretending to be what they are not. There were times, we are told, at Mâcon, when the spirit openly "mocked

God and religion," and the strongest impression left by Perrault's narrative is that all the communications made were pervaded by some bantering purpose. For example, we read :—

> He then desired us with great earnestness that we should send for M. Duchassin, the popish parson of St. Stephen's parish, to whom he would confess himself, and that he should not fail to bring holy water along with him, for that, said he, could send me away packing presently.

It is perhaps worth noticing that the word "popish" does not occur in Perrault's original. He simply speaks of the "Sieur Duchassin, Curé de la paroisse dite Sainte Etienne"; and throughout his narrative there is hardly one unfriendly or disparaging word used of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. As for the mocking and deceptive character of the spirit, the following passage will perhaps illustrate it as clearly as any other :—

> A while after, he counterfeited that he was not the same spirit that had spoken before, but his servant only. That he came from waiting on his master, who had charged him to keep his place in his absence while he was on his journey to Chambéry. And when I rebuked him in such words as God put into my mouth, he answered with much seeming lenity and respect : "I beseech you, sir, to pardon me. You are mistaken in me ; you take me for another. I never was in this house before. I pray, sir, what is your name ?" As he was thus speaking, one Simeon Meissonier, that used to resort often to my house upon that occasion, rushed suddenly to the place whence the voice seemed to come, and having searched it again and again, as others had done before him, and found nothing, he returned to the place where we all were, bringing with him several things from the place where the voice sounded, among other things, a small bottle. At which the demon fell a-laughing, and said to him : "I was told long ago that thou wert a fool, and I see now that thou art one indeed, to believe that I am in that bottle. I should be a fool myself to get into it, for one might take me by stopping the bottle with his finger."

Mr. H. Dennis Bradley seems to be persuaded that "direct-voice" communications from space were hardly

known before the period of his own sittings in 1923 with the American medium Valiantine, and he consequently congratulates himself upon this experience of his as "the deepest probing into the secret problem of life that has ever been made."[1] It seems a little difficult in the face of the Mâcon record and a number of other similar narratives to justify this claim to pioneer exploration. The Mâcon spirit seems never to have grown weary in his mimetic performances, "counterfeiting the voice of jugglers and mountebanks, and especially those of huntsmen crying aloud '*ho lévrier! ho lévrier!*' as hunters use when they start a hare." So again we are told of him :—

> Another time he informed us in a faint and moaning tone that he had a mind to make his will, because he must needs go presently to Chambéry, where he had a law suit ready for the trial, and that he feared to die by the way; wherefore, he bade the maid go for a notary, naming M. Tornus, father to that Tornus of whom we spoke before. Of his family he said many particularities, of which, as also of all the passages of this demon acted in his presence, the said Tornus, the son, a royal notary like his father, hath left a relation, written and signed with his own hand, which I have in my keeping for confirmation of all that is here related. And it was to have such authenticated testimony that I addressed myself to him when this vexation came upon me.

That the intelligence which was responsible for all these manifestations was certainly not a spirit of light seems to be clear not only from his many unblushing deceptions, but also from the fact that "he sang profane and bawdy songs, amongst others that which is called '*Le Filou.*'" On some occasions he seemed quite untroubled when he was called a demon, and even jested about it, as we have seen, but at other times he manifested great anger. When M. Perrault addressed him once in the words of the Gospel, "Depart, thou cursed, into everlasting fire," the spirit replied: "Thou liest; I am not cursed; I hope yet for salvation by the death and

[1] Bradley, *The Wisdom of the Gods*, p. 68, and *cf.* pp. 197, 231, etc.

passion of Jesus Christ." Perrault conjectures that he said this to make us believe "that he was the soul of a woman deceased a little before in that house"; and in fact it seems possible that, as is assumed to be the case in modern mediumistic seances, there was not a single communicator, but several, who all acted as "controls" of the Bessande girl. On this particular occasion, however, the spirit after indignantly denying that he was accursed,

> went on [says M. Perrault] to tell me in great wrath that he would do this and that to me. Among other things, he said that when I should be in bed he would come and pull off my blankets, and pull me out of bed by the feet.

Now there can be no possible question that this was all in print in a rare little booklet nearly three centuries ago, and yet this is exactly the phenomenon which, as those who may have read my previous article on Poltergeists will remember, is declared by such sober authorities as Sir William Barrett and the Rev. Professor Nielsson to have occurred in our own day under the eyes of unexceptionable witnesses. It is all very puzzling, and I am far from pretending to be able to supply any satisfactory solution of the mystery. But in view of the character of M. Perrault, of the contemporary witnesses, of Robert Boyle, etc., and more particularly when we recall the multitude of more or less similar relations which come to us from every part of the world and every period of history, an obstinate scepticism as to the facts seems to me the most desperate expedient of all. Before the accumulation of such incidents, which in our day almost for the first time are being brought together and seriously studied, the materialistic hypothesis finds itself in pitiable straits. One can only hope that God's wise providence may bring this much at least of good out of the unsavoury and mystifying freaks of the spirits who trifle with His name.

HERBERT THURSTON.

SCOTTI PEREGRINI

BY GERARD MURPHY

Part II[1]

In Part I of this paper an attempt was made to gather conveniently in one place what is known historically concerning the Irish wanderers of the reign of Charles the Bald, the causes of their leaving Ireland, the pursuits they followed on the continent, their names and the places where they chiefly congregated. Though this historical and biographical knowledge is necessarily incomplete, historians of other periods would in many cases be pleased if even so much were known of the individual figures and group movements in which they were interested. As it happens, however, the student who interests himself in these Irish exiles is doubly fortunate, for not alone do facts such as these await his discovery, but their cold historic truth may also be filled out by the rich amount of information available as regards the daily life, character and civilization of the men to whom they refer, in a way which lack of evidence renders impossible in the majority of cases. For these Irish had a strange habit of using the margins of their manuscripts for jottings of a personal nature that give information as to the topical questions which had aroused their interest, the pithy sayings, epigrams and short poems that had taken their fancy, the names of their friends, trivial events connected with their work; moreover their civilization was one where a highly developed literary tradition had given the wide circle which shared in it that command of language and familiarity with letters which permit the easy, natural expression in literature of intimate and personal things, where primitive folk tend to confine themselves to impersonal themes, removed from the triviality of every-day life, and those whose tradition is too new or too

[1] For Part I see March issue.

imperfectly assimilated to be for them a second nature are inclined to be constrained and awkward when not purely imitative. Accordingly from their occasional verses and from those of their letters that have been preserved a fairly adequate idea may be gained of the character, thought and mode of life of the men who wrote them, so that they live for us not merely as historical figures but as actual persons, restless wanderers, shameless beggars, men of deep personal religion, lovers of learning, graceful poets and original thinkers, representatives of a civilization where the standard of religion and learning was high, in the point of learning distinctly higher than the contemporary continental standard.

In the matter of literary taste and craftmanship the Irish of the ninth century had this advantage over their continental contemporaries that their vernacular poetry being already fully developed, as those who are unacquainted with Old Irish may see for themselves from a cursory reading of Kuno Meyer's translations in "Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry," they had already acquired a sense of style and a knowledge of the true affinities of poetry before they attempted to express themselves in Latin. Accordingly where the other poets and letter-writers of the day are often formal imitators, writers of stilted prose and unpoetic verse, the Irishman, master of his material and with a sure sense of what is fitting, expresses himself with ease, letting the man in him appear through the writer. No modern letters could be more personal, more natural and more easily written than the four letters from Irish wanderers preserved in the series of ninth century letters to bishops of Liège published by Ernest Dümmler in volume XIII of the *Neues Archiv* from which some passages have already been quoted. The first of these is a simple but well-constructed account of the utter misery to which poverty has reduced the writer, followed by a request to the bishop to have him numbered among the brethren of the

monastery on account of the impossibility of existence in such dire poverty and intolerable misery — *quoniam impossibile est mihi ita vivere propter intolerabilem miseriam et paupertatem nimiam.* The writer ends with a reminder of the emperor's previous recommendation of him and the usual promise of a heavenly reward awaiting his succourer. The second, a pilgrim's letter to which reference has been made in the earlier portion of this paper, is by a " poor little wandering Irishman " who could not trust himself apparently to carry on a Latin conversation, for that he was no grammarian and unskilled in spoken Latin and must therefore let his letter speak in his stead—*Non sum grammaticus neque sermone Latino peritus, sed haec epistola quasi mea lingua pro me loquitur.* The psalter and the New Testament may have been his chief reading matter, for in this one short letter he has two quotations from the psalms and one from St. Matthew. He ends as do also the writers of the first and third letters with a graceful elegiac verse :—

Omnia Christus habet ; per Christum cuncta reguntur.
Mentior haud vobis : omnia Christus habet.[1]

The fourth letter is from one Electus, an Irish priest, *nomine Electus Scottigena, presbiter dignitate,* to Franco, bishop of Liège ; and in it he complains of being robbed near the monastery of all his things : an alb, a stole, two corporals, " a good black cape," a belted tunic, a shirt, a jacket, four trousers of Irish cloth (quattuor osas scotticae vestis), a jerkin and other small but necessary articles—*et reliquas minutas causas, sed mihi necessarias.* He tells who has robbed him, the household servants of two of Bishop Franco's chaplains from whom he demands rectification of the wrong, changing in this part of the letter from the simple narrative manner of the earlier portion to a more complex oratorical style. It may be this same Electus who wrote the third letter asking for

[1] " Christ holds all things, all things are ruled through Christ. I tell you no lie : Christ holds all things."

help for the old Irish priest whom infirmity of the feet prevented continuing his pilgrimage to Rome. This might be taken as a model for a begging letter for the delicate references to the bishop's well-known charity with which it opens, its simple statement of the case, its promise of prayers and masses to be offered up for the bishop's welfare, its guarantee of the integrity of character of the person on whose behalf it is written, and finally for the graceful verse with which it ends :—

Sumite Scottigenam devota mente benigni ;
O vos Francigenae, sumite Scottigenam.[1]

Indeed the Irish seem to have been adepts at begging. Many of the poems of Sedulius are begging poems purely, such as the first poem of the second part of Traube's edition (II, i) [2] where the poet repels us somewhat by his open flattery of Hartgar, Franco's predecessor at Liège, or the ninth poem of the same part which is a lovely example of begging and dainty poetry combined :—

Nos sitis atque fames conturbat, bestia duplex,
Vulnificisque rostris nos laceratque suis.
Nec nos oblectat praedives copia rerum,
Sed nos excruciat horrida pauperies.[3]

Nor was the austere philosopher Johannes Eriugena ashamed to ask for help when need arose, as this tag (affixed to what is apparently an Easter song for Charles the Bald) and more than one other similar tag prove :—

Sat sat perpaucos ingratos ponere versus :
Molestos regi quid valet astruere ?
Quod plane perhibet iam nuper dedita Musa :
Expers mercedis tristis inanis erat.[4]

---

[1] " Receive this Irishman in your kindness with devoted heart ; O ye of the land of France, receive this Irishman."

[2] This and similar references are to P.L.III, Sedulii Carmina, II, i, etc.

[3] " That two-fold beast, hunger and thirst, disturbs us and tears us with his wounding beak. Nor does a plentiful supply of good things glad our hearts, but horrid poverty torments us."

[4] P.L.III, Johannis Scotti Carmina I, vi, 37-40. " Enough of this stringing together of a few unpleasing verses : what profit is it to build up poems that bore the king ? For this is clearly proved by the poem we lately wrote which went unrewarded, sorry and ineffective."

Johannes had obviously been disappointed on a previous occasion when a reward was not forthcoming and this time hinted in no uncertain manner at what he expected.

However the Irish did not use their poetic gift for begging alone: they could show the same mastery of form in an impudent complaint, such as this made by an Irish monk of Soissons who objected to special treatment being given in the matter of fires to Karlomann, son of Charles the Bald, who, later abbot of various important monasteries, was at that time a simple member of the community to which the Irishman belonged, under the jurisdiction of Abbot Wulfad :—

Hic duo sunt fratres, ardens est angulus unus :
Non satis expellit frigora lusca domus.
Karlomanne, tuis arridet partibus ignis :
Nos vero gelidos urit iniqua hiems.
Vulfadus praestet nostrum flagrare caminum,
Dives lignorum, providus ipse rogi.[1]

Or again they could make a jovial verse to show their pleasure when fare better than that to which they were accustomed was offered them, as this elegiac couplet by the same or another Soissons Irishman shows :—

Hinc cervisa abeas ! Vocitatus nomine prisco,
Ut tua praevaleant munera, Bacche, veni ![2]

This Soissons monk, who safely installed as the member of a rich community had even wine to drink on occasion, was better off than that fellow-countryman of his who wrote the first of the letters already referred to, asking to be taken into the community of the Liège monks and

[1] P.L.III Carmina Scottorum VII, iii. "Here are two brothers: one corner is hot: a one-eyed house does not sufficiently expel the cold. Karlomann, the fire smiles upon your side, but I am stung by an unequally distributed cold. May Wulfad grant that my fire blaze up: he is the rich owner of the logs, the guardian of the wood-pile."

[2] Ibidem, VII, i, "Away *cervisa* ! Come thou, O Bacchus, called by thy ancient name, and let thy gifts prevail ! " For *cervisa*, made from corn and barley, the common drink of the Irish as opposed to the wine of southern lands, see Ionae Vita Columbani I, §3.

complaining that he had nothing to eat but the worst of bread and nothing to drink but the smallest quantity of vile *cervisa—Non habens ad manducandum et bibendum, nisi pessimum panem et minimam particulam de pessima cervisa : vae mihi misero !*

The same easy grace is the outstanding mark of the " Lamentum Refugae " (P.L.III, Carmina Scottorum VI.), the poem of a nameless Irish monk who, threatened with a severe penance for some misdeed, had fled from the monastery of Bobbio, founded by his countryman Columbanus, to Verona, where it would seem he had got employment teaching the novices in the monastery of St. Zeno. Worn by fever and homesick for Bobbio he calls his pupils to weep with him :—

> Nocte dieque gemo, quia sum peregrinus et egens ;
> Attritus febribus nocte dieque gemo.
> Plangite me, iuvenes, animo qui me colebatis ;
> Rideat hinc quisquis : plangite me iuvenes ! [1]

He begs Columbanus to intercede in heaven on his behalf, and beseeches Zeno to use his influence with his brother-saint that he may acceede to the request :—

> Sancte Zeno, famulum miserum ne despice, quaeso ;
> Redde Columbano, Sancte Zeno, famulum.[2]

Zeno bids him be of good hope—Was not Columbanus himself an Irishman ? He intercedes for the runaway : Columbanus relents ; and the poet in return promises to perform some act of gratitude the nature of which is hidden from us owing to the illegibility of that portion of the manuscript on which the closing verses are written.

The delicacy and daintiness of these verses and the echoing elegiac metre in which they are written remind

---

[1] " Day and night I moan, for I am far from home and in need. Worn by fever day and night I moan. Weep for me, young men who loved me with your hearts ; let him who will laugh : weep for me young men ! "

[2] " Thy servant, holy Zeno, despise not in his misery ; give once more to Columbanus, holy Zeno, his servant."

one of the work of Sedulius, the most poetically minded and the most skilful as a craftsman of the poets of his day. The other poets of the time of Charles the Bald generally confined themselves to the fashioning of hexameters and pentameters, if they were Irish often introducing the added grace of the echo, by which the closing words of the pentameter verse reproduce the opening words of the hexameter. Sedulius, however, has a large variety of other metres also at his command. We find among his verses examples of pythiambic, sapphic, and asclepiadic metre, trochaic tetrameters, iambic dimeters and rhythmic verses, that is verses which follow the medieval rhythmical laws of stress and no-stress rather than the classic metrical laws of long and short. In one of his poems (II, liv) he actually goes so far as to invent a metre of his own based on classical principles. This consummate craftsmanship, however, is but a minor excellency of his work: he attracts us chiefly by the delicacy and sweetness of all he writes, by the warmth of his affections and the genuineness of his religious feeling. His faults are lack of strength and a tendency to fulsome flattery, springing perhaps from a gentleness of mind that was ever ready to exaggerate good and minimise evil. His poems are for the most part either didactic or occasional, written as the need to praise a patron or ask for help arose, though they include also such essays in pure literature as the mock heroic poem on the death of Hartgar's ram and the idyll of the Lily and the Rose where speak in turn the poet, the lily, the rose and springtime. The poem on the ram is the more pleasing of these two by reason of the freshness of its theme where laughter mingles with a true delicacy of sentiment and imagination, passing in the end to a beautiful, if not overdaring, religious comparison of Hartgar's ram who died to save a thief with the Lamb of God who died to save all sinful men. As an example of that gentle playfulness which is the keynote of the whole poem two

lines describing the dead beast's guilelessness may be quoted :—

> Non mendosus erat nec inania verba locutus :
> Báá seu Béé, mystica verba, dabat.[1]

In his poems to his Irish friends Sedulius shows the warmth of his natural affections, as in this prayer of four lines for the safe arrival of one Dermot coming to him from over the sea :—

> Christe, tuo clipeo Dermot defende, precamur,
> Cumque suis sociis veniat hanc laetus in urbem.
> Sis proreta potens nostris in navibus, alme :
> Te sine, cunctipotens, prospera nulla queunt ; [2]

or again in that longer poem addressed to Fergus, Blandus, Marcus and Beuchell, where he confesses that his heart is not made of stone so as to abstain from loving such men :—

> Fratres, nam fateor quod non mihi cornea fibra
> Sit, neque de scopulo corcula creta lapis :
> Sed fervet nostris vestri dilectio fibris ;
> Namque nefas tales est nec amare viros,[3]

and continuing addresses each one in turn according to his character, asking Fergus in six wonderful lines to use his gift of prayer on behalf of his sinful friend, bidding Marcus ward off with his shield of faith the attacks of Satan, while Beuchell, the warlike, boldly crushes the neck of the serpent, and Blandus, " God's gentle dove," makes murmur for his friend. In the concluding lines Sedulius prays that they all ultimately win their heavenly reward, addressing the four of them together as " the chariot-team of the Lord, the lights of the Irish race "—*Quadrigae Domini, Scottensis lumina gentis.* From another

[1] II, xli, 115-116. " He was no liar nor idle babbler : " Báá and Béé " were the mystic words he uttered."

[2] II, xxvii. " Christ, defend Dermot with thy shield, we pray ; and with his companions may he come in joy to this city. Mayest thou be a powerful pilot in our ship, O Beloved One : without Thee, O All-powerful, nothing can prosper."

[3] II, xxxiv, 5-8. " For I confess, brothers, that my inward parts are not made of horn, nor is my little heart a stone formed from a rock : but love of you burns within me : for not to love such men is a crime."

poem to that same Fergus, who is here described as a man of deep and earnest prayer, it is learnt that he was also a gifted poet, and to him Traube would tentatively assign a group of not very remarkable poems by an Irish poet resident at Milan, published by Traube as a supplement to his edition of the poems of Sedulius.

His constant references to Bible incidents and parallels, the quotations from the psalms which he often happily works into his occasional poems, and the sound Christian doctrine of the didactic poems attached to the separate chapters of his prose work, "De Regimine Principum," go to prove the sincerity of the religious feeling of Sedulius. As a hymn-writer he might have excelled, but strange to say this kind never seems to have attracted him, though the Christmas poem to Hartgar which begins :

> Tempus adest niveum sincera luce coruscum,
> Quo Dominus natus : tempus adest niveum.
> Nos igitur nivei sincera mente micemus,
> O fratres ; simus nos igitur nivei,[1]

could, with very few changes, have been turned into a beautiful Christmas hymn. His religious teaching in the *De Regimine Principum*, outside that part of it which has to do with the virtues proper to rulers, insists above all on the sanctity of family life, on man's dependence on God and duty of submission to His will in all things. A fair example of his didactic manner is the seventeenth poem of the book where he thus ends a vivid description of a thunderstorm :—

> Quisquis sapit pericula
> Vitare corde provido
> Fugit timens haec omnia
> Tutum capessat ut locum.
>
> Sic ingruente maximo
> Adversitatum turbine
> Totis petenda viribus
> Celsitonantis dextera.[2]

[1] II, xi. "The snowy time in which our Lord was born is here, gleaming with its pure light : the snowy time is here. Let us therefore, white as snow shine forth with pure minds, my brothers ; let us then be snow-white."

[2] I, xvii. "Whoever has the wisdom and forethought to avoid danger flies in fear of all these things, that he may gain a place of safety. So when the great whirlwind of adversity approaches, we must seek the right hand of Him who thunders from on high."

Those who have made a study of Ancient Irish know what a marked characteristic of its literature is the sensibility to natural beauty manifested in its poetry. Typical examples of its nature-poetry are the ninth century Comad or Wish of Manchín Léith and the Hermit's Song, edited by Meyer in the first and second volumes of *Eriu*, and the Colloquy between Guaire and his hermit brother Marván, probably of the tenth century, published separately by Meyer in 1901, or to give instances that date certainly from the ninth century and were therefore written by poets who may have been contemporaries of Sedulius, the song of Mad Suibne and the Blackbird song from the second volume of the *Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus*. It is interesting to see what traces of this sensibility to natural beauty are to be found in the Latin poems of Sedulius. Admittedly they are not many: yet the few passages in which it finds expression are significant when it is considered how completely the majority of Latin writers ignore it. One of these passages is the following on a visit of Charles, the third son of Lothar, to some town where Sedulius was staying:—

Floridus ecce venit: campi florete patentes;
Florescant silvae: floridus ecce venit.
Tempora veris aves celebrant crispante susurro,
Produnt organulis tempora veris aves.[1]

Another example are these lines from a lovely begging poem to Hartgar where the poet contrasts his own poverty with nature's beauty, begging the Muse to intercede for her servant:—

Nunc virident segetes, nunc florent germine campi,
Nunc turgent vites, est nunc pulcherrimus annus,
Nunc pictae volucres permulcent aethera cantu,
Nunc mare, nunc tellus, nunc caeli sidera rident.[2]

[1] II, lxxvii. "The flower of the kingdom has come: flower ye spreading fields, let the woods burst into flower: the flower of the kingdom has come. The springtime is being sung by the birds with quivering murmur, on their little instruments the birds tell of the spring."

[2] II, xlix. "Now the crops are green and the fields covered with springing flowers, Now swell the vines and the year is at its loveliest season, Now the gaily clad birds fill all the air with song, Now laughs the sea, the earth, the stars."

Enough, however, has been said of the poetry of Sedulius and his fellows to let it be understood how assuredly and how easily the Irish wanderers have expressed themselves in verse. Did space permit, other poems might profitably have been quoted: that vision-poem (P.L.III, 238) by a nameless Irishman, for instance, which reminds one so much of an eighteenth century Aisling, though the maiden who appears to bid the poet welcome to the palace of Bishop Gunthar of Cologne is not Eire but Sophia; the poem (Carmina Scottorum, IX, ii.) by the Irish Donatus, Bishop of Fiesole, in praise of the country of his birth; the Greek prayer in somewhat faulty metre by a nameless Irishman which begins

> *Ὑψηλὸς κύριος, δυνατός, φιλοεργός, ἄμωμος,*
> *Δος μοι νῦν σύνεσιν καί μου τὸ στόμα πλήρωσον*
> *Πνεύματος Ὁσίου,*[1]

and some of the deep philosophic and religious poems of Johannes Eriugena. But too much delay has already been made over poetry, which is only one of the sources of information concerning the wanderers that have come down to us. Another is that afforded by their jottings on the margins of manuscripts, about which a word must be said before concluding. Some of these marginalia are the occasional remarks of a tired and uncomfortable scribe or reader; they go to show that the same sort of petty discomforts troubled folk in those far-off times as trouble them to-day. Thus in a copy of Priscian's grammar, carried from Ireland by the friends of Sedulius, the following marginal entries concerning physical discomfort are to be found: *Bendacht for anmain Ferguso. Amen. Már-uar dom*, "A blessing on the soul of Fergus. Amen. I am very cold;" *Uit mo chrob*, "Oh! my hand!" *Memmbrum naue, droch dub. O ní epur na haill*, "New parchment, bad ink. Oh! I say no more;" *Is tana a ndub*, "The ink is thin." Some again are

[1] Carmina Scottorum, XIII. "High, powerful, beneficient, blameless Lord, give me understanding and fill my mouth with the Holy Spirit."

memoranda of pithy sayings which pleased the writers, as this proverb from the same manuscript : *Maraith sercc céin mardda aithne, a Máellecán,* " Love lasts while the money lasts, O Máellecán," or *Isel fri ard, tailciud fri gargg,* " Be lowly before the high, bend before the fierce," a proverb found in another manuscript and ascribed to St. Brigid. Sometimes it was a poem that was added in ; and it is by this means that have been preserved for us the poem on the Norse raiders that has been quoted in the earlier portion of this paper, that other Old Irish poem which tells of the monk's happiness as he writes beneath the greenwood and listens to a blackbird singing, and the well-known verses on the monk and his pet cat, preserved with other Irish poems alongside a Vergil commentary, examples of Greek paradigms, astronomical notes and a selection of Latin hymns in a fragmentary ninth century manuscript belonging to the monastery of St. Paul in Carinthia and described by Windisch in the first volume of his Irische Texte. The Codex Boernerianus, a Greek text of St. Paul's epistles with an interlinear Latin version, written by Sedulius, contains two Old Irish quatrains which may have Sedulius himself for author ; one, on pilgrimages to Rome, is as follows :—

Teicht do Róim,
Mór saido becc torbai.
In Rí chondaigi hi foss,
Mani mbera latt ní fogbai.[1]

Occasionally the scribe, or a later reader, has been struck by Irish parallels to classical stories, which he has accordingly noted in the margin of his manuscript, as in the note *sicut Mac Cialláin* written in opposite a classical story of Apollo and the Sybil in a copy of the commentary of Servius Maurus on Vergil, and the reference to Taircheltach, a famous Irish magician, made in the same

[1] Thes. Pal. II, 296. " To go to Rome, much labour little profit. The King thou seekest here, unless thou bring Him with thee, thou findest Him not." For the occasional jottings, proverbs, etc., cf. Thes. Pal. II, *passim.*

manuscript close to the words *Magica Ars* of the Latin text. The Sedulian circle had also the habit of writing in proper names on the margins of the manuscripts in their possession. The exact significance of these insertions is uncertain. Pending further research and the diligent comparison of all the names with the texts to which they refer, conditional acceptance may be given Traube's suggestion[1] that in some cases they are notes intimating that the writer wishes to consult such and such a person on the text in question, or to bring it to the notice of such and such a person to whom it might be of interest, and that in other cases they mark texts which could be of importance for the controversy on predestination in which Johannes Eriugena, on the demand of Hincmar of Rheims, took a prominent part, opposing, in no very orthodox fashion, the still more unorthodox views of Godescalc that had aroused Hincmar's displeasure. A selection from these names are the names, Fergus, Dongus, Dubthach, Sedulius, Dungal, which belong to members of the circle to whom the manuscripts belonged, of whom Fergus has been mentioned already as a poet and man of prayer, Dungal as the author of a poem to Baldo of Salzburg, and Dubthach as having been with other Irishmen a visitor at the court of the kings of Wales. Dubthach is also known as a scribe, and a verse by him, attached to a manuscript he had copied, has been edited by Traube in his *Carmina Scottorum* (P.L.III, 685). Of Dongus nothing is known. Other names mentioned in the manuscripts of the group are those of their patrons, Ruadri, Gunthar and Hartgar, while entries such as " Johannes," " Hincmar," " Godescalc " show the interest the Irish took in the predestination controversy. Nor ought this controversial side of the Irish to be passed over without mention. Already in the reign of Louis the Pious, Dungal of St Denis (another person to the Dungal who was a companion of Sedulius) had taken a leading

[1] O Roma § VII, 2.

part in the controversy with Bishop Claudius of Turin concerning the honour that might be paid to religious images,[1] while under Charles the Bald Johannes had not alone entered vigorously into the predestination controversy,[2] but had earned considerable odium for himself by laughing to scorn the legend invented by Hilduin, Abbot of St Denis, that sought to identify Denis, first bishop of Paris and patron of France, with Denis the Areopagite, reputed author of certain Greek mystical treatises translated by Johannes.[3] It was on this occasion probably that Hincmar of Rheims fell out with Johannes, a falling out the memory of which is preserved by the savage epigram in the form of an epitaph, written however in the lifetime of its subject, which Johannes composed on his one-time friend :—

> Hic iacet Hincmarus cleptes vehementer avarus :
> Hoc solum gessit nobile, quod periit.[4]

There can be little doubt but that European civilization benefited largely by the exodus of poets, scholars and philosophers from Ireland in the ninth century. It may be asked, however, whether they could not have conferred a greater and more needed benefit on their own country by remaining at home. That some of their Irish contemporaries held this opinion is proved by a passage in the ninth century Irish tract on the rule and customs of the Monastery of Tallaght near Dublin, edited by Gwynn and Purton in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy for the year 1911. There Maelruain, the founder of the Tallaght community of Culdees, is said to have heard this maxim from the elders concerning the desertion of the land : " Anyone who deserts the land is a denier of Patrick in Heaven and of the Faith in Ireland, excepting only to go from the east of the land to the west of it

[1] Man. I, 372. [2] Man. I, 324. [3] See articles by Théry in *Revue des Jeunes*, Nov. ; Dec., 1926.

[4] P.L. III. Carm. Johannis Scotti, X. " Here lies Hincmar, a greedy grasping ruffian. This one noble act did he do : he died ! "

or from the north of it to the south."[1] The particular desertion of the land that Maelruain had in mind would have been that which took place in the days of Charlemagne ; but the author of the tract would doubtless have applied it to the desertion taking place in his own time, the time of Charles the Bald. The same disapproval of wandering is expressed in a story told in language of a later date than the language of the Tallaght tract, but about a saint who lived long before Maelruain, St. Mochuda (also called Carrthach) of Rahen and Lismore. Once Mochuda, ashamed because of the numbers and piety of his community whose abbot he considered himself unworthy to be, took a vow to leave Ireland as a wanderer, " resting no two nights in the same place, but doing penance throughout the wide world." Before he had time, however, to put his vow into practice he met a fellow-saint, Comgall of Tehelly, who proved to him that it had been suggested by the devil and dissuaded him from the keeping of it, on which occasion Comgall is said to have uttered this verse against wandering :—

Maith do chléireach bheith i ffoss
Ocus tathaighe na tráth.
Doberat demhna cudmaide
Spirut utmaille for cách.[2]

Yet it is doubtful whether Ireland would have derived much benefit had these ninth century wanderers listened to such advice and stayed in their native land. Irish Christian culture was doomed, not by reason of this exodus of learned men formed beneath its influence, but by reason of the Norse inroads that broke up the monastic organisation which had been its chief support. As the Book of Chronicles has it, " The Norseman left

[1] Tallaght Tract § 17. " Issed rochualai Máolrúoin la sruthi di dérgu ind tíri : is diultach Pattraic ind nim 7 inda hirsi ind Erind nach oen déraich a tír, acht assa airthiur inda iarthur 7 asa tuaisciurt inda deiscert."

[2] Bethada Naem nErenn, ed. Plummer, I, p. 311 (reading " cudmaide " for " cuidmide " of MS.). " It is good for a clerk to have a fixed abode and attend the canonical hours. Unsteady devils put the spirit of restlessness on everyone."

no saint or scholar, or noble church, or (hermit's) cave, or island unplundered in Ireland."[1] Irish education was henceforward of necessity in the care of the native poetical and historical schools, the monasteries taking a secondary place. These schools were narrow and insular in their outlook, and the work produced by the men trained in them is disappointing when compared to the broad and genial culture manifested in the literary and learned output of the monastic schools that preceded them. Accordingly from the eleventh century to the seventeenth Ireland's contribution to the common fund of European civilization was to be small and of little importance. In the seventeenth century, however, the overthrow of Gaelic civilization had a strange effect. Men whose minds had been disciplined by the stern training of the poetic schools, and who by attendance at the schools of Irish history had had their interest in antiquity awakened, were forced to flee the land in the same manner as their ninth century forerunners. On the continent they came in touch with that European tradition to which these forerunners of theirs had made such notable contribution, and quickly assimilating it they became that famous group of historians and philosophers who congregated chiefly in the Irish Franciscan convents at Louvain and Rome. Catholic Europe owes much to this group, who offer a striking parallel, at a distance of eight hundred years, to those fellow-countrymen of theirs who in the days of Charles the Bald found homes at Laon, Liège and Milan.

GERARD MURPHY.

[1] Leabhar Oiris, ed. Best, Eriu I.

JOHN STEPHEN McARDLE

(*Died April* 14, 1928)

BY WILLIAM DOOLIN, M.B., F.R.C.S.
Editor of the *Irish Journal of Medical Science*

In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk
To speke of physik and chirurgerye.
The Canterbury Tales.

ON a cheerless, rain-swept Saturday of April the word crept round: "Poor Johnnie's gone!" The use of the diminutive signifies no lack of respect; rather does it bear eloquent testimony to the affectionate regard in which McArdle was held by all who knew him. To professional men—clerical, legal, medical—in every town in Ireland he was "Johnnie" or "Johnnie Mac." The poor of the hospital, the carmen on the Dublin hazards, the jockeys on the racecourse paid him no less sincere a tribute in their simple reference to him as "The Surgeon."

The element of fatality is not confined to Greek drama. Sophocles, in proclaiming to the world the misfortunes of Oedipus, wished to teach men that not one of them is sheltered from the blows of destiny. McArdle's triumphant existence, his satisfaction in his fame, and the happiness which he had at his own hearthstone, were destined to be darkened in their hour. We were not to know it yet. Without flinching, with unbowed head, he kept his knowledge from us till it was too late. But gradually the secret was out, and one heard the whisper that he, whose scalpel had saved so many, was now himself a victim to the one disease that the scalpel too seldom cures. How many other surgeons, one wonders, have had the like ironic fate? Mikulicz in Breslau,

Farabeuf in Paris, and Edward Taylor in Dublin, but a few years ago!

In the scale of distances along which the story of modern surgery is strung, McArdle's true place is amongst the path-breakers. He came to surgery in 1878—in the days of carbolic acid and the spray; he has left it in 1928. These dates delimit a half-century in which it may be said that the whole of modern surgery has developed. He knew it in its infancy—almost at its birth—and he grew with it all its days and years through. Now that he has fulfilled his destiny, and that his work is accomplished, is it permitted to us to ask of what value that accomplishment has been? Permitted though it doubtless is, presumption it may be considered by some. Great men grow as we recede from them, and it is for other and wiser judgments later to evaluate the fulness of his contribution to the education of the young Ireland that is growing up to-day. One thinks now rather of Huxley's epitaph to his friend Henslow: "He had intellect to comprehend his highest duty distinctly, and force of character to do it. Which of us dare ask for a higher summary of his life than that?"

This effort in appreciation must of necessity bear a certain personal tinge for which perhaps an apology is needed at the outset. I have been in turn his patient, his pupil, his clinical clerk, his house-surgeon, and later his assistant. I have always kept with him my own full personal independence. He owed me nothing. I owed him much. And, to say that of him which deserves and requires to be said, and to return to him a little of that which I owe to him, I shall seek conscientiously to set down with fairness the man and the teacher as I saw him. Unqualified eulogy is a poor service to such a man's memory.

His place will not be filled. A talent so purely personal as his is not replaced. He was a great surgeon, full of practical knowledge and experience. His was not the

enquiring mind of a Horsley, which in physiological research could establish the basis for the further extension of surgical fields of endeavour, nor did he seek to emulate a McEwen in one of those deep and patient studies into the chaos of surgical pathology which mark the advance of the science of surgery, and show the measure of the veritable leader in scientific thought. The atmosphere of the Dublin school has ever inclined to the clinical rather than the experimental aspect of medicine, and McArdle was a realist in his teaching as in all else. The job he found to his hand, the work he saw capable of accomplishment and of immediate practical utility, was the work which drew him. And amongst that generation of men who assisted in the transformation of the surgical art, being obliged to make their own education as they went, he was one of those who saw clearest and taught best. We who have come after them owe all respect and gratitude to men such as he, for we have received from their hands that surgical education which they received from none, and which they had all the glory of creating.

But McArdle was something more than that : he was "the poor man's surgeon." *Toute autre science*, wrote the gentle Montaigne, *est dommageable à celui qui n'a pas la science de la bonté !* And in that one little French word, *la bonté*, we may sum up one facet of McArdle's many-sided character, for the *science de la bonté* he undoubtedly possessed to full measure and running over. To one of his students at least he taught, all unconsciously and unostentatiously, the lesson of consideration for those who are not blessed with this world's goods. Of countless instances that could be recalled—and many a similar story has been told in Dublin tenements these weeks past—one stands out in the writer's memory clear as an etching in every detail, for all the years since it happened.

It was Saturday—his class morning—and, followed by some two-score students, he was swinging down the

corridor at Vincent's on his way to the wards. As he passed by the dressing-room—known to the irreverent from time immemorial as "the doghouse"—a poor old creature crippled with rheumatism held out a knotted hand to him. "Surgeon, would ye prescribe for me?" McArdle took in at a glance the telltale knuckles and the poor bent back. "Oh, granny, the only thing for you is a good warm flannel petticoat." "And sure where would I be getting it?" those of us who were nearest heard her mutter as she turned away. Like a flash, McArdle was up the stairs, two at a time, into the ward, and before a horrified Sister could remonstrate he had whipped a red blanket off the nearest bed, and was away down the stairs again. "Here you are, granny," he chuckled, as exultant as any schoolboy, "and out of the door with you quick now, before the Reverend Mother catches you!" That afternoon, a large parcel arrived at the hospital, addressed to the Revd. Mother. On being opened, there were disclosed six fleecy new white blankets, and a card: "With Mrs. McArdle's compliments." Many other such deeds, unnoted and uncommented here below, have been entered to McArdle's credit by the Recording Angel who keeps our accounts the other side of Jordan.

He was one of those who had the good fortune to take up a surgical career at the time when surgery was undergoing a rapid transformation. For several generations before Lister had revolutionised surgical practice Dublin had enjoyed an enviable reputation for the teaching of anatomy. In 1828 Sir Benjamin Brodie, giving evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in London (called into being, it will be remembered, by the infamies of Burke and Hare at Edinburgh), stated, speaking of the Dublin students: "I believe the majority of them are better anatomists than the English students." London students of those days for their anatomy had to go to Paris, where James Bennett, a Dublin graduate,

was holding the largest classes in anatomy in the school attached to the La Pitié Hospital. O'Bryen Bellingham, the first surgeon appointed to St. Vincent's, was a Louth man, and, though he died shortly before McArdle's birth, it is permissible to believe that his reputation had some share of influence in bringing the young solicitor's son from Dundalk as a student to the hospital where he was to build up his later reputation. On the Vincent's staff of McArdle's student days were active teachers who preserved all the old Dublin tradition for the teaching of anatomy. Robert Cryan had succeeded "Gentle Thomas" Hayden as Professor of Anatomy at the School in Cecilia Street, and William O'Leary, despite the conflicting claims of practice and politics, was still lecturing on anatomy at the Ledwich School. Edward Mapother, who had been appointed to Vincent's in the year of McArdle's birth, was Professor of Anatomy at the College of Surgeons. These men, operators themselves, taught anatomy not as a purely scientific subject, but as a discipline the knowledge of which was essential for the successful performance of surgical operations. Of his debt to O'Leary as his teacher McArdle often spoke; to him he felt he was indebted for much of the character of his own surgical work later.

From these men McArdle imbibed the old Dublin enthusiasm for anatomical study, and it was as an enthusiastic demonstrator of practical anatomy that he made his earliest reputation for vigour, keenness and clarity of expression. He was always of the opinion that surgery was best taught by being *shown*. Surgical teaching lives by action, by the direct examination at the bedside, by the demonstration and performance of the operative act, and throughout his whole career as a teacher, to the very end, we who became his younger colleagues, ourselves learning to teach, could see the splendid application of anatomy to clinical surgery in all McArdle's methods.

His general preference, indeed, was for the "anatomical" rather than for the "physiological" types of operation. The earliest Listerian surgery was the surgery of fractures. Was it to this he owed his lifelong interest in fracture work? Certainly none could set a broken limb more deftly, more accurately, more gently than he. He had learnt to *feel* the broken fragments with his sensitive fingers, before Roentgen gave us the *x*-rays to see them with. His touch was the touch of the virtuoso. I know, for he set the first fracture of my experience—my own—on the Higher Line Rugby field at Clongowes!

The earliest impressions we receive probably go deepest and last longest. Some time before starting medicine, McArdle had been under the care of Thomas, at Liverpool. Thomas had made his reputation in the treatment of deformities, and in these lesions and in splints, matters of tedium and boredom to many surgeons, McArdle never lost interest. That is not to say he confined his attention to these less vital subjects. He came to surgery in the years of Lawson Tait's pioneer work in abdominal surgery, and was one of the first and most venturesome of Irish surgeons in exploring the secrets of that hitherto dread cavity. His interest in abdominal surgery was further quickened and stimulated by his early association with the greatest of all American surgeons, John B. Murphy, of Chicago.

McArdle's interest in surgery and in such scientific work as had any bearing on the growing science of surgery was universal. Senior members of our profession in Dublin to-day still speak—with an extra note of warmth in their speech as they voice their recollections—of the breadth of view, of the extent of knowledge, of the thorough mental assimilation of wide reading shown by the young McArdle as he held crowded classes attentive to his demonstrations or, greatly daring, flung his intellectual gauntlet into the dignified discussions of the Academy of Medicine in the '80's and '90's.

An unknown provincial lad, he had come from Dundalk to Dublin in the middle '70's to study medicine. While yet a student, he gave proof of the thrust and fearless determination which characterised him in all his actions. The earliest mention of his name in the minute-book of the Board of St. Vincent's Hospital occurs in an entry for the year 1878 : " Read, a letter from Mr. J. McArdle and signed by eight other students requesting that the house-surgeon be permitted to give instruction in minor surgery." McArdle was apparently dissatisfied with either the extent or the character of the surgical instruction afforded, and had no hesitation in setting his hand to a letter recalling his seniors to a sense of their deficiencies. That he was successful in his quest the minutes of the following meeting of the Board fully testify.

Qualified L.R.C.S.I. in 1879, he was at once appointed house-surgeon to St. Vincent's Hospital. While " in residence " he passed the L.R.C.P.I. and L.M. in the following year. Three years later he was appointed full surgeon to St. Vincent's, in which appointment the voice of his favourite teacher, O'Leary, carried much weight. The F.R.C.S.I. he took in 1884. For the hospital and its directors who had thus early recognised his merit and given him his start on the road to fame, he entertained a deep and lifelong affection. Full forty-five years he served it, the scene and instrument of his youth's and manhood's triumphs. Qualified on the eve of his twenty-first birthday and full staff surgeon before his twenty-fifth, only a youth of exceptional capabilities,—one who had impressed his superiors by sheer force of capacity,—could have achieved such rapid success. That their belief in his abilities was amply justified, reference to the *Transactions* of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Ireland (of which he was an original Fellow) will bear eloquent testimony. Within ten years of his appointment to the hospital the number of his students was such as to spread his fame to all corners of Ireland and ensure a

phenomenally quick leap into practice. After twenty years of clinical teaching, his work as a teacher was fittingly recognised by his election as Professor of Surgery in the Catholic University School of Medicine in 1903, and two years later by the degree of M.Ch. conferred upon him *honoris causa* by the Royal University of Ireland.

In all his operating—and he dearly liked to operate "before the class"—he never ceased to teach. I like best to recollect my early days as his assistant in the theatre. I can see yet his calmness of feature—he had *le calme des forts*—and his splendid hands, so firm and yet so lightly poised. To students of the decade 1905-1915 he was an imposing figure. There he would stand, directing nurses and assistants, dominating the theatre, impassive save for the almost imperceptible smile of the man sure of himself, who is really happy at his work. During the operation he was almost immobile. His hands alone worked with a wonderful harmony, and while they worked, he talked, demonstrating, teaching, all the while. He never hurried. "Never work against the clock, boys," was his constant warning. He never "rushed" his anaesthetist, and he never rushed the tissues, frail human flesh that he was handling. And, although he never seemed to hurry, he could work speedily when sheer speed was necessary.

One may observe in an operator many different qualities: assurance, precision, *sang-froid*, elegance of execution, rapidity of decision in the face of those occasional unforeseeable emergencies which may arise in the course of a major operation. "The art of surgery" is no empty expression, and in the period of which I write all who were privileged to assist him had the impression of accompanying an artist who had attained a perfect mastery of his art. I have never heard a note of irritation or impatience in his voice whilst operating. He radiated an impression of power and of the calm

which goes with complete assurance of oneself. Surgery to-day, with its increasing science, seems to have been robbed a little of its art. Certainly, few operators whom I have watched—men with great reputations in London, Paris, Berlin—have seemed to possess the natural artistry of McArdle as he worked in the old Vincent's theatre of my youthful recollection. As an art it was the one in which he delighted most; to it he had turned at once, and he spent more than forty years of his life in exercising it.

As a clinical teacher he excelled. In the more formal atmosphere of the academic classroom, to me at least, he seemed less telling. He had not the ease of expression, the attractive eloquence, which draw enthusiastic crowds to certain teachers. Often, half apologetically, he would tell his class he was " no Demosthenes " ! His vocabulary was comparatively small, and for eloquence as such he cared not a jot. But if he had not " the sacred fire," he knew how to make himself heard—and listened to ! At times it was as if the countryman in him leaped to the surface and delivered a phrase like a blow. He had " the clinical sense," he had vigour, clarity, and he possessed to a high degree the qualities of those who wish to teach. We learned much from him by the very force of his keenness that we should learn. He had the art of imparting his own enthusiasm to the least enthusiastic amongst us. And, tireless himself, he never tired his students.

Absorbed by the duties of his hospital work and by the claims of practice, he wrote but little. Like Dr. Johnson, his great gift was his personality, and like that great character he left little on paper that really conveys that impression of greatness. What does it matter now whether he wrote much or little ? There are text-books and to spare. His real work lies in the legacy he has left to our Irish hospitals, that of having taught his pupils well, and of having turned out so many good

surgeons who have been scattered abroad to spread the benefits of skilled surgical assistance. That was his great work. He has been one of the true pioneers in the collective effort that has brought into being the newer Ireland, working with conviction and hope, handing on the torch to a younger generation who may not realise or recollect that it is to the men of his generation that they owe the fact that they are what they are to-day.

McArdle had a perfect genius for friendship. It was impossible to remain long in his company without being conquered by his extraordinary *bonhomie*. He irradiated good fellowship and the sheer joy of living; he was generous to a fault, even to those who bore him no goodwill, and his hospitality was inexhaustible. He had, it is safe to assert, the widest acquaintance in all walks of Irish life, from castle to cabin, of any man in our profession. Apart from mere popularity, he was capable of giving and inspiring real, feeling friendship, of a kind that does not speak, that hides in reserve, yet "grapples to its soul with hooks of steel." Such affection is given only to the few. Some two or three of his assistants had it, some of his lifelong friends. And these latter were beginning to fall. First of all Redmond, whose Wicklow home adjoined his own; then McWeeney, whose science had formed a perfect complement to McArdle's art in the solution of many surgical knots; then Cox, tried friend and true, his colleague from his youngest hospital days. Their going was a warning that he was slowly approaching the age when one has the right to repose. His hair was perhaps a little greyer, but his figure was as straight, and in his eye there shone as clear a challenge as ever.

This city life of ours, so tiring in its artificiality, so exacting in its demands on the time and energy of any man in the public eye, calls for necessary relaxation. We all like from time to time to flee from the tumult of the town. McArdle, as a country boy, "loved the sod";

and as a man he had all the countryman's longing to call a strip of it his own. In the years of his early prosperity, he had acquired a shooting box in Wicklow, on which he concentrated much of his energy and affection. The streams, the hills, the meadows so close to his door at Ballytiegue were closer to his heart. It was his favourite place of rest; here he breathed at ease, interesting himself in a thousand details of country life, experimenting with trees and shrubs, deflecting the course of a stream to make a bathing-pool, harnessing a little mountain rivulet to supply the house and grounds with electric light. And here his hospitable soul had fullest sway. It was as if his house in Merrion Square were not large enough in which to gather all whom he would have share the good things that were his. "Come down to Ballytiegue" was the surest token that some act or word of the lucky recipient of the invitation had won his regard.

So passed the years, which in their course seemed to effect no diminution in his vigour, in his resistance to fatigue, in his powers of work and play. All through the years he had preserved a marvellous youthfulness, which was not merely apparent, for he had always been young—young in physique and in spirit, in taste and in sentiment, in work and in character. And for youth he was always indulgent. Students of every Faculty in the College knew him, though they might not have been able to tell the name of another surgeon in the city. And he loved the youth that was in University College. No harrassed treasurer of any College Society seeking to balance his audit for the year ever sought McArdle's help in vain. He loved to "be with the boys." Of late years he might often pass on operations to one of his assistants, but not till the very end would he give up the class. As a Professor he never gave a thought to any character or pose of "superiority" that had to be maintained. To the students he was "Johnnie," and he knew it, and loved them for it. In continuous contact with youth, he knew how to keep himself young to the last.

For students of future years, McArdle's virile lineaments are faithfully preserved in the life-size portrait in oils which hangs in the Council Chamber of University College. The tradition of his surgical skill will likewise be handed on in the McArdle Scholarship, founded by public subscription in his honour. But the record of his large humanity and unbounded kindness should not be let die. To mediaeval scholars Roger Bacon was Doctor Admirabilis, and Albertus Magnus was Doctor Universalis. In such a setting, McArdle would have been acclaimed as Doctor Beneficus. His name will be cherished, in our generation at least, for his well-doing. He gave the best that was in him to others, and his generosity was a legend. Many there are to-day who owe him grateful remembrance for that they received at his hands, without the slightest claim on his services, true kindness, ungrudging and unstinted. To them, in their hour of trial, he was indeed "the perfect friend."

Even those of his contemporaries who could not find it in their power to like him—for a man of his stamp could not pass through an eventful life without arousing certain enmities—will not deny that he possessed one, perhaps the greatest of the virtues, courage. He had shown it a thousand times, in the operating theatre, in Academy battles in days now long dead, in all the public events of his life. He was to show it now when stricken with the malady that all who operate have cause to dread. He *knew*, but gave no sign. In his last lecture to his class he chose as subject the complaint from which he was suffering, yet by no word or gesture of his did one of them suspect the true Greek irony of his discourse. And when he himself, who knew only too well the palliative nature of the attempted remedy, had to make the choice, he made it in Christian submission, without a word of complaint or revolt.

McArdle died as a surgeon should die.

William Doolin.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

BY THOMAS BODKIN, D.LITT.
Director of the National Gallery, Dublin.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT was one of the most famous painters of his time and well-known personally to a multitude of brilliant people, yet no one seems to have pierced the armour of reserve which he wore habitually. No portrait of him exists, either in words or in pigments, which would enable us to guess at the quality of his loves, his hatreds or his hopes. Mr. Evan Charteris, his friend of twenty-five years standing, an experienced observer of mankind and a writer of remarkable merit, has produced a book of some three hundred large octavo pages[1] which deals in lucid sequence with the chronological facts of Sargent's career. Though many of his sayings are recorded and many of his letters are reprinted, it leaves us, in the end, with a likeness of the man evidently most accurate but curiously devoid of life.

It is a book, I feel, that would have pleased Sargent himself, a statement rather than an argument, full of facts but empty of emotion.

The picture-dealers and their millionaire clients have already made Sargent's fame secure. They have established a standard of monetary value for his work which ranks him with the greatest masters. The prices given for his pictures at the "Christie" sale of his effects in June 1925, were without precedent; and they have since shown a tendency to increase. But there is no aesthetic warrant for such a sum as the six thousand five hundred guineas given then for the small "rubbed in" copy by Sargent, measuring twenty-one inches by seventeen, from the head and shoulders of the portrait of Don Balthazzar Carlos on his pony by Velasquez. An

[1] *John Sargent*, by the Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C. London: Heinemann. 1927. 30s. net.

original picture by Velasquez might be bought to-day for half the money.

Those who attended that sale enjoyed a memorable psychological experience. The heterogeneous audience seemed to be swayed by a contagious mania, and endured with rapture four hours daily of hot, intensely crowded discomfort. The presence of King Manuel of Portugal, of Admiral Beatty, of the Duchess of Sutherland, of Sir Joseph Duveen and of innumerable other duchesses and dealers seemed to enhance, in popular estimation, the merits of the pictures. The larger bids were greeted with loud applause. The very few disinterested lovers of art who were present appeared, at the sale's conclusion, to be suffering from a natural reaction and inclined to see, in so much vulgar excitement, evidence that Sargent's appeal found fullest response in shallow and meretricious natures.

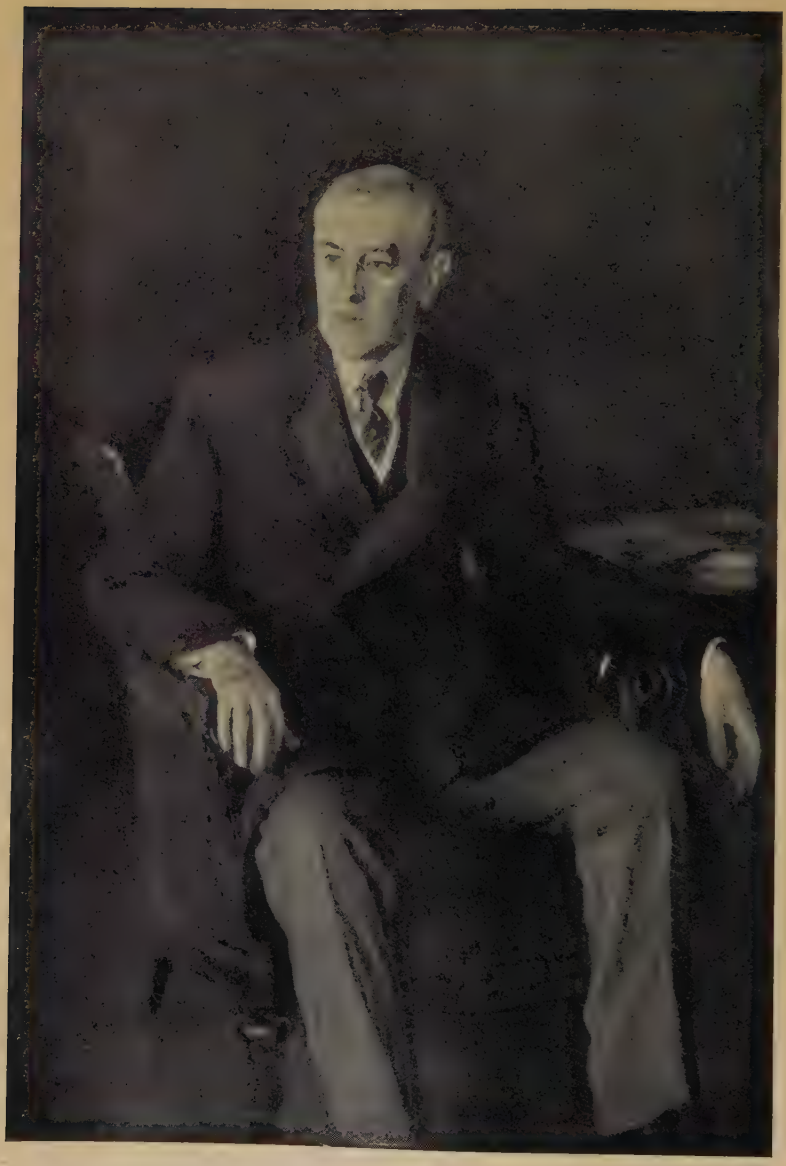
This opinion persists in the minds of many of the most enlightened critics. It is uncompromisingly expressed by Mr. Roger Fry, whom Mr. Charteris quotes as saying that, though " striking and distinguished as an illustrator," Sargent was " non-existent as an artist."

Sargent himself did much by speech to encourage such views. He had a stern puritan fibre in his nature, an almost morbid horror of betraying his emotion. The cackle of unintelligent praise irritated him beyond measure, and doubtless provoked him often to deprecate his aims and his achievements. He claimed to approach his work with serene detachment, to concern himself chiefly with problems of representation, regarding his sitters, as his biographer says, with the level judgment of a man of science. He held that if mystery and charm were treated as ends in themselves, they were sure to lead to mannerism and disaster. A picture never signified to him " an overflow of emotion." It was never, even, " nature seen through a temperament." His expressed ambition was to paint things " just the way they looked."

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

(By courtesy of the Director of the Uffizi Gallery, Florence)

[TO FACE PAGE 258



PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

When someone praised him for revealing the moral qualities of a sitter, he replied: "No, I do not judge, I only chronicle." "Painting," says Mr. Charteris, somewhat ambiguously, "was more than an art to Sargent, it held the exhilaration of a sport as well; his quarry was a suitable subject" . . . .

This being his attitude, it follows that the difficulties rather than the delight of his art appealed to his curiously combative mind. He had, at bottom, a crude American respect for "efficiency." Not for him the happy accidents which other great painters had welcomed with grateful joy. All must be foreseen, all must be ordered. When he felt pleased with his work, the most he would say was: "That will show——that I can still paint." It did not occur to him to exclaim: "That will give——pleasure."

Yet often, in spite as it were of his worse self, his pictures evoke deep emotions which he would have repudiated with scorn. Though he referred to "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" as "Tarnation Silly, Silly Pose," it is perhaps the tenderest pictorial vision of childhood produced in his time. It was painted with the most extraordinary precautions to secure representational accuracy. A dark-haired-child model was provided with a blonde wig. When the roses and lilies faded from the garden, Marshall and Snelgrove were requisitioned to provide aritificial substitutes which were duly hung upon the bushes and carefully copied on to the canvas. The result, nevertheless, is a picture worthy to take rank as an idyll of childhood beside the greatest works of Botticelli, a dream of transient youth and evanescent twilight unparalleled in our age.

Again and again Sargent produced masterpieces of characterisation aesthetically presented. His "Carmencita" flaunts her bold Southern beauty in golden orange silk, a scarlet flower in her dark hair, the unforgettable type of the passionate Spaniard. His Madame Gautreau in her clinging black velvet gown, languorous

and elegant, is the Parisienne of all time. His Coventry Patmore is as poetic as the best of the sitter's own poems, and in the same forthright and uncompromising, though subtle, ways.

It is idle to pretend that such pictures came from the head rather than from the heart of him who painted them; and it was no surprise to me to find, among the lots of the Sargent Sale, carefully preserved and treasured for thirty-four years, the yellow dress of the gipsy charmer; nor to hear, from one who knew him well, that after forty years his colleagues at the council table of the Royal Academy constantly observed him, bored by routine business, sketching again, from memory, that strange elusive profile of his New Orleans countrywoman who, as Madame Gautreau, dazzled Paris for a decade.

Neither "Carmencita" nor "Madame Gautreau" are reproduced by Mr. Charteris. Indeed the undoubted merits of his book are largely discounted by his extraordinary selection of illustrations. Sargent himself, in 1916, declared of the "Madame Gautreau": "I suppose it is the best thing I have ever done." He was referring to the picture now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Mr. Charteris perversely chooses to reproduce a far inferior portrait of the lady, now best known as "The Toast," from the Gardner Museum at Fenway Court, Boston.

Those who admire and are familiar with Sargent's work will look with amazement and vainly in his official biography for illustrations of most, if not all, of his admitted masterpieces. "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose"; the "Venetian Interior," his Diploma picture in Burlington House; the gem, admittedly, of the Wertheimer series, "Mrs. Mathias"; the "Coventry Patmore"; the "Napier Hemy"; his only important feminine nude, the "Egyptian Dancing Girl," now in the collection of Mr. Charles Deering, which we were once privileged to see at an exhibition of the Hibernian Academy; his only

important war-picture, "Gassed," now in the Imperial War Museum; "Miss Ellen Terry," now in the Tate Gallery: all are missing. We are offered just one reproduction of a good late landscape in oils, "Carrara Quarries." From the water colours, of which (to quote Mr. Charteris) "the view is even entertained that they will do more than his oil paintings to maintain the level of his fame," we are shown nothing but the reproduction of a childish sketch done when Sargent was thirteen years of age.

Instead of obviously desirable illustrations we are given a few good portraits, several inferior ones, and a number of such things as pencil sketches of the slightest kind, mere memoranda for the artist's personal use, never intended for the light of publicity; faintly amusing caricatures by Professor Tonks and Mr. Max Beerbohm; photographs of the artist at the ages of twenty-two, thirty, and towards the end of his life; and a photograph of his singularly uninteresting and ill-decorated studio. Undoubtedly a likeness of Sargent should appear in his biography. The one which most people would naturally prefer is the fine self-portrait, painted in 1897, at the age of fifty-one, for the Uffizi, which is not even referred to in the text.

It may be that Mr. Charteris rashly assumed that such pictures as I have mentioned were far too familiar to his readers. Even if that were so, he has no excuse for not reproducing some of the famous decorations for the Boston Public Library, on which Sargent worked steadily during the best thrity years of his life. They were never publicly exhibited in Europe, and many good judges think that in them are displayed his highest powers. Certainly reproductions which have appeared of such portions as the "Frieze of the Prophets" give colour to that view. We would have welcomed also some reproductions of Sargent's occasional work in sculpture. The superb crucifix shown at the Academy exhibition of 1901 and at the

Memorial Exhibition in Burlington House, in 1926, astonished people who had hitherto been quite ignorant of his power in that direction.

The choice of illustrations is not the only blot on Mr. Charteris' work. He was ill advised to admit the section entitled " J. S. S. in Memoriam " by Vernon Lee, with which his book concludes. It adds nothing material to his own excellent account of Sargent's life; and its florid and egoistic style grates after his commendably sober and considered pages. We are prejudiced against Miss Paget's taste when we find her going out of her way to describe the immortal " Parapluies " of Renoir, one of the chief glories of the Lane Collection, as " a crowd of cads and shop-girls." Sargent would have disliked that silly gibe intensely. No one who fully appreciated his art, or knew of his admiration for the great Impressionists and his own experiments in their manner could ever have set it down.

Mr. Charteris obtained matter much more valuable from two of Sargent's former pupils, Miss Heyneman and Mr. Henry Haley. They provided him with the greater part of his twenty-third chapter, in which is set out, for the first time in considerable detail, a lucid account of the painter's technical methods. It is perhaps the most interesting and valuable chapter in the whole book, and helps us, as no amount of slipshod eulogy could do, to realise the man's astonishing mastery over his materials.

As the years pass efforts will doubtless be made to supplement Mr. Charteris's book. We are too close to Sargent still to gauge his true stature. There has not yet been time or opportunity to appraise his achievement in a sequent and comprehensive fashion. An official biographer, writing in the lifetime of Sargent's nearest and dearest relatives, must use the utmost restraint, even when dealing with a character so entirely manly, generous and honourable as all who knew him admit Sargent to have been.

SIR HUGH LANE

LADY CHARLES BERESFORD

[TO FACE PAGE 262

STATUE OF VERTUMNUS AT FRASCATI

SHIPPING, VENICE

The foundation for many future volumes has, doubtless, been laid by Mr. Charteris. Yet even now his book may, with great advantage, be supplemented by the one by Mr. William Howe Downes, entitled " John S. Sargent, his Life and Work," and published in 1926 by Messrs. Thornton Butterworth. Mr. Downes proves even a better biographer than Mr. Charteris in some respects. His illustrations are almost as numerous, far more representative and far more clearly reproduced. His list of Sargent's pictures is more informative. His indices are more complete. Though he has not had the inestimable advantage of being able to publish letters to and from Sargent, he informs us of many interesting facts which Mr. Charteris either omits or did not know.

NOTE.

Dublin is fortunate in possessing a most remarkable little series of works by Sargent which have not yet been catalogued. So this occasion is taken to illustrate and to record them in some detail as follows :

The National Gallery of Ireland.

1. *Portrait of President Woodrow Wilson.*

Oils on canvas measuring 60⅜ in. H., 43 in. W. Signed " John S. Sargent." Painted in October, 1917.

Exhibited at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, 1918 ; at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, 1918 ; at the Pennsylvania Academy, 1918 ; at Boston Art Museum, 1918 ; at Cleveland Art Museum, 1918 ; at Art Institute of Detroit, 1918 ; at Art Institute of Chicago, 1918 ; at the Royal Academy, 1919.

The president is seated in a leather-covered armchair, turned towards his right. Three-quarter face. Three-quarter length. A table with papers on his left. He wears a black frock coat, a waistcoat with a white slip, and light grey trousers. His right hand rests on the arm of his chair. His left hand hangs loosely down. His air is fatigued and pre-occupied. The background is reddish brown.

This portrait has excited the most diverse criticisms. Sargent himself spoke of his work with immense satisfaction. In a letter to Mrs. Gardner he said that the President " was very interesting

to do, very agreeable to be with, and the conditions are perfect." He specially requested the Governors and Guardians of the National Gallery to allow Mr. Timothy Cole to engrave it in wood, which was done. But most competent critics agree that it cannot be ranked among his finest productions.

It forms part of the bequest of Sir Hugh Lane to the National Gallery of Ireland. Lane had commissioned Sargent to paint a portrait for him at a price of £10,000, which was to be given to the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. No sitter had been named when he was drowned in the sinking of the *Lusitania*. His executors sought the direction of the Court of Chancery, who determined that the Board of the National Gallery of Ireland were entitled, as residuary legatees, to nominate a sitter and to possess the picture when finished. The choice was influenced unwisely by the great popularity enjoyed, at the moment, by President Wilson all over the world.

2. *Shipping, Venice.*

Watercolours on paper, measuring 11¾ ins. H., 17¾ ins. W. Unsigned. A late work.

A hasty but brilliant sketch of Venetian boats. The predominating colours are bright blue and tawny brown.

Presented by the artist's sisters, Miss Sargent and Mrs. Ormond, in 1926.

THE DUBLIN MUNICIPAL GALLERY OF MODERN ART.

1. *Sir Hugh Lane.*

Oils on canvas, measuring 29½ ins. H. by 24½ ins. W. Signed "John S. Sargent." Painted in 1906.

Exhibited in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, 1913, and at the Sargent Memorial Exhibition in Burlington House, 1926.

Lane before he grew a beard. Almost full face, looking towards his left. Half length. Wears a heavy dark blue overcoat showing his white stock and a little of his striped waistcoat. His left hand holds his gloves and clasps the edge of his coat. Dark brown background.

The label records that this portrait was :

> "Presented by Public Subscription to Hugh Lane, Esq., in recognition of his invaluable services to Irish Art, and in commemoration of the founding of a permanent collection of Modern Art in Dublin."

In fact, the public subscription was most disappointing, and Lane himself made up the full amount of Sargent's fee, remarking to me, with a laugh, that "anyhow it would be an ad. for the Gallery."

It is not, in my opinion, a satisfactory portrait of Lane as he was at the age of thirty-two. He did not then look so careworn and delicate. I much prefer, as a likeness, the full-length portrait painted about the same time by Signor Antonio Mancini, also to be seen in the Municipal Gallery. The background of Sargent's picture cracked rather badly, a fault noticeable in some others of his portraits of the period. Advantage was taken of its visit to the Memorial Exhibition to have it restored by Mr. Holder, who did his work excellently.

2. *Lady Charles Beresford.*

Oils on canvas, measuring 28 ins. H., 23 ins. W. Inscribed: "To Lady Charles Beresford, John S. Sargent." Exhibited in the Sargent Memorial Exhibition in Burlington House, 1926.

Her ladyship is shown at half length, the face three-quarters turned to her right. She wears a diaphanous buff and cherry pink evening-dress, with a tulle scarf about her neck. Bright complexion, light chestnut hair. Background, creamy with passages of greenish grey.

Notwithstanding the fact that this picture was a present from the artist, the sitter sold it to Lane for £300, considering that it did not do justice to her charms.

3. *The Statue of Vertumnus at Frascati.*

Oils on canvas, measuring 29½ ins. H., 22 ins. W. Painted in 1907. Signed, "John S. Sargent."

Exhibited at the Sargent Memorial Exhibition in Burlington House, 1926.

Bequeathed by Sir Hugh Lane to the Dublin Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, 1915.

The stone statue of the god, worn and mottled with lichen, stands between two slender columns on the brink of a fountain. Behind, a great vineyard in autumnal tints slopes to the right. On the edge of the hill, against the sky, are silhouetted a small villa and some cypress trees. An exceptionally fine example of Sargent's work in landscape.

THOMAS BODKIN.

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J., M.A.

VI

THE POET CRIES HIS WARES

There is no means of identifying the Tadhg, son of Eoghan, to whom Fearfheasa ón Cháinte (fl. 1600) sends this poem as a specimen of his work in the hope of securing further orders.

Fear Fearsa ón Cáinte cct.

1. Cionnus meirse a mheic Eogain
nár dam a dreac in-leogain
gan m'aithne dod ghuaid gair-te
ar n-uair d'aithle m'oilmhaighte.

2. Ni fear daoid ní [dionghna lib]
aitheonaid tú uair éigin
a fsiait Eogaid Cláir Banba
má táim abaid n-ealadhna.

3. Más fíor ir ughdar gach neach
go labairt a flaith Muimneach
tar thear an té nach labair
ní fear é 'n-a ealadhain.

4. Mar sin dam-sa a dhreac mar tuinn
ní fear an bruardair m' fhoghluim
a ceilt féin ní léigh-se linn
m'éigse i gcéill muna gcuirinn.

5. Fiú an aon-fainn a earla lag
ní dearnad 'f ní do dearmad
dod dheic chruit-flim gair-te glain
lé gcuirfinn m'aithne oraib.

6. Ní haithnid dam act mé a-máin
neach riem theimh i gcrích Gabráin
nach tug fríthe dána duid
a brága críche Cearmuid.

7. Do dealbadar a ndréacta
tugrad duana doi-déanta
duit ar gread-duaid beann mBanba
a ceann eac-fluaig t'atarba.

8. Ni fuil act at-fuigeall áir
ó fearaib Éireann d'éan-láim
a gnúis fortail gair-te geal
'r ó moltaib daire draoitead.

9. I ndiaid éigear innre fáil
deacair admolad d'fagáil
dod cúl druimneac dá dtráig tonn
fuigleac cáig muna cognam

10. Dia cú mall a meic Eogain
do réir iúil gac fir-eolaig
gá mbí a gniom dá cora i gcrut
rona már fior le fiadud.

11. Amlaid rin a-tú-ra a Taidg
do géabam dod gnúis neam-gairg
freit molta nac fuair file
do cruaid corcra ar gceirdei-ne.

12. A-tá agam ret agaid
freac glan do gréar éagramail
do cuaid ó các gan cuma
ar n-uair trát a dteagluma.

13. An dán-ro a dreagain Fódla
túr ar cóir d'fior for-fógra
uaim a ceann breac-muige breag
mar teactaire to ceann cuirtear.

14. Dá dtaitnid na rainn-re ruib
do béara mé a meic Eogain
dod dreic buig ar deirge dat
cuid d'ar gceird-ne ré ceannac.

15. Nóṙ na ȝceannuiḋe a ċṗuṫ ṙeanȝ
ḋo ḋéanam é ȝo haiṫȝeaṙṙ
ṙeḋ ḋeiṙc ṙoi-ṁiṙ ṙeḋ ȝnúiṙ nȝil
ȝiḋ cúiṙ ḋoiliȝ a ḋéiniṁ.

16. An aiṫniḋ ḋaoiḃ ṙiaṁ ṙoiṁe
an ní ḋo ní an ceannoiḋe
a huċṫ a n-aḋanṫa aiṙ
ṙe luċṫ malaṙṫa an ṁaṙȝaiḋ.

17. Ȝiḋ bé aṙṙa iaṙṙoiḋ ṙoin
ḋo beaṙaṙ leiṙ ḋo láṫaiṙ
a ṙéaṙȝain i n-aiṙȝiḋ ḋáiḃ
taiṙȝiḋ aṙ éaṙȝaiḋ aḋṁáil.

18. Ḋá ḋṫaiṫne ṙiú a ṙún ṙoṙoiḋ
ceannċaṙ uaiḋ an ṫ-aṙṙa-ṙoin
aṙ na ṙiaċaiḃ ḃuṙ luinn leiṙ
ḋá ḋṙuim ní tiaċaiṙ ṫaiṙeiṙ.

19. Ṫuṙa ṙeaṙ iaṙṙṫa aṙ n-aṙṙa
ḋá [nḋaoiṙe] a ḋṙeaċ ṙéaȝanḋa
mé ceann a ṙoi-ṙeaċṫa ṙuiḃ
ḋoi-ḃeanṫa i ȝceann mo ċonnṙuiḋ.

20. Iaṙṙ ṫuillead má ṫaiṫneann ṙiḃ
cuiṙṙeaḋ-ṙa uaim i n-aiṙȝiḋ
a ṙlaṫ ṫéaȝaiṙ ḃeann mḊanḃa
ro ċeann ḋ'ṙéaȝain m'ealaḋna.

21. Ṫú aṙ ṙaiḋe aiṫne uiṙṫe
cóiṙ ḋuiṫ ḋéanaṁ ḃṙeaṫnuiȝṫe
maiṫ ṫ'aiṫne óṙ ċeannċaiṙ ḋaṙ ȝceiṙḋ
a ȝeal-ḃṙaiṙ ȝaiṙ-ṫe ȝṙuaiḋ-ḋeiṙȝ.

22. A ḃeiṫiṙ neiṁneaċ niṁe
a ċaoṙ ṫaiḋḃṙeaċ ṫinnṫiȝe
a ȝéaȝ oiṙṁiȝe ċlann ȝCuiṙc
a ṙann oiṙḃiṙe ḋ'aḋuinṫ.

23. A luiḃ ice t'ṗine ṗéin
A ḃonn ainḃċeanaċ aiġéin
A ċṗiċeaṗ ḋo ċṗuaiḋ nime
A ṗiċeaḋ ġuail ġeintliġe.

24. A ṁeic ḋílir Dé nime
Ge tá an t-éaġ 'na áiṁḋe
Dol óḋ ġuin ir eaġal aṗ
Ní ṗeaḋaṗ cuin ná cionnuṗ.

Cionnuṗ.

Translation

1. How am I treated, O son of Eoghan, now after my training ? O lion-like eye, that I am not acknowledged by thy bright face brings shame on me.

2. Thou knowest it not, thou marvellest not at it ; yet, O shield of Banba's Plain, thou shalt one day acknowledge it, if I am ripe of skill.

3. Though, O prince of the Muimhnigh, as the saying is, " No man is an author till he writes," yet he who, spite of hot zeal to write, writes nothing, is never known for his skill.

4. So, O face lively as a wave, 'tis with me ; I doubt whether thou knowest of my lore ; but my poetry, when I show it not to thee, is impatient at being hidden.

5. Not a single verse yet, O soft hair, has been written for thy fair-formed bright face, to commend myself to thee ; I have refrained on purpose.

6. I know of no man of my craft in Gobhrán's Land—except myself alone—who has not given of his art to thee, O darling of Cearmaid's Land.

7. They made thee their poems, and gave thee their artful verses, in return for the booty-kine of Banba's hills, O leader of the land's chivalry.

8. After all the men of Eire and all the poets' mystic eulogies, O strong, bright, fair face, there is left for me only a last remnant.

9. After all the poets of Inis Fáil, it is hard now—unless I am to rehash their leavings—to invent a eulogy for that wavy hair at which the sea recoils.

10. O son of Eoghan, even a slow hound—skilled men tell us—when its achievements are noticed, becomes good, they say, for hunting.

11. 'Tis so with me, O Tadhg ; with the red-hot iron of my smithy, I will make a eulogy that poet never made before, to thy smiling face.

12. I have ready for thee a fair array of wondrous adornments ; all had failed to invent them ; and then I composed them.

13. O dragon of Fódla, this poem is being sent—a herald must go first—as a precursor to thee, O prince of the Breagha's coloured Plain.

14. If these lines please thee, I will offer some of my work for sale to thee, O son of Eoghan, soft flushing face.

15. In short, O fair form, I will act as a merchant, though 'tis hard to do so, to thy bright eye and fair face.

16. Hast thou noticed what the merchant does with those who are discussing a bargain, so as to excite them to buy?

17. Whatever article the buyers ask, the merchant gives it to them to look at forthwith without charge—a gift for which receipt is easily given!

18. If, O strong heart, the buyers are pleased with the article, the merchant sells it for the price he wishes; there is, therefore, no discussion about it.

19. Thou, O noble face, art the buyer of my wares. Though you may blame me, the one who cries them to thee, 'tis hard to refuse my bargain.

20. If my verses please thee, ask to see more of them; I will send them free for thee to examine my skill, O strong prince of Banba's hills.

21. Thou art long acquainted with our work; thou shouldst judge it well; good thy knowledge after all thou hast bought of it, O bright red-cheeked vigorous prince.

22. O fierce furious bear, bright fiery molten metal, enthroned scion of Corc's race, career to rouse jealousy.

23. Healing herb of thy folk, furious ocean-wave, spark of flaming steel, flame of pagan fire.

24. O true Son of the God of Heaven, though my death is certain, I know not where or how I shall die; I fear only to be without (the benefit of) Thy Passion.

Notes

Text is from R. I. A. 23, L 17, p. 103, the only MS. where the poem appears. Readings departed from are noted below.

2*a* ꝺıon�useın ꝑıꝺ. 5*a* ⁊ not in MS. *d*. le ⁊ ꝺc. 6*a*. haıċne. *c* ꝺtuꝺ. For ꝑꝛíċe *cf*. I.Gr. Tr. l. 62. Meaning uncertain. 7*d* -ꝑluaꝺ. 8*a* ꝑuile. 9*c* ꝺoꝺ. *d* ċáıꝺ. 10*a* mall. *c* ꝺo; coꝛa ꝺcꝛuꝺ. 11*c* ṁoltа. 15*a* ꝑeanꝺ. 16*a* aıċne. *b* ꝺníꝺ. *d* ın ṁ. 17*a* aṗṗaꝺ. *c* ꝑeaċaın, naıꝛꝺe. 18*a* ꝺtaıċnne. 19*b* ꝺá ꝺaoıṁ . . . ꝑeaꝺanta. 23*b* aınꝺꝑeanaċ. After v. 23 follow three stanzas, apparently not part of the poem, addressed to a lady, Onóra:—

Ꝺol ꝺaṁ ṁnáıꝺ a ꝑıne ꝑéın · ꝺıꝺ lóṁ ꝺí maṁ aınm eıꝛéın.
Ꝺhoıꝺ ṁaṁálla ṁé mbı bꝛeaċ · oo ní Anáṁa ꝺ'oıneaċ.
Ꝺo luċt cuaṁta ċláıṁ Ꝺanba · ṁe ꝺuaıċ nó ı n-aınm ealaꝺna
ꝑeaṁ coꝺaıꝺ uıṁṁe ní ꝑuıl · ní ċoꝺuıl ꝺuılle an ꝺoṁuın.
Ní naċ ꝺéanaıꝺ leaċ aṁ leaċ · ṁíoꝺna oıle ꝑóıꝺ ṁuımneaċ
Ꝺlac ċıṁṁeal ó ꝺolċaıꝺ Ꝺꝛeaꝺ · ınꝺean Ꝺonnċaıꝺ ꝺá nꝺéineaṁ.

Though 'tis glory enough for her that she surpasses the ladies of her race, Onóra of majestic gait who wins judgments, practises generosity.

Of the folk who travel Banbha's Plain for worldly affairs (?) or for poesy's sake, there is no man hostile to her; she hoards not the dross of the world.

What all the queens of the plain of the Muimhnigh cannot do, she can do, Donnchadh's daughter, bright warm hand from the Hills of the Breagha."

EVOLUTION AND CATHOLIC DOCTRINE

BY PATRICK J. GANNON, S.J.
Professor of Theology, Milltown Park, Dublin

Concerning Man's Origin. Being the Presidential Address given at the Meeting of the British Association held in Leeds on August 31, 1927. By Professor Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S. (Watts. 1927. 1s. net).

Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge. A Collective Work. (Blackie. New edition 1927. 21s. net).

Origine et Evolution de l'Homme. Par le Professeur Georges Goury. (Picard. 1928. 35fr.).

The Evolutionary Problem as it is To-day. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, F.R.S. (Herder. 1927. 4s.)

THIS article has been suggested by the books cited above; but its purpose is not to determine and criticise what science teaches concerning evolution—that may be done in a second article. Neither is its purpose to anticipate the judgment of the Church on any current theory of evolution. Its purpose is simply to explain those doctrines of Catholic theology, already defined and therefore unchangeable, which have to be safeguarded before any theory of evolution can be embraced by a Catholic.

The first point to be noticed is that the Church has nowhere condemned the general principle or theory of evolution. There are, as far as I am aware, no words of Pope or Council which involve the Church in any formal and direct opposition to this theory. Hence she retains the fullest liberty to embrace any conclusions of science that are clearly established—that are not mere hypotheses or ingenious guesses. The idea that theologians are in a sort of panic-stricken conspiracy to close their eyes and the eyes of others to truths of the natural order, or that they hold scientists to the obligation of suppressing or distorting facts, is extremely silly. Is it not obvious

that they could not, even if they would, prevent the discovery of such truths? Is it not also obvious that they cannot fear the discovery of such truths unless their own faith in the truths they preach is really "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of doubt"?

But though the attitude of theology towards evolution is none other than that of patient expectancy, it would be insincere to deny that many forms of the hypothesis or theory are in open conflict with certain definitions of faith. These definitions concern God and nature. They assert about God and His creatures certain things that simply cannot be reconciled with, let us say, the materialistic monism of Haeckel. Nay, they cannot be reconciled with the teaching of many scientists far more moderate and reputable than Haeckel. All these teach some form of pantheism, and pantheism means that there is no personal God, no survival of the soul after death, no freedom of the will in this life, and consequently no morality or human responsibility.

The Church has at various times clearly defined what kind of God it proposes for our worship; but nowhere more clearly than in the last Ecumenical Council, which was held in the Vatican 1869-1870. I cannot do better than cite its words:—

> The Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church believes and confesses that there is one true living God, Creator and Lord of heaven and earth, omnipotent, eternal, immense, incomprehensible, infinite in intellect, in will, and in every perfection, who, being one, singular, entirely simple and unchangeable spiritual substance, is to be proclaimed distinct from the world in reality and essence, supremely happy in Himself and of Himself, ineffably exalted above all things.

This unequivocal teaching is reinforced by four canons, which anathematize (1) "any one who denies that there is one true God, Creator of all things visible and invisible"; (2) "any one who dares to assert that there is nothing but matter"; (3) "any one who asserts that

the substance and essence of God and of all things are one and the same"; (4) "any one who says that finite things . . . . have emanated from the divine substance, or that the divine essence becomes all things by self-manifestation or evolution, or that God is being universal and undefined, which, by determining itself, constitutes the sum of things divided into genera, species, and individuals."

The Vatican definitions not only repudiate all existing errors—such as those of Hobbes, Hume, Spinoza, Hegel—but all conceivable enunciations of the materialistic or pantheistic hypothesis. All these theories run counter to the whole current of Catholic theology—and not less to any sound philosophy. Atheism is the bankruptcy of reason, and pantheism is atheism veiled. The acceptance of either leads logically to a denial of the validity of our reasoning processes, and ultimately to a denial of any absolute truth. With this denied, we find ourselves like athletes wrestling in quicksand; for the very terms we use have lost their significance. They have become the empty chatter of evolving apes. Hence, ironically enough, those who pretend to prove that we are merely evolving apes, prove by this very fact that their proofs are valueless. In other words, if one accepts the hypothesis that thought is nothing more than molecular movement in the grey matter of the brain, then it becomes impossible to establish any system of epistemology which will give us *epistemé* or knowledge. It matters little that the learned authors of these theories do not see this; for the quarrel of the philosophers and theologians with them is just that they are not keeping within the bounds of their science, but are wandering into fields of speculation where they have no authority and no competence. It has often been said, and must be repeated, that no biologist or zoologist or palaeontologist, while keeping within the sphere of his science, can pronounce on first origins or final ends. In doing so he becomes immediately a

metaphysician—usually while deriding metaphysics as a fossil science of the Dark Ages.

But the Vatican Council tells us something more about God :—

> This only true God, in His goodness and omnipotent power, not to increase His own happiness or to acquire new perfection but to manifest His own perfection by the good things He bestows on creatures, did freely create from nothingness, in the beginning of time, both forms of creature spiritual and material—namely the angels, the world, and finally man. . . . .

And this teaching is confirmed in the following canon :

> If any one does not confess that the world and all things contained in it, both spiritual and material, have been produced, in their entire substance, from nothingness by God ; or if anyone maintains that God did not create by an act of will free from all constraint, but on the contrary was under the same necessity to create that He is to love ; or shall deny that the world was created for the glory of God, let him be anathema.

Hence we see that, if any evolutionary hypothesis denies explicitly or implicitly the dogma of the creation of all things by God, it is irreconcilable with the Catholic faith. This point is perhaps the one which needs most consideration from us at present ; for it is one about which most misunderstandings are abroad. It pleases anti-religious writers to deride as naive and absurd the Church's teaching on creation. They speak of it as entirely based on the early chapters of Genesis. For them the common teaching of Catholic theologians is that God assumed unto Himself hands, took the slime of the earth into these hands, and then proceeded to knead the bodies of our first parents as a child might knead figures out of plastocene. To show that I am not exaggerating, I shall cite a passage from the second of the books placed at the head of this article. The writer is the Rev. James M. Wilson, D.D., F.G.S., Canon of Worcester.

> Think of the orthodoxy of creation a century ago. There is in the Worcester Cathedral Library, among our early printed books, a copy of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, a History of the world

from creation downwards. The primaeval void is represented by concentric black circles, with a Hand stretched over them. In the next page the Creator is shown as an old man modelling Adam out of clay, with animals standing round. Adam is finished down to his waist, and alive; the rest of his body is a formless lump of clay. I show this book sometimes to visitors, as Boswell tells us it was shown to Dr. Johnson, and they smile. *But let us remember that this represented both the orthodoxy of the whole Church and the science of naturalists till the lifetime of some of us* (italics mine).[1]

These would be strange words from any reputable writer; but coming from a doctor of divinity and a canon of Worcester they are just bewildering. I presume Canon Wilson would admit that St. Augustine pertains to the tradition of orthodoxy of the whole Church, and that he died in 430. Yet St. Augustine mentions this conception of creation only to set it aside as too puerile for discussion. So did the Fathers in general, and so did St. Thomas Aquinas and the Scholastics. After all, if an artist ventures to paint God in the act of creating man, he must represent Him in corporeal form and with human lineaments—as Michelangelo has done in the Sistine Chapel. I have no doubt that the author of Genesis was quite conscious of the anthropomorphism of his description. But could he have written otherwise for a primitive people? There is plenty of anthropomorphism in the first lessons of religion given by a mother to her child. Indeed a certain amount of anthropomorphism is inevitable in all descriptions of God's relations with man.

The Vatican Council teaches that God created all things from nothing and in time. Hence primordial matter is not eternal. Theologians have discussed the question whether the world could have been created from eternity; but they have never reached unanimity on this subtle point. The view of St. Thomas is that reason cannot prove the repugnance of the idea. St. Bonaventure, on the other hand, held the idea to be repugnant.

[1] *Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge*, p. 486.

But this question need not detain us. The Church teaches that, as a matter of fact, creation took place in time or rather creation inaugurated time, which is the *prius et posterius* of created things.

But how did God create? All things and in all their varieties at once by a single act of His omnipotent will? Or primordial matter first, and then later the different divisions of matter—stars, planets, earth, seas, plants, animals, man—with all their various genera and species fixed for ever? Or did He endow primordial matter with inherent power to evolve into the vast and ordered universe of animate and inanimate things? That is a problem which has long exercised the ingenuity of philosophers and theologians. If we exclude the soul of man and the question of miracles, it is safe to say that the Church has made no definite pronouncement on the problem. But there are implications in her doctrine, and we must be careful not to draw wrong deductions. To whatever solution we incline in our speculations, we must safeguard the transcendence of God, the absolute dependence of all creatures on Him, the spirituality, freedom and immortality of the human soul. But whether the passage from inorganic to organic, from vegetable to animal, from animal to human body requires each a direct intervention of God—all these are questions for the philosopher, working on the data of science, to explore. On such questions the Church rarely pronounces, and then only when an opinion is proposed which jeopardizes some theological truth. Hence there is a large liberty left for theistic theories of evolution.

If the evolutionist presupposes the creation of primordial matter, the speculative theologian is not concerned with his theories until man becomes involved. For the theologian man is altogether *sui generis*—immeasurably transcending the nearest approach to him in the animal kingdom. And yet he is in part an animal. In metaphysical terminology he is defined as "a rational animal."

Theology has never denied the animality of man or his bodily kinship with the beasts. Indeed it has often been charged with over-insistence on this side of our nature. But it has never failed to balance this concession by equal insistence on the transcendence which reason and soul give to man. The human soul is spiritual and immortal. The theory of evolution which does not safeguard this doctrine can find no toleration in the schools of Catholic theology.

But can theology tolerate the hypothesis that God did not immediately fashion the bodies of the first man and woman, but rather prepared an animal body through some evolutionary process and then infused into this body a spiritual soul? I am not asking if this is scientifically proved (for it is not), or if this is ever likely to be proved. I am only seeking to clear up a tangled problem by a series of theoretical questions. Once more I cannot see that such an hypothesis imperils any dogma of Catholic doctrine.

We have now reached the crucial point of the problem. The preachers of the evolutionary gospel would regard all hitherto said as the reluctant concessions of theology to modern science, and they would regard it as insufficient and illogical. For them man in his totality, body and mind (they abstain in general from the word "soul"), is only the most advanced of the primates. He has more mind than the monkeys, because he has a larger brain-pan. But that there is a specific difference between human and animal intelligence, and above all that this difference imports a spiritual and unique principle in man—this they hardly deign to examine. The superiority of man's intelligence they do not question; but for them this superiority implies nothing more than a difference of degree, not of quality. The difference, however, is so great that it creates an embarrassing problem, and this problem they try to solve by postulating millions of years for the evolution of the human brain. We might

object that this solution can hardly be called scientific; it puts too great a tax on our credulity. But the real objection is that the spiritual cannot naturally evolve from the material, whatever be the number of years you allow for the process.

A reader may ask: What about St. Augustine and his *rationes seminales*? What exactly St. Augustine understood by his *rationes seminales* is disputed; but it is not disputed that he postulated, for the human soul, the direct intervention of God. A full discussion of the question and of its bearing on evolution will be found in Father Michael J. McKeough's *The Meaning of the Rationes Seminales in St. Augustine* (Washington, 1926). A few sentences may be quoted:—

> Summing up the results briefly, we may say that Augustine held firmly to the theory of the creation of all things. The act of creation did not extend over a period of time, but occurred in a mathematical moment. At that moment all things came into existence: some in their proper forms, others only potentially. Included in the former were the four elements: earth, air, fire and water; and in the latter were all living things that were to appear in the course of time. . . . . Augustine does not tell us in what order things appeared; but he does imply that they passed from their *rationes seminales* directly to their own proper forms and that those forms are the same as those that existed in his own day. Thus he excludes transformism. Man's body was created potentially, like other things, at the beginning; but the power to bring it to actuality may have been retained in God. The great Doctor thus allows the possibility of direct divine intervention in the formation of the first man. That man was the last of all the creatures to appear on the earth is implied; but there is no room for the theory that the body was prepared by a series of transformations through intermediate stages (p.94).

That God created man is a dogma of faith. That the soul is not material is equally so. That the soul cannot, therefore, proceed from matter or spring from natural forces latent in matter seems so obvious that theology simply assumes its immediate creation—not merely in the case of Adam and Eve but in the case of all their

descendants. If any one wishes to offer another explanation within the bounds of orthodoxy, it will be for him to show how by natural law an immaterial, spiritual, immortal substance emerges from something possessing none of these attributes. Reason, as well as theology, demands that the effect shall be contained in the cause. It suffices, of course, that it should lie within the totality of the cause. A framer of the hypothesis under consideration might therefore say that, as he always assumes the divine concursus, it is natural law *plus* divine concurrence which produces the soul of man. Yes, but this attributes to the divine concursus something more than is rightly understood by the word ; it involves the elevation of a secondary cause to a potentiality above its nature. This elevation must be the work of God, and hence the hypothesis either really asserts what theologians mean by the direct intervention of God or else it fails to satisfy our reason.

There are, no doubt, other dogmas of faith which are popularly represented (or misrepresented) as incompatible with the evolutionary hypothesis, such as the Elevation of Adam and Eve to a state of felicity in Paradise, their perfection of body and soul before the Fall, their abasement in consequence of it. All this is supposed to stand in direct opposition to the idea of progressive amelioration. But the most that would follow in strict logic is that there was an evolution *per saltum*, such as many scientists defend on purely scientific grounds. Indeed not even this is necessarily postulated by Catholic teaching if properly understood. Yet I cannot dwell on that point here. It must suffice to assert that when once we quit the question of creation, we pass out of the zone where natural science has any claim to speak. The elevation of man to a supernatural state, the graces of the state, loss of it, and the consequences of that loss are not the subject-matter of research in any form whatever. The Church proclaims

them as dogmas vouched for by revelation. She admits that they are not the discovery of reason or of human industry. She does not ask us to believe in them because she can prove them biologically, geologically or zoologically. A scientist may believe or disbelieve these dogmas just as any other man; but both will accept or deny them for reasons quite distinct from science, for reasons that have hardly been even indirectly influenced by all our scientific discoveries.

In conclusion, then, I may sum up thus: speculative theology has no quarrel with any theistic theory of evolution which can marshal real proofs for its assertions. The defined dogmas of the Church do not either favour or reject such theories. They stand above them, and treat of truths which, in the abstract, are quite reconcilable with them. All that they do reject are certain metaphysical abortions, such as atheism and pantheism, which outrage reason and revelation alike, and which make an end not only of Catholic theology but of every religious concept we possess. As regards the origin of man, science has so far created no real problem for theology, because it has not as yet arrived at any certain conclusion. But least anyone should question my right to make this statement, I shall let an unquestionable authority confirm it. Sir Bertram Windle writes: "Of only one thing can we feel absolutely sure, and that is that down to the present moment science has arrived at no conclusive proof of the common origin (of man and ape). 'The only statement, consistent with her dignity, that science can make is that she knows nothing about the origin of man.' So wrote Reinke in 1902, and so must any honest biologist write to-day; for no discovery has since been made which affords unquestionable evidence for the opposite statement."[1]

Genuine difficulty, however, does arise from one source—and from one source only—which it would be

[1] *The Church and Science* (London. 3rd ed. 1926. p. 390).

dishonest to ignore or minimise. The dogma of creation causes no embarrassment whatever for any intelligent disputant; but the manner in which that dogma is revealed in the opening chapters of Genesis does undoubtedly raise some delicate issues. The facts set forth in these chapters are revealed of God, and therefore the theologian cannot admit any hypothesis in opposition to them. But the precise interpretation of details is still a matter of controversy. Nor is this due to the discoveries of modern science. It has existed since the beginning of Christianity. The Church has not yet definitely settled the controversy. But in the encyclical of Leo XIII, *Providentissimus Deus* (Nov. 18, 1893), and in certain responses of the Biblical Commission (June 30, 1909) it has laid down the general principles which must guide Catholics in all their speculations. These afford a much larger liberty than the enemies of the Church imagine; but they cannot be expounded here. A Catholic is bound to show that any theory he proposes falls within the limits thus determined. That this constitutes a check on the extravagances of scientific fancy may be admitted. That it forces anyone to deny or question any ascertained truth of science is an utterly unjustified assertion. The documents referred to are marked by the prudent caution characteristic of the Church. If all scientists would imitate this truly scientific caution, we should hear less of the conflict between science and the Church. We might indeed find rapid and surprising harmonisation; for genuine science could help enormously. It is really only from pseudo-science that the trouble springs.

P. J. Gannon.

GEORGES GOYAU: HISTORIAN

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD

ONE of the notes of the pontificate of Leo XIII was the closeness of his personal association with Catholic France, that "fille aînée de l'Eglise" who, while professing her profound filial affection for her spiritual mother, has ever been apt to insist on the privileges and courtesies due to an eldest child. Cardinal Rampolla, that great Sicilian nobleman who acted for so many years as Secretary of State at the Vatican, seconded the Pope's policy in every way. He quickly became a *persona grata* with French Catholics, for he laid himself out to cultivate personal relations with all Frenchmen of any distinction who came to Rome, or even with any one fortunate enough to carry French introductions. The present writer can speak of this with some small personal knowledge, for it was solely through the introduction of French Catholic friends, and not in the least because of her English nationality, that she enjoyed on one occasion the privilege of a long conversation with the Secretary of State and was able to realise how closely he followed political and religious movements in France. It is probable that without this winning over through many years, one by one, of influential writers and public men, the policy of the "ralliement" to the Republic, on which Leo XIII laid such store, would scarcely have enjoyed even the limited measure of success that it attained against the obstinate hostility of the old-fashioned Royalist. Neither would the social policy of Leo, as enunciated in his labour encyclicals, have developed in France so important a school of social thought, or have evoked such wide-spread enthusiasm, had it not been initiated after direct consultation, not only with highly

placed ecclesiastics, but with noted laymen such as de Mun, Harmel and Henri Lorin.

One of those who in his youth fell whole-heartedly under the sway of Leo XIII and his Secretary of State was the future historian and Academician, Georges Goyau. He had reached manhood at an inspiring moment for an ardent young Catholic. Born in 1869, and so too young to have been personally depressed by the experiences of the war of 1870, he entered the celebrated Ecole Normale of the rue d'Ulm in 1888 to find among his professors Brunetière, Ollé-Laprune, Duchesne and others scarcely less noteworthy. Here he quickly became a leading spirit in a little group of Catholic students as eager in their faith and as intellectual in their tastes, as he himself. These were years of fermentation in the spiritual life of France, inspired by a revolt against the dominating influence of Taine and the naturalist school,[1] years which were to be followed by the conversion of men such as M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Bourget, " best seller " among fashionable novelists, François Coppée, most popular of poets, and that wayward disconcerting genius, J. K. Huysmans, who one after the other made open submission to the Church, burning the gods they had previously adored. The wide publicity given to these striking conversions excited hopes that were not destined to be wholly fulfilled, but the events imparted great vivacity to the religious controversies of the time, in which all literary France took sides.

During his years at the Ecole Normale, Roman history and archaeology had appeared the predestined subjects of study for the brilliant young student for whom the Abbé Duchesne and others predicted a gravely erudite career. Hence, on passing out, first of his year, from Normale, Goyau received a nomination for the French

[1] For an admirable description of these years see Fonsegrive's " L'Évolution des Idées dans la France contemporaine " (1917).

School in Rome, where two invaluable years were to be spent mainly in antiquarian research. But already while in the rue d'Ulm Goyau had been caught up into the enthralling polemics of contemporary religious politics. Already he was a " rallié " to the Republic, already he was a " social " Catholic and an ardent defender of the then newly promulgated *Rerum Novarum*—indeed almost his first book written in conjunction with his fellow-students, Jean and Bernard Brunhes, " Du Toast à l'Encyclique," was a whole-hearted acceptance of the new orientation given by Rome to French Catholic life. Hence it is hardly surprising that in Rome itself the young man should have succumbed to the temptation to neglect the deciphering of inscriptions in order to contribute anonymously lively articles on contemporary affairs to the *Journal des Débats*. Deliberately, in the end, he turned aside from a life of absorption in the past to a life of active concern with the present. Moreover in Rome—as against the disappointment of the Director of the French School—he found powerful support for this fresh orientation of his life in the encouragement of two men, Cardinal Rampolla and Count Lefebvre de Béhaine, at that time French ambassador to the Holy See. Realising the exceptional charm and talents of the young man, they had extended to him their cordial friendship and protection and were eager to secure his pen for the immediate needs of Catholic propaganda. What Christian archaeology was to lose the living Church was to gain.

On M. Goyau's return to France at the age of twenty-five, his literary career lay open before him. Socially he took his place at once as one of the most appreciated of the young men who gathered almost daily round the hospitable table of Henri Lorin—best known perhaps outside France as the originator of the *Semaines Sociales*—who for some twenty years, indeed until the outbreak of the war, made of his salon in the Faubourg St. Honoré

a rallying-ground for all that was most active and talented in the ranks of social-minded Catholics. It was there that the present writer first met the young historian, a small, fragile figure, with a gentle voice and a delicate face lit up with blue eyes. Yet it was always with a note of authority that he joined in the eager discussions on political and religious matters that constituted the charm of M. Lorin's luncheon parties. Devotion to Leo XIII, enthusiastic support of the policy of Cardinal Rampolla, loyalty to the Republic : such were the basic principles of the group. Foreign guests were always made cordially welcome ; Mgr. Ireland was a frequent and honoured visitor, so too was Don Vercesi, the Italian priest-journalist. There was a perpetual *va et vient* of Monsignori, priests and laymen between Paris and Rome, mysterious little colloquies were constantly taking place after lunch, and one had a pleasing sense of being a little bit behind the scenes, no doubt more imaginary than real. Yet in the fashioning of the practical applications suitable to France of the social policy of Leo XIII there is no doubt that the intellectual coterie that gathered round Henri Lorin played a definite and useful part.

It was M. Brunetière who decided the immediate objective of Georges Goyau's historical pursuits by inviting him to join the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and sending him to Germany to study the religious situation beyond the Rhine. At first all that was in contemplation was a series of well-documented articles for the *Revue :* ultimately the work grew to nine volumes, one on Protestant Germany, four on Catholic Germany, and four more on Bismarck and the Kulturkampf. Moreover the subject ultimately gave rise to two further volumes, one on Bishop Ketteler, with a translation of many of his speeches, and one, " Vieille France, Jeune Allemagne," contrasting with some asperity the policies of France and Germany in the Levant and suggested by

the Emperor William's spectacular entrance into Jerusalem as a Protestant sovereign in 1898.

Thus his "Allemagne Religieuse" became M. Goyau's most important and permanent achievement, occupying the greater portion of nearly twenty years of his life, and establishing his reputation as a historian of religious movements and religious thought. Throughout, his own attitude is perfectly clear: he is, from first to last, a devout and loyal Catholic. But he has the essential qualification, rare among persons of strong religious convictions, of being able to see and appreciate a mental attitude opposed to his own. He is often severe to Protestantism, but rarely unfair, and he traces out its ramifications and developments with a genuine zest.

German Protestantism is not a subject that will appeal to any considerable number of French or Catholic readers, and we may assume that M. Goyau's critical study will remain for his countrymen the standard work on the subject. It is, however, somewhat dry reading. It was M. Goyau's first long historical work, and he is penetrated with the seriousness of his subject, while his style had not yet arrived at that clarity and *souplesse* that come only with years and practice, even to the highly gifted. His opening chapter, "The religious map of Germany," gives an instructive survey of the religious divisions of Germany at the close of the XIX century. For a Catholic indeed it is a little disconcerting to be shown how closely the religion of a state or district is dependent, not on spiritual influences, but on external and political conditions, the religion of the reigning prince and so on. And M. Goyau makes the very true remark (p. 63) that we must be careful not to exaggerate the good that persecution may effect, for though rhetoric is unanimous in glorifying it, history is far from unanimous in proving it.

Other chapters deal with purely doctrinal controversies, not easy for the lay reader to follow, but from the narrative two facts of paramount importance emerge: the close

dependence of the Protestant Churches on the State (every little German princeling liked to pose as a Pope in his own domain), and the slow but steady falling-away of the working-classes from all effective membership of the Churches. Moreover, there was the excessive multiplication in Germany, as in England, of small religious sects with a narrow spiritual outlook. Thus personal religious freedom, which it was the chief aim of the early reformers to secure, had, at that time, in M. Goyau's opinion, largely disappeared from the life of Protestant Germany, and it would be interesting to have an equally careful religious survey for the post-war period.

It is with something of relief that one turns to the volumes on "Le Catholicisme," and the author would seem equally to appreciate the change to more congenial soil, for we note at once an added suavity and mellowness in his methods of treatment. His first scheme was to describe the recrudescense of Catholicism in Germany during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century, years of interregnum when there was no German Empire, and during which the Catholic Church, flung back upon herself and escaping from the galling chains of Josephism, regained for the nation some measure of real religious freedom. For, curiously enough, it fell to the Catholics of Germany to make the successful fight for liberty of conscience. In order to make the situation clear the historian has to carry the reader back to the closing years of the previous century when the Catholic position in Germany was indeed an extraordinary one, for the worst enemies of the Church were of her own household. Josephite sovereigns were far more difficult to deal with than Protestant; and most harmful of all, as M. Goyau clearly shows, were the Archbishop-Electors of Cologne, Mainz, Trèves and Salzburg, at once prelates of the Church and wealthy independent sovereigns, against whom, whatever their shortcomings, Rome was practically helpless. Meanwhile, the common people, in the face

of much discouragement from above, remained touchingly loyal to the Holy See, and if the Papal Nuncio, Cardinal Pacca, was refused admission to the palaces of the arrogant prince-bishops, at least he was received with veneration by the Catholic population, of whom thousands presented themselves for Confirmation at his hands. The reader asks himself how the situation could have been solved had not the French Revolution, with the wars and invasions that ensued, made a clean sweep of the whole ecclesiastical edifice, thus enabling the Church to rebuild, slowly indeed and laboriously, but on solid foundations.

The valuable help given to the Catholic cause by the German Romantic movement is insisted on by M. Goyau. The close of the eighteenth century left the Church, not only spiritually languishing, but intellectually almost moribund—not so much hated as despised—and it is difficult for us to-day to realise the intensity of the amazement produced throughout the intellectual circles of Germany when a noted Hellenist like Count Leopold Stolberg made his submission to the Church at Münster in the year 1800. Later the conversion of the Schlegels, Brentano, Goerres and many more brought the brilliant literary life of Germany into closest contact with Catholic faith. Münster was to prove a centre from which radiated a solid and educated Catholic laity of which Westphalia feels the benefit to this day.

The work contains naturally a long section on the development of social Catholicism, in which Bishop Ketteler was the leading figure. The Church had gained increased liberty of action through various laws passed in 1848, and in the following year the Congress of Mainz was to prove the first of that long series of great annual congresses which have been so marked a feature of German Catholic life. The true secret of their success lay in their definitely democratic character. The bishops indeed blessed and approved and took part on special occasions, but the congresses were run by the laity in

their own way, with great freedom of speech, and they were in no sense mere pious displays. Indeed, on their industrial side they resembled in many ways a Trade Union Congress of our own day, with journeymen, peasants and factory workers organised and represented in their respective associations. It is the proud and true boast of German Catholicism that it has always been far more democratic than French or even Belgian Catholicism, although the latter has frankly drawn much of its inspiration in the past from German sources.

The War brought to an abrupt close M. Goyau's absorption in German affairs, and for several years compelled him to put his facile pen at the service of his country, producing a succession of propagandist volumes of rather slender value once the war atmosphere had evaporated. Unfortunately he has never since been able wholly to divest himself of the propagandist attitude of mind, though indeed he is less of a sinner in this respect than his popular fellow-historian and Academician Louis Bertrand, whose entertaining Life of Louis XIV is a masterly example of patriotic whitewashing.

We should all be really grateful to M. Hanotaux for having entrusted to M. Goyau the seventh volume, "Histoire Religieuse de la Franç̧e," of his monumental "Histoire de la Nation Française." No better choice could have been made. The heavy octavo volume, profusely illustrated, has all the fascination of a brilliant historical romance. In sheer attractiveness the work far exceeds the volumes on Germany, though historically it needed, of course, no actual research. It is, however, something of a *tour de force* to have woven so vivid and compact a narrative out of events that stretch from the first accounts of the Church of Lyons in the second century right up to our day. Very early one gains the impression of the intense vitality of religion in France—in the brilliant life of the University of Paris in the twelfth century and its passionate controversies with

Rome, as well as between religious and seculars and religious themselves, controversies in which S. Bernard was so commanding a figure not in France alone but throughout Western Europe. The difficult period of the Avignon papacy, with its weaknesses and corruptions, is frankly treated. So too the horrors of the suppression of the Albigenses, when the ferocity of the secular arm against the heretics far exceeded that of the Church. And we have the rise and development of Gallicanism clearly traced through the complicated semi-ecclesiastical, semi-political controversies from Gerson onwards through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He relates admirably the always absorbing history of Port-Royal, of the struggle in all its varied manifestations of Jansenism and Molinism, followed by the still more intricate controversy between Gallicanism and Jansenism, the King and the Pope, which led up to the Bull *Unigenitus*.

When we come to the seventeenth century, M. Goyau enlarges with pardonable pride on the sudden expansion of France as a missionary country. To the Levant, to Northern Africa, but above all to Canada went Jesuits, Capuchins, Ursulines in a stream that, except through the bleak years of the Revolution, was never to cease. And rightly considered, the vitality of French faith was never better seen than through the long and bitter struggle of the revolutionary period, which—in spite of many weaknesses and errors—enabled it to emerge again, crippled, indeed, but alive, the moment persecution weakened and the celebration of Mass became possible. It is worth remembering that Sophie Barat founded the Congregation of the Sacred Heart in 1800 and that the great Institute of Notre Dame followed a year or two later, the response of devout French women to the new needs of the time. Unhappily, it is from these same years that dates the close alliance between French Catholicism and Royalism which subsists to this day as a stumbling block to the effective unity of the Catholic forces.

Certainly M. Goyau makes us realise, in this long survey, the right of France to her proud title of "fille ainée de l'Eglise." The fact that the Reformation in France failed so largely; that unity with Rome has never really been broken though often menaced; that France for over a thousand years has poured out saints and reformers, founders of religious orders, great Christian preachers and holy women without number; and finally that in two of the great Christian virtues—in her missionary zeal and in the largeness of her Christian charity—she stands supreme: all these support her claim. The French soul, M. Goyau says truly, is at once agile and ardent, and it is in the multiplicity and inventiveness of her spiritual *oeuvres* that her religious vitality reveals itself.

For a moment since the War, M. Goyau returned to his Protestant studies when in "Une Ville-Eglise, Genève" he describes with dry humour the results of Calvinistic fanaticism. Geneva throughout the sixteenth century was the capital of Protestant Europe and the cradle and stronghold of reformed doctrine. For two whole centuries no theatre, no dancing were permitted within her walls, every cross was removed from every church, and the inhabitants were subjected to a system of espionage and constraint that penetrated even the intimacy of home life. In a special sense Geneva came to believe herself a "City of God," a city that only tolerated one form of worship within her walls. Yet, as M. Goyau is successful in showing, there were noble and dignified elements in this austere civic life controlled by theological controversy. Ultimately no one helped more than Voltaire by his raillery to break down the narrow domination that the eighteenth century Genevese were eager to rid themselves of. Christmas 1799, with French troops in possession, saw the first Mass celebrated in the town since the days of Calvin: the breach was made, and only forty years later Geneva contained eight thousand Catholics. In 1907 the separation of Church and State

was voted, and the life of Geneva as a "Ville-Eglise" came officially to an end. Many believed that it marked the end of Geneva as a city of repute and distinction, not realising that in a few years Geneva, as the home of the League of Nations, was to embark on a new life of international importance.

Apart from his serious work as a historian and from his voluminous writings on politico-religious topics—the best of which have been gathered together in the four volumes bearing the title "Autour du Catholicisme Social"—Georges Goyau has the attraction for some of us that he may be numbered in the ranks of Catholic feminist writers. For long years he has been frankly in favour of votes for women—even now a very unpopular proposal in many French circles—influenced maybe by the historic fact that in the thirteenth century Innocent IV. definitely pronounced in favour of electoral rights for women over fourteen years of age, literally for "flappers." One of M. Goyau's most charming essays—to be found in the volume "Catholicisme et Politique"—puts the case for the vote in so persuasive a fashion that the most hardened "anti" might well be converted by it. It is noteworthy too that he is never in happier mood than when treating of a feminist subject. Thus Anne de Xaintonge, the Burgundian foundress of the Ursulines, stands out in his essay as a vivid, engaging personality, a woman who shocked her generation by insisting on the teaching vocation as suitable for young women and for women too who should not be cloistered. M. Goyau relates with evident zest how for ten long years Anne fought everyone, her father, the Parliament at Dijon, all the gossips and "die-hards" of Dole, and—supported by her Jesuit confessor alone—triumphed in the end and won a great victory for her sex.

Another outstanding woman figure whom he rescued from oblivion for French readers was St. Melania.[1] The

[1] Sainte Mélanie (Coll. Les Saints), 1908.

book is largely based, with fuller acknlowledgments, on Cardinal Rampolla's "Santa Melania Giuniora," taken from the long-lost Latin Life which the Cardinal had the good fortune to discover in the library of the Escurial during his years as Papal Legate in Madrid, and which he translated and edited as soon as he ceased to be Secretary of State after the death of Leo XIII. Melania was by right of birth a Roman senator, sole daughter of an immensely rich patrician family, and in its startling contrasts of wealth and poverty her life typifies both the luxury and decadence of Rome on the eve of its destruction by Alaric, and the almost unbelievable asceticism of the Church of the fifth century, more especially in North Africa. Melania passed through the highest schools of asceticism, for she enjoyed what must have been the unique experience of being under the direction of her cousin St. Paulinus of Nola while in Rome, under St. Augustine at Carthage, and under St. Jerome at Jerusalem. Hence in her later years she was allowed to become a teacher of theology to the women of Constantinople, who crowded to listen to her. Georges Goyau has woven her strange history into an absorbing narrative with a delicate appreciation of the feminine qualities of the Saint, who, with all her austerities, retained to the end something of the energy and independence of the Roman patrician.

Curiously enough, M. Goyau's feminist views were by no means wholly shared by the distinguished woman whom he married in 1901, and with whom he enjoyed twelve years of unalloyed companionship. Lucie Felix-Faure, daughter of a one-time President of the Republic, was a woman of exceptionally intellectual tastes and of a refined critical judgment, who, marrying late according to French ideas, had had leisure for wide reading not only in modern literature but in Greek and Latin authors. As a writer she is best known by her expository volume on Newman and for a number of discriminating studies

of pious women—St. Teresa, St. Catherine, St. Mechtilde, St. Radegonde, some of the learned women of the Renaissance, and among moderns Eugénie de Guérin and curiously enough, Christina Rossetti. She was a convinced believer in the higher education of women, and was eager to show how closely Christianity and true feminine culture were linked together, but she had an instinctive distrust of modern ideas and remained a staunch upholder of that ideal of the Christian family which is apt to circumscribe unduly the rightful sphere of women's activities. Reserved and a little cold to outsiders, Madame Goyau had a circle of devoted friends, and her salon after marriage became a much appreciated centre of Catholic and intellectual life in Paris. Her premature death, after a long and painful illness, heroically borne, took place shortly before the War.

During the last few years no work of outstanding importance has been added to M. Goyau's achievements, though many fugitive writings on religious and literary topics have flowed from his ready pen. It was immediately after the publication of the religious history of France that he won his chair in the French Academy in succession to Denys Cochin. A brief Life of Ozanam, a centenary volume on Cardinal Lavigerie, and an admirable Life of St. Bernard are among his latest writings, while in the romantic story of the early French missionaries to Canada he has been able to demonstrate once more all that the Christian world owes to the "fille aînée de l'Eglise." That indeed has been his main preoccupation in these post-war years, and if at times this patriotic objective has inevitably biassed his historical outlook, it is also true to say that his work has gained through it a unity of purpose and a fervour of conviction which confer an attractive freshness and vitality on everything that comes from his pen.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

MAGISTER HENRICUS DE ABRINCIS ARCHIPOETA

BY PAUL GROSJEAN, S.J.

I HOPE there is no presumption in the thought that, in spite of Miss Waddell's recent volume,[1] something remains to be said about the wandering poets of the middle ages. It will be no ill service to anyone who will read, or who has just read, her volume to give some details, in the way of extracts and anecdotes, of one of these poets, Henry d'Avranches, whom Miss Waddell does not even mention. Is not this the best means of recalling the very atmosphere of that strange period in which extremes met in a contrast too crude for our modern taste; in which the poet changed from ribaldry to piety within the measure of a line; in which sermons, Lives of the Saints and *Libri Miraculorum* allowed themselves the licence of chronicling scandal from time to time? It is just this atmosphere which Miss Waddell has failed to reproduce—perhaps, because she was too exclusively occupied with their works to study the men and sketch them for us.

There is some excuse for those who have never heard of Henry d'Avranches; though he himself wrote much, the generations which followed have written little about him.[2] The greater part of the information which I now place on paper—with the quotations to illustrate it—is

[1] *The Wandering Scholars* (Constable, 1927).

[2] Since writing this paper, two important contributions to the subject have come to hand. First, Professor Alfons Hilka's edition of Michael Blaunpayn's verses against Henry in *Festgabe H. Degering*, pp. 123-154. And second, Dr. J. C. Russell's "Master Henry of Avranches as an International Poet," in *Speculum*, 1928, pp. 34-63. The same scholar, besides an unpublished Harvard dissertation (of which he very kindly sent me some extracts), has in the *Colorado College Publications* further studies on Henry which I have not yet had the privilege of perusing. Based primarily on Henry's political and grammatical productions, Dr. Russell's conclusions are very like those to which the study of his Saints' Lives had led me.

the fruit of some agreeable hours spent in reading again some thousands of his verses Most of the material for it has not yet appeared in print. But I must first tell, in a few words, the story of our meeting.

Some years ago, when I was preparing a critical edition of the two books in verse *De Miraculis Sanctorum* of Alexander, prior of the Canons Regular of St. Augustin at Ashby, I wondered if the Lives in Latin verse of St. Oswald, king, and of St. Birinus of Winchester[1] might not also be attributed to him; they are to be found immediately after his own work in one of the MSS. Hardly so; this lively and somewhat frivolous pen could not have been that of the good Canon. What an astonishing power of turning quotations from the Bible and the Hymns of the Church into hexameters by a mere change in the order of the words! The paraphrase of the *Vexilla Regis* in the *Vita Oswaldi* is that of an accomplished versifier, and the tavern scenes (*à la* Chesterton, *si licet parva componere magnis*)—well, the Canon could hardly have so well described them from life, he whom Virgil's mythology frightened, who had no other aim in writing but to replace him in the school-room by his devout hexameters on the miracles of the Saints.[2] Here is a sample from the *Vita Oswaldi*:—

> Fecerat hospes ibi multos accumbere secum
> In cena, largosque focis impenderat ignes.
> Dumque bibunt et edunt epulones et bibilones,
> Seque coartantur ad fercula, seque coartant
> Ad calices, et plus bibit hic ut plus bibat ille,
> Crebrior ascendens scintilla crescit in agmen
> Flammigerum, *etc.*[3]

---

[1] *Bibliotheca hagiographica latina*, No. 1364, for the Vita Birini.

[2] Preface in prose to 1st book, *De Miraculis Sanctorum*.

[3] These quotations and the following must not be considered an edition of the MSS. in which they are found; I have not scrupled to select variants from different MSS. or to normalise the spelling a little. A critical edition of most of the hagiographical pieces will some day be published in *Analecta Bollandiana*. One instalment has already appeared: *Henrici Abrincensis Carmina Hagiographica*. I. *Vitae S. Francisci exemplum Cantabrigiense* (Vol. xliii., 1925, pp. 96-114).

We may also quote, in its Latin dress, a fragment from the *Vita Birini*, much appreciated in the Middle Ages, if one may judge by the number of MSS. in which the essential verses appear, and which finally found a resting place in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*—an unexpected honour.[1] This is in the middle of a passage in which the poet, with a blazonry of rhetoric,[2] enlarges on the spirit of detachment which Birinus showed in quitting his country, a land of vineyards, for the inhospitable shores of foggy England, where beer, base compromise of water and wine, is the customary drink.

Tetidis et Cereris celebrat connubia vulgus . . . .
Et cecinit dirum Bubo mortalibus omen,
Connubii prolem tam detestabilis, immo
Nescio quod Stigie monstrum conforme paludi.
Cervisiam plerique vocant. Nil densius illa
Dum bibitur ; nil clarius est dum mingitur ; unde
Constat quod multas feces in ventre relinquit.
Non tamen ille timet monstri nocumenta malingni,
Nec remorantur eum quecumque pericula potus *etc.*

Curiosity urged me to examine a codex in which these two Lives are found together—MS. Dd. 11. 78, University Library, Cambridge—which, through the kindness of the Senate of Cambridge University, was deposited at the Bodleian for my personal study. What was my surprise—an agreeable one—to find that the greater part of the pieces contained in this venerable volume were in the same style as the two Lives, and that one might without rashness ascribe them to Henry d'Avranches, all of whose works, certain writers pretended, were lost.[3]

[1] *Causes of Melancholy*, Part I., Sec. 2, Mem. 2, subs. 1.

[2] Rhetoric seems to have been the forte of Henry d'Avranches. Michael Blaunpayn, whom we shall meet later on, studied under him, and says : Artem rethoricam dicis te me docuisse (MS. Bodl. 851, fol. 85v).

[3] For a summary description of the Cambridge MS. see *Analecta Bollandiana*, t.c., pp. 96-98. It is a collection of poems on sacred and other subjects compiled at St. Alban's, during Henry's lifetime and perhaps from his own copies, under the editorship of Matthew Paris—and by him presented " to God and the church of St. Alban." A full description, with notes on Henry d'Avranches and his literary manner, will be published with the remainder of his hagiographical works.

There can be no doubt that certain pieces in the Cambridge Collection are the work of Henry d'Avranches —for example, the title of folio 200R is clear: Super Vita beati Francisci versus Magistri H. Abrincensis ad Gregorium papam nonum. This is a version in Latin verse of the first recension of Thomas of Celano, and forms 14 books, the initials of which spell *Gregorius Nonus*.[1] A glance at the index of the MS. will show the diversity of this Norman Muse. The Lives of the Saints, upon the whole, are about a dozen.[2] Now here is the reason why this author, whose piety, to judge by his other works, does not appear to have been excessive, placed his lyre at the service of religion.

I cannot expatiate on Henry's recorded travels and adventures.[3] From 1243 to 1264 he was court-poet to Henry III of England. During the first years he was called Versificator: "Magister Henricus Versificator," "Magister Henricus Versificator Magnus" are the titles I have met with; it would appear that the word was supposed to indicate a merit greater than that of the crowd of trouvères and minstrels whom the king had gathered round him. In 1250, according to some authorities, the more honourable title of Archipoeta was conferred on him in reward for a poem which he had written against the rebel barons. Undoubtedly the office was the same as that of poet-laureate, but this name is of more recent date. Oceans of ink have been spilt over this title of Archipoeta. To say nothing of the jealousy of a contemporary (who gave vent to his wrath in verse, and whom we shall meet again), confusion was bound to arise between Henry and the continental poet known under the name of the Archipoeta, the famous author of

---

[1] See *Analecta Bollandiana*, t.c., p. 99.

[2] Catalogue of the Manuscripts . . . of Cambridge University, t. I. (Cambridge, 1856), p. 470. Add Russell, in *Speculum*, t.c., p. 46, note 3.

[3] An excellent summary of these will be found in Dr. Russell's paper.

"Mihi propositum est in taberna mori."[1] We may see clear in this matter when the Cambridge poems are published.

The life which Henry seems to have led, at a time, rambling from abbey to abbey, is hardly in keeping with the sedentary occupation and the dignity of a court poet with a good salary.[2] Archpoet though he was, he could boast of no beauty; he was lame and blind of one eye, if we are to believe his enemy Michael Blaunpayn :—

Cui pectus teritur, pes languet, pulmo fatiscit,
Dorsum contrahitur, ut quid nondum resipiscit ?
Emeritus debet desistere cui cor anhelat.
Quod tibi sensus hebet, tua frons rigosa revelat . . . .
Est tibi gamba capri, crus passeris et latus apri,
Os leporis, catuli nasus et gena muli,
Frons vitule, tauri capud et color undique Mauri.
Hiis argumentis quibus est argucia mentis
Quod non a monstro differs satis hoc tibi monstro . . . .
Inter monoculos qui vix potes evigilare
Cur meos oculos attemptas annihilare ? . . . .
Filia sutoris tibi nupsit fetidioris . . . . .
[*Frons tua*] Juge iugum passa, cum fiat lumine cassa
Et tenebris crassa, non est nisi nubila massa . . . . .
Horrida noctua, sordida bellua, symea cleri . . . . .
Fex Abrincarum, quarum purgando cloacas
Ac has fedaris . . . .

The poor man seems to have had hardly any natural

---

[1] *Cf.* W. Meyer, Die Oxforder Gedichte des Primas, in Nachr. der Kön. Ges. d. Wiss. zu Göttingen, 1907, p. 76; Max Manitius, Die Gedichte des Archipoeta (München, 1913), p. 1. Miss Waddell has made good use of the best pieces.

[2] "Rex Thesaurario et Camerariis salutem. Liberate de Thesauro nostro dilecto nobis Magistro Henrico Versificatori centum solidos, qui ei debentur de arreragiis stipendiorum suorum. Et hoc sine dilatione et difficultate faciatis, licet Scaccarium sit clausum. T. R. apud Wodstoke, xiiii die Julii [1251]. *Cf.* Thomas Madox, The History . . . . . of the Exchequer, 2nd edition (London, 1769), Vol. I, p. 202, and Vol. ii., p. 391. A better transcript, with 22 similar items, is given by Russell, pp. 55-58; *cf.* pp. 50-53. It was an error on my part to have given, in *Analecta Bollandiana* (t.c., p. 98), 1272 as the date of his death. The second (Versailles) prologue to the Life of St. Francis appears to be evidence that he was alive in 1273.

advantages; he had little income but what his pen brought him. Thus he writes:—

> At mihi vae misero, nec spiritualia dona
> Nec mundana dedit [*Deus*], exulque perambulo mundum,
> Et per barbarias inglorius erro poeta,
> Et pedes et nudus, nullo miserante potentum.
> Nec via lata patet, sed inangulor hic apud Anglos
> Ingratosque meis prelatos sencio donis . . . . .
> Sic facio versus quos nemo remunerat . . . . .
> Nam quod me ditat, hoc me depauperat. Isti
> Pontifices michi dant omnia; nulla tamen.
> Omnia dant in spe; nichil in re. Nec michi prodest
> Spes aliter sine re quam domus absque basi.

It was a question then of finding means of livelihood: Henry set himself to the task courageously, and in his somewhat original manner, he knocked at the door of some Abbey, gave evidence of his talent, and offered to write the Life of the patron saint into Latin verse. He says, and not without emphasis:—

> In nova fert animus antiquas vertere prosas
> Carmina; quae numero, mensura, pondere firmet
> Immutabilitas, librata proporcio causis.
> Perpetuare volens mundum Deus, in tribus istis
> A primo stabilivit eum, causamque manendi
> Contulit una tribus cunctis precisio rebus.
> Quantum divine permittitur artis honorem
> Ars humana sequi, tantum pro posse sequetur
> Hunc in presentis operis mea musa tenore.[1]

All with a view to some reward, of course; at the very least for food and shelter, if I have grasped his meaning. Our attention once drawn to this extraordinary method of work, it becomes very interesting to find out what prose text was placed at the poet's disposal. I have had occasion to say a word about this in another place.[2] These researches lead far enough sometimes, because the original prose may have disappeared since the 13th

[1] *Prologus in Vitam et Passionem Sancti Oswaldi regis et martiris.*

[2] *Analecta Bollandiana*, t. c., p. 99.

century, or may never have been printed.[1] I hope to publish some day one or other of these hitherto unprinted sources, together with the poetic version of Henry d'Avranches; the simple comparison will show the extraordinary facility which justifies his title of 'Versificator.'[2]

It was evidently to the advantage of the poet to draw out his work in order that he might appear to have earned his stipend. This he did by amplifying, embellishing, and illustrating the matter. A brief discourse, for instance, inserted when the occasion offered and embracing the whole range of Christian doctrine from the Fall of man to the last Judgment—that was sure to supply some hundreds of verses more. And this form of amplification had the advantage that it could be employed to lengthen the Life of no matter what Saint, if the occasion were given—or simply created.

The finished work would be recited publicly on the Saint's feast in presence of the Abbot, the dignitaries of the monastery, all the choir monks, and probably the local magnates. A kindly reference to each of these, followed by a eulogy of the monks in general, was calculated to produce a good impression. I venture to cite in illustration some fragments from the prologue of the *Vita Oswaldi*, such as it was recited at Peterborough, with the rubrics (in italics) of the Cambridge MS.

Honour, to whom honour is due. St. Oswald is first invoked; then the poet turns to the Abbot: *Invocacio ad M. Abbatem de Burgo*, the rubric says. Undoubtedly Martin de Ramsey, elected between the 20 and 29 November 1226 and solemnly installed at Peterborough about the Epiphany: he died on 26 June 1233.[3]

> Tu quoque digneris, precor, aspirare labori
> Flos cleri, Martine, meo; qui talis es inter

[1] A case in point is the Vita Birini in prose described by Hardy, Catalogue Vol. I, Part I (London, 1862), p. 235. No. 625.

[2] Compare for instance his version already mentioned with the prose of Celano.

[3] See Simon Gunton, *The History of the Church of Peterborough* (London, 1686), pp. 29-30, 300, 302; Dugdale, *Monasticon Anglicanum* (ed. 1846), Vol. I., p. 355.

Abbates qualis est patronus tuus inter
Pontifices. Hic est primas et primus eorum.
Istorum tu concilio collatus haberis
Sol, illud stelle; flos, illud gramina; phenix,
Illud aves; laurus, illud dumeta; lieum,
Illud cervisie; topazius, illud arena.
Talis enim viget inter eos tua gloria qualis
Sol inter stellas, flos inter gramina, phenix
Inter aves, laurus inter dumeta, lieum
Inter cervisias, topazius inter arenas.
Sol igitur splendendo mihi; flos fructificando;
Phenix durando; laurus redolendo; lieum
Exhilarando velis; topazius esse vigendo.

But that is not all. Henry proceeds with a score of verses more before beginning his

Invocacio ad priorem:—

Virque benigne prior, primas et prime priorum,
Qui cleri Rogere *rosam geris*, annue vati.
Forsitan hoc nomen usurpo, meque moderni
Philosophi reputant indignum nomine vatis.
Sed quantum veteres me praecessere poetae
Tantum philosophi veteres vicere modernos.
Sed tu, cui soli patet utrorumque facultas,
Da mihi te placitum, dederisque in carmina vires.

I have not been able to discover who this learned prior was. The address to the sacristan is more interesting

Tuque sacrista *sacris instans*, qui iure vocaris
Simon (id est humilis), quo nemo benignius implet
Abbatis precepta sui, velocius audit,
Tardius obloquitur; qui tot mea carmina servas
Scripta voluminibus, nec plura requirere cessas.
Preteritos laudas, presentes dilige versus.

One notices here the interest which the heads of the monastery took in the poetical works of Henry d'Avranches. Some years later Abbot John of Peterborough will note in his chronicles under the year 1237: Obiit Magister Henricus de Longo Campo, Abbas Croylandiae, ad cujus petitionem magister Petrus Blesensis, archidiaconus Bathoniensis tunc eloquentissimus, Vitam S. Guthlaci

heroico style, et Magister Henricus metrico stylo venustissime dictaverunt.[1] Here is proof that Henry worked for other Abbeys, and not merely for Peterborough, at this same date: it is a sign also of the interest taken in him. There are others. I notice, for instance, in a catalogue of the Peterborough MSS. drawn up in the 14th century, a certain number of pieces in Henry's own handwriting. I shall quote only the one which at present engages our attention; it bore the shelf-mark N. X.: *Versus Magistri Henrici de vita S. Oswaldi & aliorum in uno quaternione.* And among the MSS. of the 31st Abbot, Robert of Salton, who died in 1274, is found *Vita S. Thomae & S. Oswaldi versifice.*[2]

To my great regret I have not succeeded in identifying with certainty the worthy Sacristan, Simon, nor the personage whom the poet addresses immediately after, a certain Walter who seems to have succeeded Simon in the office. It may well be that Simon is the monk of that name who became Prior of Spalding Priory in 1229. At any rate, it seems pretty certain that Walter succeeded him at this date as Sacristan at Peterborough, to become Abbot, with the title of Walter of St. Edmund, on the death of Martin de Ramsey.[3]

Vos etiam, domini, quibus hunc ostendo libellum,
Quorum conventus alios supereminet omnes,
Deprecor ut vestro clementia vestra poetae
Arridere velit . . . . .
Hiis super articulis obstate viriliter hosti
Antiquo, vatique novo prebete favorem.

Enough has been said about Henry's poetical relations with the ecclesiastical world. The Cambridge

[1] Chronicon Johannis Abbatis S. Petri de Burgo, ed. Sparke, Historiae Anglicanae Scriptores Varii, t. 1 (London, 1623), p. 107. The work of Henry, with his Innocacio auctoris ad H. de Longo Campo abbatem Croilandi, is found in the Cambridge MS., fol. 61v sqq. I hope to print it soon.

[2] Gunton, op. cit., p. 173 sqq., 3 f. Lists also printed by M. R. James, Lists of MSS. formerly in Peterborough Abbey Library (Oxford, 1926).

[3] Gunton, op. cit., p. 30; *Chronicon Iohannis Abbatis*, s.a. 1229, 1232, 1242, 1252.

MS. contains two pieces addressed to the Emperor Frederick II. They take us into another world, and show us how the poet could tune his lyre to suit any strain. There is in them a certain haughty boldness which was, perhaps, not displeasing to this enigmatical Caesar.

Huius ego regni ius et moderamen adeptus
Hispida Persarum reliquis deserta reliqui,
Iamque poetarum teneo fastigia solus.
Existit ista tuam faciem mihi causa videndi.
Wintoniensis enim mihi dixit episcopus olim
(Qui fuit in Syria peregrinus et advena tecum,
Et bene te novit; et eum puto quod bene nosti)
Quod potius placet ille tibi quo nullus habetur
Maior in arte sua, seu sit mechanica sive
Libera. Tanta tui micat excellencia cordis . . . . .
Inde probo quod me venerari iure teneris . . . . .
. . . . . Rerum
Ille monarchiam tibi contulit, et mihi vocum.
O quam dissimiles! Tua permanet et mea transit . . . .
Rideor et toti sum factus apostropha vulgo,
Coram quo mea ridiculum me fecit egestas . . . . .
Cum tua sic alios premat excellencia reges
Simque poesis ego supremus in orbe professor,
Dicendi (licet equivoce!) sumus ambo monarchi
Et summum reputo quod in hoc communico tecum.
Ergo si qua polo pietas, si Iupiter equus,
Si quid habent voces domino venerabile rerum,
Ex quo tantus apex tibi me confederat, unum
Inter utrumque dabis, nulla mediante repulsa—
Aut princeps in carminibus non esse probabor,
Aut tua me tamquam socium decorabit honestas.

I confess that the piece seems to me admirable in its kind, both for its nobility of style and elevation of sentiment. Such were not the relations between Virgil and Caesar Augustus. And the Emperor, who was said to have become a Moslem in Syria, must have understood why the troubadour, laying aside his monastic vocabulary, invoked thundering Jove in addressing his

Imperial Majesty under this title of *dominus*, which Augustus affected to refuse.

Our poet knew how to flatter wittily the memory of simpler mortals. Here are the last verses of the eulogium of a good dean who died *bis sexto Kal. Martii*—February 29th as we should say :—

> Hamo decane iaces ; toto fugit exul ab anno
> Interitum solis ausa videre dies.

I turn now to another aspect of the life of Henry d'Avranches, the last on which I am able to furnish something new. Alas ! all is not rose-coloured in the life of a man of letters, even if he has the entrée into courts and convents. There are jealousies : there are law-suits. It is not the least curious detail in the life of Henry that he was defendant in what I think must have been the first action for infringement of copyright, in England at least. For in this matter Ireland is seven centuries in advance, if we recall the case which was tried before the Ard-Rí Diarmait Mac Cerbaill, and was decided in favour of St. Finnian of Magh Bile, the plaintiff, against his own disciple St. Columcille, accused of having made a copy of a MS. without the owner's permission. The decision, a memorable one, was given in these terms : "To every cow belongs her calf ; and to every book its son-book." But I am wandering from my subject, for appeal could evidently not be made to this precedent in thirteenth-century England.

Unfortunately we no longer possess, as far as I am aware, the complete file of documents,[1] and all that we read of the affair comes from a source little favourable to our friend Henry, from the plaintiff, Michael Blaunpayn, the Cornishman. Being a dispute between poets, it was contested in verse as tortuous as it was possible to make it. For the defence I know of no piece from the pen of

[1] They seem to have once existed. See Peterborough Catalogue already cited, shelfmark M.X 1.

Henry; a work of prior date will, however, give some idea of what he could do in this line; it is addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton.[1] The title is: Querimonia de priore Cantuariensi eo quod non favorabilem se prebuit carmini suo. Here are some lines from it:—

Tocius, Stephane, regni
Primas, quo nullum maiorem vel meliorem
(Excepto Thoma), flavi genuere Britanni.
Quid mihi profecit vestro donasse priori
Sancti scripta Thome miracula,[2] dumque rogarem
Ut dignaretur admittere, litus aravi.
Vae donatori qui supplicat. (Hoc ego de me.)
Cum miser adverti, gravis indignacio mentem
Movit, et hebdomadae brevis abstulit hora laborem.
. . . . O si
Anglia Theutoniae me saltem redderet album;
Sed cum me teneant captivum debita, non est
Qui redimat nec qui salvum faciat. Tibi soli
Hoc opus incumbit. Ad te iam fessus anhelo,
Stephane, tocius iubar admirabile saecli.

On the side of the plaintiff there are not less than three pieces written by Michael. It is possible that one or other of these did not form part of the documents connected with the law-suit: the Peterborough catalogue mentions perhaps another volume.[3] Here are the titles of the pieces which have been preserved: they are not without interest:

"Circa annum Domini M° C° . . . . . .[4] floruerunt duo egregii versificatores, videlicet Michael de Cornubia et Henricus

[1] Cambridge MS., fol. 31v-32R.

[2] New proof of hagiographical activity; some thousands of lines on S. Thomas of Canterbury are in the Cambridge MS. I hope to print them with the rest.

[3] Versus magistri Michael Cornubiensis contra magistrum H. Alrinensem (*sic*): Catalogue cited above, Shelfmark R. XI., ed. Gunton.

[4] The author of this rubric must have had some difficulty in finding the exact date. In order to fix it, the name of Hugh de Westminster is of no use, because there was no abbot of this name at the date in question. The allusion to the Electus Wintoniensis evidently refers to Aymer de Lusignan, half brother of King Henry III. Elected on Nov. 4, 1250, he was not yet consecrated when he left England in 1258 (*Annales Monasterii de Wintonia*, in H. R. Luard, *Annales Monastici*, t. II, London, 1865, pp. 92, 97).

de Normannia. Versus magistri Michaelis Cornubiensis contra magistrum Henricum Abricensem, coram domino Hugone abbate Westmonasterii, et aliis, primis judicibus; et postea coram Elyensi episcopo, et Cancellario Cantebrigie una cum universitate magistrorum." — "Coram magistro Hugone de Mortuo Mari [*i.e.* de Mortimer] officiali Cantuariensis archiepiscopi." — "Coram domino Electo Wintoniensi et episcopo Rofensi."

What led to this controversy? It is not easy now to see clearly. Some are of opinion that Henry had spoken insultingly of Cornwall. What I have quoted from the *Vita Birini* is sufficient evidence that he was capable of doing so. On the other hand, Michael is responsible for a eulogy of Cornwall.[1] Unless I am mistaken, Michael's plaint was that Henry had plagiarized it:

Per terras varias velut explorando poetas
Erras, et varias tibi vestes verme repletas . . . .
Vilis es, et viles veteri de stipite plantas
Ad nova qui nichil inter mea carmina plantas . . . .
Londoniis patuit quia fur et latro fuisti
Res mea quand fuit ibi vendita quam rapuisti . . . .
Prosas et metra mea musa propinat habunde,
Ex propria pharetra, mendicans nil aliunde . . . .
Est tuus ipse furor quod dicis quod tua furor . . . .
Et procul et propius, iam Francus et Anglicus eque
Norunt Parisius quid feceris Oxonieque . . . .
Fur et latro ferus qui vatum carmina rodit . . . .

These few verses give an idea of Michael's talent. It cannot be denied that he had ability, but the spirit of Henry was wanting in him. The latter had somewhere boasted of his learning (modesty was not his strong point), and insults then came in showers:—

Gramaticalia scis, sed naturalia nescis,
Nec logicalia scis. Tu Nescius, unde tumescis? . . . .
Cum verbis tumidis, tua quid iactantia prodest? . . . .
Ignoras artes; pueros elementa docebis,
Declinans partes; nec nobis inde nocebis . . . .
Pactus eras multa te multos posse docere,

[1] Some verses are in Camden, Remaines concerning Britain (ed. 1674), p. 10.

Multimoda multa multari dignus et ere . . . .
Artem dictandi vis Anglos discere de te,
Et plus dictant hi quam tales mille poete . . . .
In domini regis tua frivola cur legis aula ? . . . .
Sic ratio fatur, sic iuris regula iussit :
" Nemo magistratur, nisi prius discipulus sit."
Nondum discipulus, cur clericus esse puteris,
Qui nec clericulus sed cleri culus haberis ? . . . .
Non legit ut scribit ; nam credo quod bene scribat.
Fortia vina bibit, cuius stirps flumen adibat.

I pass over more abuses, and not a whit more civil. There remains to quote a gallant effort of Michael to put the chancery date into leonine verse :

Ecce dies transit ; modo descendamus ad Acta . . . . .
Acta die veneris Dominae post Purificaci-
onem da phaleris calamo confecta loquaci . . . .
Inter Abrincensem causis et Cornubiensem
Doctor Hugo de Morte Mari (seu Morte Marina) . . . .

This literary excursion has lasted long enough. As a better known Archipoeta, the author of the celebrated " Mihi propositum est in taberna mori," expresses it :

Brevem vero sermonem fatio,
Ne vos gravet longa narratio,
Ne dormitet lector sub tedio
Et ' *Tu autem* ' dicat in medio.

Paul Grosjean

Bibliothèque des Bollandistes
Bruxelles.

CHRONICLE

Teachers and Universities

Observations made at the Annual Conference of Universities, held on May 12, 1928, at the University of Liverpool

BY T. CORCORAN, S.J., D.LITT.
Professor of Education, University College, Dublin

THE Jubilee Celebrations at the University of Liverpool, May 10 and 11, 1928, were followed immediately at that teaching centre by the Annual Conference of Universities, which was in session for just three hours on the following day. To all who had any experience of previous conferences, all held in the London area, the success of this Liverpool meeting was very obvious. The Chairman, Sir Donald MacAlister, Principal of the University of Glasgow, indicated the chief cause of this effectiveness at the close of the proceedings. The subjects for discussion were definite and in close coherence : there were many speakers, time limits were well observed, and irrelevance was almost entirely absent. At the same time, there were other and very definite causes tending to make these two discussions practical and significant. They raised a widespread and urgent issue in University administration. This issue is also one which has very specific relations to public service, public finance, and social problems.

The two topics chosen were subdivisions of one main question. This was " The Contribution of the Universities to the Preparation of Teachers for their Vocation." The broader aspect of this theme was first treated. " What is the essential service which a University can render to the education of an intending teacher ? " was given two-thirds of the time. It was followed by just one hour of discussion of " What should be the relation of Universities to the specialised professional training of teachers ? ", a more technical problem, which yielded quite as much divergence of opinion as did its forerunner.

The three Universities in Ireland and the four Scottish Universities were all represented. But as the five named speakers, on both questions, concerned themselves exclusively with English data, the entire discussion proceeded on this assumption. For a watcher from Dublin this was in all likelihood the preferable

situation. It would be more useful to have the English situation expounded, as it was, from many angles, than to attempt an exposition of a national policy based on a situation not known in any adequate way to those who formed the great majority of the Conference. From a full note taken of all that was said at the Liverpool Conference a limited number of points may here be summarised. They are selected chiefly because of useful analogies or contrasts with Irish projects of contemporary interest; but they may be also found more widely serviceable. They may be preceded by a necessary minimum of statistical information.

There is no statistical summary as to the Training Systems now in being, Primary or Secondary, for England: there is no Training College Year Book, though the National Union of Teachers in that country issue a useful pamphlet for intending entrants into the Primary Teaching Service. There is no Public Register of Schools and Teachers, Primary, Secondary, or Technical: and information about Training Centres and their contribution of Teaching Power to these various sides is very hard to collect. The Irish Free State Secondary Register, for instance, has no analogue in England or in Wales. There is an English Register, of vast extent, unclassified as to types or qualifications, and by its very nature not open to useful analysis. It is a mere Register: it has no "recognition" from Public Authorities, Central or Local; it has no official values, either as to salaries, tenure, or anything else. Much the same position exists regarding Primary and post-Primary Schools and Teachers, while the whole of Technical Education is even less amenable to investigation. Hence the statistical preliminaries are necessarily inadequate; but the following facts will be useful concerning England.

There are, in all, 97 Training Colleges and Centres for Primary Education Services. They fall into three groups, according to management systems and control. There are 21 Training Departments forming part of Universities or of University Colleges, and controlled by these Institutions. Twenty-eight are owned by Local Educational Authorities, public bodies: two of these are for men only; 21 are for women only; 5 are for men and women. There are thus 49 "Undenominational" institutions, provided from public funds, local, central, or both. The "Denominational" or "Non-Provided" Training Colleges are 48 in all. Forty of these are of the Established and the Wesleyan Churches; eight are Catholic (seven for women, one for men). The output of all the Training Centres was stated by one speaker, evidently well informed and definite in regard of the facts, as being 7,470

per year. The Catholic output is about 500 a year, or a little less —of these, about 80 are men. Of the 7,470 teachers who are produced by the Training Institutes every year, just 1,200, or 16 per cent., are from University Institutions.

Since the relations of Training Centres to Universities was the chief topic of discussion at the Liverpool Conference of Universities, May 12, 1928, and since they are also of considerable present and future importance here in Ireland, the statistics for this section of the Training System ought to be given in some detail. They were not made available at this Conference; indeed its chief defect, from the side of preliminary organisation, was just this absence of working data. This is all the more regrettable, since all three countries were well represented, while as a rule none of the three knows much of the education systems of the other.

The 21 University Training Departments of England and Wales now work *exclusively on the plan of a Four-Year Course of Studies.* This is the only form, for University Centres, recognised by the English Board of Education; and no such Training Centre now provides for the older "three-year course," which is quite dead and buried. At one time it was the special glory of the University Training Centre, its mark of prestige, as contrasted with the ordinary two-year course of the ordinary Training College. It meant compressing into three years the ordinary three-year Degree Course in Arts or Science and the full training in teaching, including not only lectures and demonstrations in school technique of all the elementary grade work, but also the whole of probation work in class-teaching. This meant marked over-pressure on candidates for the teaching profession. It led to very moderate achievement in degree courses, and it diminished attention to, and efficiency in, the practical side of a training course. It has now been completely replaced by the four-years course—three years for a degree, like all University Students, and one of subsequent professional training. From several quarters, English and Welsh alike, calls were made for its extension to five and to even six years: four for a degree course, one, or even two, for a professional course following on its completion. But this was not felt to be practical, in view, it would seem, of financial stringency.

The number of students taking the Four-Year Course of Training at English and Welsh Universities and University Colleges, in this Session 1927-28, is 4,482—2,263 men, 2,219 women. This proportion of men to women is very remarkable. It is utterly divergent from that evidenced by the figures for the English Training Colleges as a whole. It would be found to be

even more divergent from American practice. Quite clearly, in view of what may be called the international facts of the teaching profession, this practical equality of numbers between men and women as prospective teachers, of the highest qualifications, for elementary schools, is a fact that should be reckoned with even here in Ireland. The figures given do not include some 450 other students, who are now obtaining a four-year course by utilising partly the two-year Training College period, and partly the subsequent attendance of two years at a University. This is possible under the London University system of degrees, and is at present utilised by certain University Colleges, such as Nottingham, Southampton, Hull, which are on their way to be full teaching Universities, and so will replace the London Degree by their own degrees following on their own teaching, as is the invariable practice of all the English Universities, civic or other.

The fundamental question in all this discussion, to any observer concerned with the education of teachers, necessarily lay in the attitude of Universities and their staffs towards what is obviously the selected group of candidate teachers now being entirely educated and trained within English Universities. They are a selected group, entering by Matriculation in the usual way ; they are about a fifth of the total number of teachers in Training Centres, and about a sixth, or a little less, of the annual output is due to these 21 University Institutes. Yet, to the great surprise of the writer, a distinctly critical attitude towards these 5,000 selected University students was given repeated expression. One highly influential head of a great University teaching centre in Southern England won marked applause for a most outspoken deliverance in this surprising sense : " We have to conserve the idea of the University as a place of scholarship. There are too many C3 people and too few C1 and C2 people among our candidates for teaching posts in elementary schools. Even were they C1 people, they would need training in a quite different form from that which a University should give. They should be provided for apart, and equipped for their special outlet. Why are they in a University, where all but a very few of their multitude are quite out of place ? Other organisations should take charge of them."

This concise note of the points made would not be adequate if it were not added that these views drew marked applause. Two other speakers were also quite incisive in their advocacy of this opinion ; they came from places quite widely apart, too, from the first speaker's intellectual home. One affirmed that " the training of elementary teachers is having a bad effect on University

work as a whole. The standards required for Honours work are being lowered owing to their presence, their lines of work, and their silent but marked demands. Subsequently, as professional workers in civic and community life, they have failed to take their place as they should do." The other speaker urged that "the presence of future teachers necessarily alters standards. The attempt to do degree courses overtaxes them, and unfits them for their work. Many of them should aim at understanding and supplying the needs of the young child's mind, and no more."

These unexpected utterances met with no direct reply, nor were they at all reported in even the fullest accounts of the Liverpool Conference, such as appeared in *The Times* and in the *Daily Telegraph* of May 14, 1928. From them can be inferred the very moderate measure of welcome that the other English Universities gave to the suggestion made by the second speaker, Professor John Strong, of the Department of Education, University of Leeds, that the 20,000 Training College Students, now quite outside the University System in England, should be brought into these Universities. Dr. Strong urged that by absorbing 2,000 a year, over a ten-year period, all problems of all kinds would be solved. The proposal received no support. Indeed it was very observable that allusion to the whole question of the relations of Universities to the 76 Training Colleges, now quite apart from them, was avoided. Lord Eustace Percy, Minister for Education, did take occasion to thank the delegates of English Universities for their aid, without specifying the aid which they gave. Yet this question has been under active consideration everywhere in England for the past year or more. Local schemes have been already prepared, whereunder the local Universities will advise on or control action as to curricula, organisation, and examinations of candidate teachers in all these two-year Training Colleges. But nowhere is there any intention of giving the Training College Studies any integral value as a component part of a University Course. The notes of aversion and of critical aloofness, already recorded above from typical and yet very different areas, quite account for this cautious attitude.

When three able speakers dwelt on the adverse effect of the presence of elementary teachers on University studies in England, it is not surprising if Sir Charles Robertson, Principal of the University of Birmingham, called in question the tendency of all those centres of learning to give Honours of very low grade at their Degree Examinations, and found much support for his view. The Oxford and the Cambridge practice of granting third class

and even fourth class Honours on specialised courses was, of course, chiefly alluded to. But other Universities in England have developed, somehow, a third-class Honours Degree, and have been not without imitators elsewhere. The need of cutting away these worthless "distinctions" has been urged at more than one of these Annual Conferences of Universities. There are still some who plead for the third-class Honours student; none are so poor-minded as to pay honour to fourth-class Honours. The real cause of all this tendency to reform—a tendency that is as yet quite inoperative in England—is the fact that Local Educational Authorities there have devised measures of protection against this output of low quality Honours Degrees, which pour into the secondary school staffs of England. To secure any special recognition on the public pay-roll, a graduate must now produce evidence of having "a *good* Honours Degree." This measure shows a healthy sense of realities, and incidentally it is useful to many Irish Honours Graduates taking up secondary work in English schools.

From the professional point of view as regards curricula in University Training Courses, the most important issue discussed at Liverpool University was the relation of philosophy to a complete one-year Training Course, following on a completed Degree Course of Studies in Arts or Science. Here again Sir Charles Robertson opened the discussion. "He questioned," as *The Times* report has it, "the real nature and value of the predominantly philosophical and psychological basis now imparted to that fourth or professional year. No doubt the technique of training could be given in that year. But for the philosophical side, two years, not one year, would be required to yield a complete result." This was taken less as a plea for the extension of the study of educational theory and principles, than as a call for their elimination from the course. Against this demand vigorous rejoinders were heard from Heads of Education Departments such as Professors C. W. Valentine of Birmingham, Helen Wodehouse of Bristol, and T. Percy Nunn of London. They had an easy victory, though Sir Charles Robertson had the independent aid of a very able lady, representing a great Urban Education Committee, who spoke, as she said, "from the point of view of the consumer." Philosophy, it was in effect urged by all the defenders of its inclusion, is, in relation to education, an Applied Science, not a mere abstract or theoretical study. It compenetrates and serves to focus methods of teaching. It gives consideration to the multiplex aims of education, social and individual, public and private, general and professional, moral and intellectual.

What the defending advocates quite omitted to stress is the fact that the philosophy of education, in a final training course, can and should be set in the closest association with the history of national and extra-national culture, and so be made a powerful instrument for conserving and for developing and widening the stream of national and human tradition. That there is a case for a further course beyond the one post-graduate year of training, for professional work as teachers, is quite evident, and could well have been both admitted and asserted. It is above all necessary for those who are to be administrators, inspectors, leaders of reforms, heads of important schools. The special provision now needed so widely in all these lines of constructive work for education, could not be properly handled in a single year of professional preparation. They are the clear objective of a course which in a fifth University Year, or later still, should lead to the degree of Master in Educational Science.

Of any such special degrees no mention was made at Liverpool. A few Universities, notably Manchester and one or two Scottish Institutions, do provide the degree of Bachelor of Education or Master of Education. That degree is, as yet, little known. It is not a primary degree : it is only a specialised advanced qualification, which, as an official letter of recent date from Edinburgh makes clear, "may be taken by those who are already graduates and certificated teachers." Such would seem to be the true place of any professional degree in Education. It is something to superadd to the primary degrees in the introductory faculties—in Arts, Science, Commerce, Music. No University in Great Britain, it is clear, will think of giving a primary degree in the professional study of Education. On all grounds, grounds of academic standing and of professional prestige, teachers should maintain and even greatly strengthen their position and credit as students of these widely known University Faculties.

That there are adverse forces tending to oust them from this true and common ground of University studies and training, is made most abundantly clear from the trend of the Liverpool discussions of May, 1928. These adverse forces would greatly rejoice if teachers, and above all teachers for elementary or primary work, would consent to be segregated into a limited compound, a professional faculty leading to a primary professional degree. Still more would they rejoice if teachers should call for, as a privilege, what these adverse critics so willingly would impose on them as a badge of segregation and exclusion.

On this, and on many other topics under review at Liverpool

last month, an Irish observer had solid grounds for satisfaction with the actual results already secured for and operative in all schools, among all teachers, public or private, Catholic and other, under the careful yet energetically progressive policy of the Ministry of Education here in Dublin. There is attained a measure of required training for primary teaching work in Ireland that is far beyond English standards. There the uncertificated teacher still is numbered by many thousands ; and by the latest figures (May, 1928) the number of classes having more than 50 pupils is actually increasing. Over 80 per cent. of the teachers in our National Schools are fully trained. The figure in England is much lower : in the United States common or public schools, it is less than 50 per cent. of the whole teaching power. We have accomplished, and have had at work for three years, a plan which gives due credit, towards a University degree, to the general education secured in the two-year Training College Course. The plan gives both to these Colleges their autonomy and to the University of the Irish people its due and direct guarantees as to standards of work and tests of proficiency. We have a public register of Secondary Teachers, based on the requirement of a primary University Degree in a standard faculty after three years' work from the close of secondary education, but also requiring in all cases a further year of complete professional training, both as to the principles and the practice of education, completed by a full University test of proficiency. That qualification is also fully open to, and is for nearly a score of years past being taken by, large numbers of National or primary teachers, as well as by teachers in Technical Schools, for whose training as professional workers no definite provision is apparently contemplated in England. For both our primary and secondary teachers who take out a post-graduate professional qualification, the State makes very fair monetary provision, of a definite kind, not dependent on the varying policies, or want of policies, of Local Education Authorities. The near future will see a very much ampler provision for enabling our primary teachers, when they are of proved attainments and efficiency, to avail of the full courses of University study for degrees. But we must secure that no provision is put forward that does not attain at least the highest level of quality available in England.

T. Corcoran.

REVIEWS

Biography

LIFE OF MATT TALBOT. By Sir Joseph A. Glynn. Dublin : Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. 1928. 2s.

WHEN Matt Talbot died in 1925 his name was known to very few ; a few friends, a few comrades knew and esteemed him as an excellent Christian and a model worker, a good man in every sense of the word. Still fewer knew of his life of ceaseless prayer, his heroic penances, his magnanimity, his poverty joined to magnificent generosity, his life as a modern Celi De. Now, three years after his death, this Dublin worker is known to the whole Catholic world from Connacht to Cathay, thanks to a little pamphlet written for the Irish Catholic Truth Society by Sir Joseph A. Glynn.[1] Should the present volume prove as good " a best-seller " as his pamphlet, and in my opinion it will deserve to, Sir Joseph will have well merited of his native land. Her true glory lies in heroic souls like Matt Talbot : the man of God and not the man of blood should be the theme for the Irish bard, the perdurable glory of the land that was known as the *Insula Sanctorum.*

This is quite a small volume, barely 116 pages, but full of meat. A live man looks out at us from its pages. Sir Joseph has fashioned no plaster image daubed and gilded with pietose rhetoric ; he has steered his course safely between the Scylla of " swaddle " and the Charybdis of humanism, we see the supernatural in a vivid and objective presentation of the natural. The author keeps himself in the background, he narrates facts but he suggests rather than expresses comments. He gives his reader a chance to make his own reflections, he does not furnish him with a ready-made meditation. As Matt Talbot lived a singularly hidden life, uneventful and undramatic from a worldly point of view, the temptation to embroider and pad out the slender narrative with edifying considerations must have been very severe. By the narrative of fact, rather than by comment, the author drives in on the reader's mind that sense of awe which flows from any real apprehension of holiness in a fellow creature.

Sanctity is the shadow of God on earth, the participation of His creature in the most ineffable and terrible of His attributes. *Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus.* When we dimly realise what the word " holy " means and feel in our hearts that it is a silly abuse of language to say " a very holy man " when we only mean "a

[1] This pamphlet has been translated into many languages.

good pious Christian," we are then capable of that sense of awe and reverence which this sacred epithet should inspire when we see or suspect its appropriateness in the lives of God's servants. Holy Church alone can infallibly declare the holiness of any servant of God, but we are not forbidden to suspect its appropriateness in the case of Matt Talbot and to look forward with hope to the judgment of the Holy See.

Chapter IV of this little book is a remarkable piece of work, a fine judicial and judicious account of the labour troubles between 1911 and 1914. It is interesting to note that while Matt Talbot in that crisis was fully on the Labour side, he took no part in the later politics of the "troubled times." Sir Joseph Glynn tells us that he "made enquiries from Matt Talbot's most intimate friends, including two sisters, a brother-in-law, and fellow-workers, all of whom agreed that Matt Talbot took no interest whatever in politics; that he was never known to vote at an election; and never discussed political events . . . . . During the Anglo-Irish War of 1919-1921 he never was drawn into discussions on the subject. If anyone asked him had he heard of such and such a matter, he replied that he had not, as he did not read newspapers nor look at the placards . . . . . During the later troubles, when, alas, our own people fought one another, he was equally reticent, and carefully avoided expressing any opinion on the merits of the dispute which occasioned the fighting. His friends were most emphatic in their denial of his having ever done more than express his sorrow at seeing Irishmen fighting amongst themselves." These passages are very illuminating as revealing Matt Talbot's outward reaction to public events of a political character. Was he as inwardly indifferent as he seemed to his comrades? Talk or action on his part was useless and he knew it and was silent before men. But was he silent before God? How came it about that the English Government gave way when the insurgents were all but crushed? Events govern nations, but the saints pull the strings that govern events.

Matt Talbot did "not read newspapers nor look at the placards." This is a little touch of Sir Joseph's which enables us to reconstruct the man. To pass through Dublin in those troubled times and not glance at the posters! For an Irishman to reject news! And such news! It seems to me that such voluntary indifference to what at that moment was most humanly interesting marks the mystic union with God even more than the traits scattered all over Chapters V and VI which deal expressly

with Matt Talbot's prayers and inner life. These two Chapters show us the man of prayer and the man of penance. The author's industry in collecting all possible information as to the details of Matt Talbot's prayers and pious practices is beyond all praise. Directly we know very little of Matt Talbot's interior life, but his various outward practices, his fondness for the cross-vigil, for motionless erect kneeling, etc., all point to an intense concentration in prayer, often prolonged for hours. We have all the outward signs of a sublime mystical union.

Matt Talbot was first and foremost a man of prayer. His penances are the features that will most attract public attention in this self-indulgent age, but it would be a grave error to look on him as a mere ascetic. Leuba and Co. will regard him as an Irish fakir, a mere degenerate; but we know he was healthy in mind and body, the healthier because he brought body into subjection to mind, that both might be in subjection to God. He helps us to understand the old Irish Saints and their constant prayers and penance, for he reproduced their life in these days when no one will bear the least avoidable pain or suffer the smallest discomfort.

To write the life of a servant of God is a difficult thing to do well, but Sir Joseph Glynn has succeeded in this. Let us hope that before long it will bulk large in the Postulator's *dossier*.

JOHN HOWLEY.

LAVIGERIE. Par Francis Jammes.
SAINT PIERRE. Par Colette Yver.
SAINT BERNARD. Par Georges Goyau.
PIE X. Par René Bazin.
La Collection "Les Grands Cœurs." Paris: E. Flammarion. 1927-1928. 12 fr. each.

A SERIES of personal studies of *les grands Cœurs*, at least one destined for French readers, may very appropriately begin with Cardinal Lavigerie, the greatest missionary of the nineteenth century in extent and splendour of achievement. For twenty-six years he was Archbishop of Algiers, and gave his astonishing gifts of character and imagination and organising power to the work of spreading the Faith southward into the Dark Continent. His achievements were prodigious—he founded the famous White Fathers and White Sisters, he built churches, schools and orphanages and equipped and organised a vast archdiocese. He sent his missionaries south to the Sahara and Uganda and the Great Lakes. Deserts, jungles, wild beasts (and human beasts), fever, disease, devil-worship and above all slavery, which included

all the worst horrors of African paganism and savagery—these were some of the obstacles which he had to face, and which he overcame. But the obstacles which he met with from Official France, obstacles springing from political interests or religious indifference or religious hatred—these gave him more trouble. His imperious character and his flaming zeal for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his subjects made him a difficult character to work with. He had some of the defects of his great qualities—"qui me craint," he said, "fait bien; qui m'aime fait mieux." He stirred Europe profoundly by his vehement crusade against slavery. His famous toast at Algiers in which he accepted the Republic and rejected the Royalist tradition was one of the most courageous acts of his life and was prompted by the two great influences which always moved him—loyalty to the Pope and zeal for the missions.

M. Francis Jammes is a distinguished poet and has seen the career of Lavigerie as the subject of an epic. His book is written in an extremely imaginative and lyrical style which is marked by an extraordinary love for comparison and allusion. These are often noble or happy, often far-fetched and at times perilously near to absurdity. A few passages will illustrate M. Jammes' style. He calls the locust "réduction bizarre du cheval ailé d'Attila, de l'avion de guerre et de la bête apocalyptique." And his last paragraph is a characteristic description of Lavigerie's statue at Bayonne: "Mais lui, sa mitre en arrière et sa barbe en avant, et son manteau envolé, dans une ivresse divine, il étend le bras pour prendre possession du Ciel, y planter sa croix archi-épiscopate comme un harpon, que d'un geste impérial il brandit." This is, no doubt, magnificent, but a little of it goes a long way, and a jaded reader sighs for a plainer, more objective *sermo pedester*.

II.—Before a reader can feel at his ease with the *Saint Pierre* of Colette Yver he must decide what he is to call the book. A single page will show him that he cannot strictly call it a work of history or biography, though it has a solid basis of historical knowledge, secular and scriptural. It is a study of one of *les grands cœurs* of history, and hence the author gives herself a liberty of treatment of her materials, in the way of interpreting and embroidering and filling in, which could not be permitted in a scientific work of history. The setting of St. Peter's life—the lake, the synagogue, the pagan cities, the Jewish quarters in Rome—are sketched in with vividness and are skilfully used.

The historical student will ask for authorities for certain dialogues or speeches, for some graphic scenes, for the description of certain psychological movements—until he recollects that he is reading a "study." A non-French reader also might be irritated at a vivacity which leads the author to apostrophise St. Peter for whole chapters at a stretch.

But in spite of these methods—or because of them—there emerges a very distinct portrait of one of the greatest minds of history. The opening chapters give a sketch of the Galilean fisherman as he was before his astounding destiny was revealed to him—a man of middle age, a well-to-do fisherman, married, a lover of the Law, a frequenter of the synagogue, shrewd, voluble, emotional, with an enthusiasm that made him so compelling, in spite of occasional absurdities or weaknesses, and above all with a great heart. "L'instrument sûr du Messie, ce sera le grand cœur humain de Simon-Pierre." How Christ, by His life and teaching, how the Holy Spirit by His grace, transformed the Galilean fisherman into the Head of the Church, by expanding and tempering and spiritualising his complex superb nature, this process is traced here with much insight and sympathy.

III.—To write a fairly comprehensive sketch of St. Bernard in two hundred short pages is a difficult task; but it has been successfully accomplished by M. Georges Goyau. He has given us a well-proportioned account of the greatest figure of the middle ages, and in the clear, graceful prose which we expect from him. The problem for him was one of proportion, to bring into due relief all the chief features of this wonderful man. The abbot and founder, the saint and mystic, the writer and preacher, the reformer and statesman, the leader of councils and crusades—these are some of the parts played by this most versatile genius, and none of them has been overlooked in M. Goyau's book. St. Bernard's relations with St. Malachy are given due prominence. "Bernard," says M. Goyau, "avait rapporté de sa course à travers le monde, de son contact avec tous les grands de la terre, l'impression d'une disette d'hommes: ayant approché 'toutes les colonnes de l'Eglise,' il avait trouvé, disait-il, 'des mèches fumeuses plutôt que des lampes qui éclairaient.' Mais ce Malachie qui devant lui s'éteignait, il le considérait comme une âme ardente et lumineuse." This is some consolation for the many hard things that St. Bernard has said of the Irish Church. M. Goyau's book is the best introduction we know to what is a vast branch of study.

IV.—There are no sharp turns or dramatic crises in the career of Giuseppe Sarto who became Pius X. His life is the record of one who rose steadily and continually from small beginnings to an immense power and glory. He was the son of a poor cottier of Riese in Venetia and got from his parents only intelligence, courage, rectitude and above all a grand Faith—not a bad inheritance, and one which he did not misuse. We see him first as a boy walking to school to Castelfranco, barefooted, with his boots tied round his neck—boots were something of a luxury for boys at Riese. A burse enabled him to begin his ecclesiastical course at the Seminary of Padua. This was the first step in that career which brought him through almost every grade in the Church. He was in succession curate, parish priest, professor, canon, chancellor of a diocese, bishop, archbishop, patriarch and cardinal In all he showed great intelligence and activity, firmness and tact and an immense zeal. He was also an indefatigable worker and for most of his active life he did with four or five hours sleep. His charity to the poor was bounded only by his means. As he rose in dignity and responsibility, he showed new resources of power.

His election was a surprise to the world, but Leo XIII had pointed him out as a likely successor. His pontificate was amongst the most momentous and most fruitful. The breach with France and Portugal, the Codification of the Canon Law, Frequent Communion, Communion for Children, Reformation of Church Music, Modernism—these are the chief questions for which his pontificate will ever be memorable. No Pope since the Reformation had formed a nobler idea of his *rôle* in the world, and none had achieved a greater measure of success in fulfilling it. He took as his motto St. Paul's words—"to restore all things in Christ."

M. René Bazin has given a lucid and rapid sketch of this splendid career, and has also given a sympathetic portrait of this great and saintly Pontiff. The book is written with all that skill and charm which we have come to expect from this distinguished writer. He has omitted deliberately any account of the cult aroused by the sanctity of Pius X. Perhaps the time for a study of that side of his career has not yet come ; but it is, we hope, not far distant. H. K.

Celtica

FOCLOIR GAEDHILGE AGUS BÉARLA. An Irish-English Dictionary. Compiled and edited by Rev. P. S. Dinneen M.A., D.Litt. Dublin: Educational Company of Ireland. 1927. 12s. 6d. net.

THE appearance of Fr. Dinneen's new Dictionary, a standard work in the highest sense of the term, has caused a feeling akin to jubilation among Celticists and students of language the world over, not less than among speakers and lovers of the Irish tongue at home. So much praise has been bestowed upon the book already that it would be superfluous to add more. It may be well, however, to mention that the substantial increase in size (for the new edition is two and a half times greater than the old) betrays a devotion of labour that few can appreciate—perhaps none save those who have themselves been engaged in similar work.

Bulky as is the volume, Fr. Dinneen modestly assures us that the sources from which he has drawn are by no means exhausted, that further research along the highways and byeways of the living language will not pass unrewarded. His stringent policy of exclusion against coined words of recent origin has possibly been carried too far: where such words are formed from genuinely Irish stems, they surely deserve preference over words taken, bag and baggage, from some foreign tongue. The creditable circumstance that three hundred odd vocabularies were ransacked by the lexicographer should not blind us to the fact that a study of the modern Irish texts themselves would be much more fruitful in results. This, of course, would require a staff of helpers altogether beyond what Fr Dinneen had at his disposal. But wonder may be expressed that a more thorough use was not made of the modern pieces published in the *Irish Text Society's* series. The student, for instance, attracted by the title of the first volume, Giolla an Fhiugha, if he relies on the Dictionary only, will be unable to translate it, for who but the initiated would dream of looking up Fiugha under iodh? A glance at the first paragraph of the Clann Ríogh na h-Ioruaighe (the second story of the series) shows terms like *forsmacht*, *conáigheach*, *istaighim* that are missing from the Dictionary. As these are derivatives, their meaning is easily determined; but they would have to be included as they stand in a *complete* dictionary of the modern language. The qualification of words for inclusion should be, I think, their occurrence in living speech or at least in MSS that have been

written since Keating's death. Such as occur in the works of that author himself might be added ; as they are (to a large extent) being added by us in the Dictionary of Old and Middle Irish now being prepared in Germany. Again (and this is a point on which I am disposed to be severely critical of the new Dictionary), words that still survive in common speech should be distinguished clearly by some sign from such as are attested by tradition only.

Various words occur in Old and Middle Irish texts with letters whose quality cannot be determined save by reference to the modern pronunciation (v. Thurneysen's Handbuch, p. 22). Scholars would therefore be grateful if lexicographers would pay particular attention to this point. An elementary example may be quoted by way of illustration. Thurneysen lays down the rule that the post-vocalic simple *k* sound in Latin becomes a *g* sound when the word is adopted into Old Irish. Against this, however, stood *loc* (derived from *locus*) quoted as the modern form in Fr. Dinneen's first edition. Thurneysen could only explain that the development here was exceptional, but the exception is discountenanced by the new edition which gives *log* as the chief form. Why, too, in words whose existence seems now to be purely literary, such spellings as *ósaic*, *iuidic*, *náit*, instead of *ósaig*, *iuidhig*, *náid* (cf. older *nóit* from *natio*, but bearing the sense of " church-community ") ? Or is there evidence that in these words the original Latin value of the letters was restored ? Again why *utmall* as a modern Irish form, seeing that Atkinson and Calder know the form *udmall*, whilst etymological analysis (ud-do-mall) shows that the *m* was lenited ? Contamination with *adhbhal* would account for the further lenition of the *d*. Both Thurneysen and Pedersen deny that there is any special word *aicneadh* " nature " beside *aigneadh* (aigne) " nature of the mind."

In the interpretation of Old and Middle Irish vocables Modern Irish is employed as an independent aid. Suppose the Celticist finds in O'Davoren's Glossary *mann*, i.e., *uinge*, *imat*, *cibus caelestis*, *cruithnecht* and (in an annotation by Stokes) " fodder," he will want to know if the word is still in living use, and if so, with what meaning. His curiosity on the first point will be left unsatisfied by the new Dictionary. But the word is recorded—*mann : ounce, unit of value ; corn, fodder, abundance ;* and finally (as an alternative to " manna ") *manna.*

Having read this, the Celticist will be pardoned the suspicion that his progress has been circular, that he has advanced from O'Davoren to O'Davoren. Similar doubts will arise about words like *loch* " black " (does it occur outside of Cormac's Glossary ?)

and *pap* " vine-leaf," taken by Dottin from Atkinson, who gives it with a queried translation that the context (4242) shows to be wrong. *Réimheas* and *réimeas* (réimheas with the lenition lost under the influence of *réim*) might have been treated together. *Urthosach* is hardly a happy example of the rule given by Fr. Dinneen as to the lengthening of a vowel before *r* in certain positions, for the lengthening of the vowel in the word quoted is due to analogy with úr " fresh." It may be doubted, too, whether *sc* ever lengthens a preceding *u*. Rúsc must have had a long *u* at all times, and bruscar (properly broscar) seems to take the long *u* with which it is sometimes adorned from *brúsc* " a churlish fellow."

Fr. Dinneen's conservatism in the matter of spelling deserves warm approval, for in such a book as his the introduction of a new system would lead to endless annoyance and confusion. Moreover, a thorough-going scheme of reform is really not practical politics until some uniform method of pronouncing the language has been devised. As my own views on this subject were set forth in STUDIES five years ago, I need not repeat them now, but I must mention my satisfaction when one of the most distinguished of living Irishmen wrote to me : " Tá mé ar aon inntinn leat-sa. Caithfimíd aon teanga do bheith againn mar bhíonns i ngach tír shíbhialta is mar do bhí againn féin dá chéad bhliadhain ó shin." The venerable author of the Dictionary, by producing a standard work of such excellence, has made this purpose more easy of achievement. He has placed, too, under a special obligation those who, like the writer, must necessarily approach Irish civilisation from the outside ; for through vocabulary, phrase and idiom he has provided them with a key to the treasures of the Gaelic mind, to that rich and fascinating culture of which the Irish tongue is at once the symbol and the expression.

BONN. GUSTAV LEHMACHER

SOFOICLÉAS : AINTIOGHOINÉ. Padraig de Brún d'aistrigh ó'n nGréigis. Áth Cliath : C. J. Fallon and Co. 1922. 2s.

RÍ OIDIOPÚS. Dráma le Sofoicléas. Padraig de Brún d'aistrigh. Magh Nuadhat ; Cuallacht Chuilm Cille. 1928. 2s.

THE degree of learning, taste, and skill necessary for the adequate translation of a Greek play into verse in any modern language is rare enough. It is easy to count the verse-translations of Sophocles into English, for example, which are more than a somewhat pompous type of crib. But English is a language in which there are at least models for all kinds of verse-writing, even

for verse which is not verse at all. To translate Sophocles, with his elaborately subtle dialogue and the varied beauty of his lyrics, into good Irish, a language in which there are no models, might seem an appallingly difficult task. Dr. Browne accomplished it for the *Antigone*, and as if to show that this was not a *tour de force*, has repeated the feat for the *Oedipus Rex*. We should have been well satisfied if he had given us a readable and idiomatic prose rendering; but he has done far more. He has created at one stroke an Irish dramatic poetry for which no prototypes existed.

We have seen previous attempts to reproduce in Irish the kind of accentual blank verse that was usual in English poetical drama, and it always seemed something unreal in Irish, stilted and artificial, with no natural rhythm. Dr. Browne has used this metre for his Sophocles with remarkable, indeed unique success. The language is racy, simple, and natural, and even the difficult dialogue in which each speaker is allowed only one line, is perhaps less artificial in his Irish version than it usually seems in English. His translation is at once idiomatic Irish and a very faithful rendering of the Greek.

In reproducing the choral odes again he has done something which is new even in English. The metres are based on those of the original, and the elaborate syllabic responsions between strophe and antistrophe are faithfully observed, while here again the language is clear, direct, and vigorous. As there is nothing at all like this in Irish already, it does of course sometimes sound foreign, but hardly more so than such attempts sound in other modern languages. Dr. Browne manages to introduce into his choral odes phrases which have the familiar ring of Irish poetry, and we can only conclude that there must be some special kinship, in spite of all the obvious differences, between Greek and Irish.

There are some small matters in which we might have wished for a slightly different treatment of the Greek. We will only mention the spelling of the proper-names in Irish. The substitution of Éamon for Haimon is perhaps convenient, but somewhat shocking; and why should it be necessary to introduce so many extra letters into the name of Antigone, to aspirate the "g" in her name and the "c" in that of Eurydice, or to turn Ismene into Isméine? King Oedipus himself is subjected with unfeeling rigour to the rule of *caol le caol*, and so is his poet. Such spellings seem really unsightly and have no particular justification. The ordinary forms of the names would not look less queer than they do. With this single and perhaps very microscopic com-

plaint, we heartily recommend Dr. Browne's little books to all students of Greek in Ireland, and especially to our schools. We do not anticipate that their gifted author will have many imitators Few, alas! share his double accomplishment; but his work should prove to be a great source of both pleasure and profit to all who can read Irish and appreciate literature. It is pleasant to know that his versions have been acted several times with great success to large audiences. T.

Economics

A HISTORY OF RAILWAYS IN IRELAND. By J. C. Conroy, M.A. London: Longmans. 1928. 15s. net.

It is encouraging to learn from the publishers' announcement that this volume is the first of a series, dealing with recent Irish economic history and to be compiled by students of University College, Dublin. Such a series is indeed to be welcomed not only for the evidence which it will afford of a healthy activity in our younger university, but also because the present is a very opportune time for inquiring into the economic organisation of Ireland. Experiments and new departures in various directions are being made or contemplated by the legislature, and it is right that as much light as possible should be thrown upon the structure which it is desired to alter and improve. The need for enlightenment in social and economic matters was never greater than it is now when the country is passing through a prolonged industrial and commercial crisis.

Mr. Conroy in this book has dealt very thoroughly with one source of pressing difficulty besetting the Irish Free State at the very beginning of its career—the question of the railways. Naturally enough he treats his subject from the point of view of one primarily interested in the problem of the public control of the railways, for during the past decade the railway question has been presented to the public mind most prominently as a question of control. His history, therefore, is more concerned with railway politics than with railway economics. Its scope may be judged by the fact that in it reference is made to practically every Bill, Act of Parliament and Statutory Order, and to the Reports of the numerous Commissions dealing with the subject of railways in Ireland. A vast amount of industry on the part of the author was necessary to make a connected narrative out of the great mass of parliamentary papers at his disposal, and he deserves our best thanks for the thoroughness with which he has

performed his task. No better idea could be given of the manner in which Irish railways were developed than that afforded by the multiplicity and confusion of the public regulations relating to them. The number and disorder of these would almost have been an adequate reason for reorganising the entire railway system, if none other had existed. Mr. Conroy traces this confusion back to its origin in the illogical application of the policy of *laisser faire* to the control of the railways at the time when the principal lines were being constructed. It is small consolation to know that Irish public opinion was opposed to this policy, that its consequences were foreseen, and that the weight of informed opinion in Ireland was in favour of unification of control and even of State ownership of the railways as the best railway policy for Ireland. Unfortunately the Parliament of Great Britain failed at the critical time to see that Ireland might possibly require to be treated differently from Great Britain in the matter of railways. The unification of management of the railways in the Irish Free State (effected by the Railways Act, 1924) was the first step taken to undo the consequences of that failure.

In analysing and summarising parliamentary control and inquiry Mr. Conroy has done a very useful work and done it very well. He has thrown full light on the haphazard manner in which our railways were made, and on the absence of cohesion which characterised their working, control and management until the Government was at last compelled to intervene during the European war. But he has done much more than this. By careful selection of facts and figures he has also thrown much light on the present position of the railways. He has interesting chapters on the light railways, on the railway clearing house, and on the possibilities of electrification. His subject, however, is a very wide one, and he could not possibly cover the entire field in a volume which was originally written as a dissertation for a University degree. He has dealt so admirably with the public or political aspect of his subject that it is to be hoped he will, in a future volume, take it up from the economic aspect. The railways represent a large proportion of our national capital—is the proportion perhaps too large? They employ 35,000 workers—might they possibly be run by fewer? How have the railways affected national progress, particularly in regard to the distribution of the population? How have they reacted on other forms of transport, especially on canal transport? Mr. Conroy has shown that he is well fitted to investigate these and kindred

questions, and a companion volume to this would be of great value. In the meantime we are thankful for what he has already achieved with conspicuous skill. M. D.

Education

DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY. By Arnold Whitridge. With an Introduction by Sir Michael Sadler. London : Constable. 1928. Pp. lii., 243. 10s. 6d. net.

This volume is at once a re-statement of the case for the educational greatness of Thomas Arnold, based on intimate records and traditions, and a constructive defence of his work and personality against the criticism and the irony of many fault-finders, above all, Mr. Lytton Strachey. It is an eminently readable yet dignified and serious presentation of facts and views, and it will certainly do much to increase the historical prestige of Arnold, the man, the politician, the headmaster. For these are the gradations of Thomas Arnold's claims to hold his place in English records. His latest biographers—the term is advisedly used—both portray him with this result. The character and temper of the man become impressive under their pens, and dominate all else. The skilled reader will see that next in moment comes Arnold who waged many battles, civil and ecclesiastical in his day. In both aspects he was a partisan, a man of political strife, rather than the true statesman.

Though most of the space is given to Arnold's career at Rugby and its conditions precedent in school life and policy, the net result, on this side, is to lower the general estimate of Arnold's own contribution to school matters in England. Both Sir Michael Sadler in his forty pages and Mr. Arnold Whitridge in his two hundred pages, surveying the whole field each with his own many-windowed lantern, reach this result. It is not quite clear if they have fully realised what that result is. But it certainly would have quite satisfied Thomas Arnold himself. There is now ample evidence that he had no great faith in, no great hopes for, the system he is supposed to have stabilised and new-modelled. He certainly had no love for it. Arnold would never have spoken or written, he would not even have tolerated the limitless laudations that scores of its supporters have uttered concerning this English public school system.

Mr. Whitridge deserves special credit for having presented so faithfully its history, and its status, or rather lack of status, credit, moral value, down to the year 1828. He is equally candid about

the limitations of Arnold's methods and aims, no less in organisation than in school work. He makes quite clear the many defects inherent in even Arnold's concept of the work of the teacher. Where Arnold made bold innovations, as in the application of the matter of classical reading to modern problems, it is obvious that he had no successor. His emphasis on the value of a cultural reading knowledge of French, German, Italian is strikingly expressed; but it had little fructifying power, and any developments on the modern language side, since Arnold's day, have been quite oblivious of his proposals and of what he achieved. So, also, Arnold had no permanent effect to advance for his views on the teaching of science: even now, it quite lacks in England the secure and essential place it occupies in French, in German, and indeed in all Continental Schools. Arnold was unable to devise any diffusive energy as regards school curricula. Even the classrooms of his own teachers, as Horace Mann observed, were never entered by him or by any other observer.

That he was able to stabilise an inherently defective system of school discipline, wherein unreasonable powers are vested in immature and irresponsible pupils to be exercised over other pupils, he did not think any great achievement. Arnold evidently felt it to be a mere substitute for the true, the balanced, the really educative and entirely responsible disciplinary control of pupils by adult educators wholly concerned with that grave duty.

Had he followed his true line of work, he would have anticipated and eclipsed Gladstone. His heart lay there. His quality was finely shown over Catholic Emancipation, for which cause he nobly withstood the Oxford Tractarians and all their tribe.

T. C.

L'ÉCOLE UNIQUE. Etude critique, bibliographique, et documentaire. Par Maurice Lacroix. Paris: A. Hatier. 1927. Pp. 96. 7 fr. net.

THIS excellent treatise, elaborated from a lengthy article in *l'Education* (Oct.-Nov., 1926), is the best and most objective summary of what may be fairly called the leading problem of public education in contemporary France. M. Lacroix is a distinguished teacher of the State Lycée at Troyes: his exposition of the various aspects of the new proposals in France (pp. 1-54) is studiously moderate and objective. Perhaps he is aided in achieving this result by the marked "crossing of lines" in the relations of the school problem to professional interests and to party systems. Many associations of primary teachers in France

are hostile to the idea of the *école unique*, since it means that the future State primary teachers would no longer be educated apart, but would enter the secondary schools of the State as part of their preparation for teaching service. A good deal of older official opinion is also hostile to the new proposal; it upsets the settled traditions of the State service.

Crossing of lines also occurs as between the new proposal and the advocacy of State monopoly of education, which took on new vigour during the past twenty-five years, and yet appears to be far from practical realisation. On this, and on many other questions of full actuality but yet quite unsolved, the fine collection of recent documents (pages 60-92) preceded by an exhaustive bibliography (pp. 55-59) exhibits all schools of thought by a clearly ordered classification of opinions. The doctrines of MM. Aulard, Lapie, Buisson can here be compared with the Catholic critics, such as MM. Guiraud, Castelnau, Desgranges, Dubruel, Datin. The militant and well-documented treatise of A. G. Michel (Paris, Federation Catholique) will be found to fit admirably with M. Lacroix's more detached survey.

It is remarkable how little appeal has been made to the history of French education by any of the many-sided party interests which have emerged into action in these educational controversies of 1917-1927. The history of university, secondary and primary education in France, from the first Renaissance (1070-1150 A.D.) down to the Revolution, is the true solvent of all these conflicts of opinion and battles of principle. On this method M. Lacroix has a long and valuable note (p. 65), drawn to a large extent from Catholic materials. Those seven hundred years were indeed the epoch of the true école unique, always Catholic, always open to the whole people in all grades of education. The schools of the French Radical State, to-day, are notoriously otherwise constituted. T. C.

Fiction

L'HOMME QUI RESSUSCITA D'ENTRE LES VIVANTS. Par Joseph Wilbois. Collection *La Nef*. Paris: Editions Spes. 1928. 12 fr.

THE new series called *la Nef* aims at "removing the false notions imposed by a deadly *laïcisme*," and at "reinfusing into the French mind a Christian conception of life." This book is a notable contribution to the general endeavour. The publishers expect that it will be passionately read and debated. We think so too. The man who rose from amongst the living was a Frenchman. Some of the things that made his life a moral death are due to French

custom, for example some features of the school system (p. 25). Others are more openly disclosed than will here and there quite please readers who share the author's convictions and admire his purpose. Joseph Wilbois, known as a writer on pedagogic questions, here throws his ideas on education and on life into the form of a novel—if that word properly describes the long and almost uninterrupted self-revelation of an unnamed hero to an unnamed confidant.

It is the tragic life-story of a man who had apparently everything in his favour: a Catholic home, a careful upbringing, great spiritual and mental possibilities, and unfettered choice of a career. And yet, *via* modernism, social Catholicism, estheticism, he reaches materialism and positivism, and the immorality and lack of principle which are compatible with social respectability.

> I became the distinguished scientist, the practitioner of big fees, and the apostle of atheism. I was asked for lectures. Once more I went to the people. I threw them the myths of progress, pleasure, emancipation . . . . . Every apostate is fêted, as long as people are not quite sure of their hold on him . . .

He draws his wife into the stream. When she recovers her footing, it is to face spiritual struggle, unhappiness, and to end in madness. The only son, the victim of a difference of ideals, himself attracted by everything good and bad in the modern world, grows up with good intentions, a thirst for activity and enjoyment, a complete absence of conscience, and extricates himself from his adventures by suicide. But meantime the doctor, in the face of experience, gropes his way back, through a half-superstitious mysticism, to faith and the sacraments, and is left planning some heroic self-immolation by way of expiation.

That is a bald outline of a process which is extremely complex, and on the whole psychologically convincing. The book is like a flashing series of huge danger-signals. It is most vigorously written, indeed in parts it is not free from exaggeration and even injustice. But it abounds in suggestive views of many aspects of our common western civilisation. The element, perhaps, that has most direct interest for Irish readers is the study of the chances of failure that lurk in a seeming religious education for young people of a critical turn: the danger of routine, of inculcating rule rather than principle, of confounding externals with the spirit that should animate them, of inverting values, of giving "lessons rather than food" (p. 58). It is a dark picture, and reads in part like a satire. Yet such things do happen. It is a book for serious readers, and they can get much profit from it.

M. R.

THE WHITE BOLLE-TREE. A Wonder Story. By Kenneth Sarr. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1927. 5s. net.

THIS is the story of how Owney Connors, a little Donegal boy, "crossed over" into Faery and of what befell him there. It is whimsical, fantastical, and abounding in that "Celtic atmosphere" which has become so familiar a feature of modern Anglo-Irish writing. Kenneth Sarr is not alone a graceful writer, but he is evidently endowed with high imaginative faculties. He is able, therefore, to conjure up a vision of Faery, and to paint a picture of it which may present some difficulties of realisation to more prosaic minds. The work is well done. As Padraic Colum observes in his pleasing prefatory note, "the dream, not of one but of many Owneys upon many a mountainside, is in this story, and there is in it, too, a part of the haunting Irish landscape which has gone to form Owney's soul."

The material-minded reader, who finds it hard, perhaps, to visualise Fairyland as the author depicts it, will have no difficulty, on the other hand, in understanding and in taking pleasure from the descriptions of the mortal world which are put before him. To quote Colum again: "All the simple and stirring things that belong to the life of a boy of the Irish countryside are in this story —the companionable ass, the lights of the little town, the long road . . . . the curlew crying . . . ." It may be said with truth that the countryside is suggested by impressionistic touches rather than described in minute detail, even as is the loneliness of Owney's soul. "Ye're the lad for the dark anyway, jeered his father," and no reader who retains any recollection of his own childhood but will sympathise with Owen whistling in the gloom to keep his heart brave, or will fail to appreciate the skill with which the author has given us a glimpse into his little hero's mind. Young John, too, who stands on one leg through shyness when in the presence of Pegeen, mocked by his companions "with the innate cruelty of boys," is a type we have all known.

Wonder stories are not everybody's reading; but it is safe to say that if Kenneth Sarr were to apply himself to writing stories of Irish life dealing with more mundane aspects, he should make a name of note, and, incidentally, help in a measure to redress the "adverse balance" which some of our young modern authors work so arduously to maintain.

Clever illustrations by Maurice McGonigal, well in keeping with a wonder story, add distinction to the book.

W. D.

History

SPENSER IN IRELAND. By Pauline Henley, M.A. Cork: University Press. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1928. 5s. net.

IT must be a source of gratification to all interested in Ireland that of late years so many by-paths of her history have been explored by skilled investigators.

The present volume sheds incidentally much light on the state of our country in the later sixteenth century, and Miss Henley appears too to have examined most thoroughly every source of information available for the study of her central theme. Most casual readers of Spenser know of his connection with Ireland only this: that, as one of the Munster "planters" he came into possession of a large estate in Co. Cork; that he alludes often to Irish rivers in his poems, and is considered to have reproduced impressions of Irish scenery in his "Faerie Queene"; that he wrote a prose dialogue entitled "A Short View of the State of Ireland"; and that finally, his home at Kilcolman having been burnt down by insurgents, he fled from the country.

Miss Henley has given us a picture far more vivid and detailed. She shows us Spenser coming first to Ireland in 1580, as secretary to the new Deputy Lord Grey de Wilton, and being present at the gorgeous ceremony of investiture in St. Patrick's Cathedral, then accompanying Lord Grey in his march to Smerwick to oppose the Spaniards. One wonders whether the "gentle poet" was an actual eye-witness of the terrible massacre of the garrison which followed the surrender of the fort, and what he really thought of it if he was. His defence of it later in the *View* appears rather lame.

A while after this, the Secretary gets an additional appointment, that of Registrar of the Chancery of the Faculties, and we find him toiling at probably very uncongenial work in a Dublin office, but now and then passing over his duties to a deputy and accompanying Lord Grey on his official journeys. From his often-quoted description of the desolation caused in Munster by the devastations of the long continued wars, and of the plight of the famine-stricken inhabitants, one gathers what sights he must have witnessed on some of these expeditions.

After Grey's departure from Ireland in 1584, Spenser resigned his post as Registrar and left Dublin to take up his residence in Southern Ireland. In 1587 he was acting as Deputy Clerk to the Council of Munster, and two years later his possession of the

Kilcolman estate, "a seigneury of 4,000 acres," is noted, though Miss Henley declares she has not been able to discover exactly when or exactly how he acquired it.

Of the scenery round Kilcolman and of the poet's life there the *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* and some portions of *The Faerie Queene* give us glimpses. The former poem celebrates a visit made by Sir Walter Raleigh to his friend. It was to this Irish home of his that Spenser brought, probably in 1594, his fair-haired bride Elizabeth Boyle, and there no doubt his children Catherine, Sylvanus and Peregrine were born. Then, in the autumn of 1598, came the destruction of the castle, and the poet and his wife and children took refuge in Cork. A few months later they crossed to England, where, early in 1599, Spenser died.

That Spenser's Irish career influenced his poetry may be regarded as pretty certain, but Miss Henley appears to us to have rather exaggerated, in the long chapter which she devotes to the subject, the amount of that influence, especially as regards Irish literary works. She considers it to be impossible that, considering his long residence in the country, Spenser did not acquire "a knowledge of the spoken language." But have we not all been acquainted, in our own day, with quite intelligent persons who resided, not eighteen years but their entire lives, in Irish-speaking districts, and yet acquired no more Gaelic than the few dozen words needed to convey their orders to servants or labourers? It must not be forgotten, too, that the planters were disliked and their presence resented by both the Celtic Irish and the old Anglo-Irish families, so that they must have been obliged to depend chiefly on one another for social intercourse. We are disposed therefore to believe that Spencer's knowledge of even spoken Irish was but slight, and that of the written language, especially the poems, he knew only what he had gathered from translations. Indeed he himself says as much in the *View*. If he had been acquainted, even slightly, with the terribly complicated Irish metres, it is unlikely that he would have spoken as he did of the "composition" as "skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry," but "sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural devices." This is the sort of commendation which might be given to a folk-song, but it is absolutely inapplicable to the highly artificial bardic poems.

In one of her concluding chapters the authoress deals with Spenser and Political Thought; and here we are on firm ground, dealing, not with conjectures, but with facts. With the view

expressed in the following sentences we are in complete agreement :—

> Narrow-minded and intolerant, all too anxious to accept the official point of view, he [Spenser] made no use of the opportunity that he had of forming an independent opinion of the claims of the Irish people.
>
> He diligently noted the political views of his own countrymen who were serving in Ireland, and the plan which he eventually put forward for the subjugation of the country is the outcome, not of his own experience or thought, but of the discussions he has heard from time to time among English officials.

After all, there is nothing particularly original in the said plan. Giraldus Cambrensis had suggested a very similar one to the Normans some 400 years before, as a means of overcoming the resistance of the Welsh.

Miss Henley considers that Spenser was "no religious bigot." He certainly did not favour religious persecution in Ireland *just then.* But his remaks elsewhere regarding the Catholic creed incline us rather to suspect that his motive in this was chiefly one of expediency. It would be unwise to give the Irish a strong motive to unite against English rule. M. T. H.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By W. E. Brown. London : Sands. 1928. pp. 240. 5s. net.

MR. BROWN'S unpretentious little book, a really valuable addition to existing English books on history, and apparently intended primarily for the general reader, will be welcomed by teachers of the higher history forms in secondary schools ; and, indeed, for the more intelligent members of these forms one could not easily mention a book more suitable for their needs. It will help to give them what more ambitious and costly volumes too often leave them without—a definite idea of the mind that lay behind the medieval period and gave it life and meaning. And this surely must be regarded as the real end of historical studies.

The matter of the book consists of four essays in which the writer sets forth the development of medieval social conditions and analyses the principles underlying that development. Mr. Brown's scholarship is sound and wide, though he wears it with a grace and ease that may conceal its real width and solidity, but this is all to the good in a book meant for general reading.

The Middle Ages appear in too many popular books as a sort of intellectual back-water in the history of mankind, a period of intellectual stagnation when the human mind was blinkered and held in leading strings—a common epithet, the "age of dogma," suggests all this. And yet the facts are far otherwise. Mr

Brown's pages show clearly the abundant mental vigour that marked the period, a vigour that was not wholly absent even in eras of the worst anarchy. He shows that the Church was not an obscurantist authority that blindfolded her people, compelling them to walk where she directed, but rather the nurse and guardian of the progress of her children, and the real effective force in bringing about the varied development that marked all the phases of the life of the period.

Mr. Brown's four essays deal with the tradition of the Middle Ages, the development of the Reign of Law, of civic and economic life, and of culture. They are thoroughly done pieces of work within the limits the writer imposes on himself. The first, indeed, in which he describes the environment and conditions in which the work of the Middle Ages began, is a masterly presentation of a most complicated period in European history. If there is any period that calls for a writer's skill in making it intelligible to ordinary readers, it is the period in which the Roman Empire was broken up and continued to crumble into decay. It is a tortuous maze, but Mr. Brown is a sure guide.

The other essays show him equally capable. His clear analyses of the progress of the idea of law, of the economic conditions of life—especially of the gild- -and of the intellectual life of the time and its contrast with that of the Renaissance, make his book equally admirable as a guide at the beginning of a course of reading in medieval history, or as a stimulating summary at the close of such a course.

To repeat what has been said—one cannot easily mention as good a book of its kind in English. It deserves the special attention of school authorities. The publishers deserve a word of commendation for the excellent manner in which they have produced an excellent book. W. J. W.

A CHAIN OF ERROR IN SCOTTISH HISTORY. By M. V. Hay. London: Longmans. 1927. 10s. 6d. net.

THE CELTIC CHURCH AND THE SEE OF PETER. By J. C. McNaught, B.D. Oxford: Blackwell. 1927. 7s. 6d.

THERE are few countries in Europe where the remarkable progress in historical science—perhaps the most outstanding achievement of nineteenth century scholarship—has been felt less than in Scotland. Of this fact Major Hay's book furnishes abundant proof. Taking as test the relation of the Church of early Christian Scotland to the Church Universal (a question admittedly of the highest importance), he shows that modern Scottish historians

have hardly advanced a step beyond the polemical writers of the Reformation era. Not one of them who speaks but tells the traditional tale of a Christianity in early Scotland different in essentials from the Christianity of contemporary Europe ; English sympathisers send encouragement from across the border ; popular prejudice purrs approval, and life continues in the happy land of make-believe. Major Hay traces the tradition of an " independent " Scottish Church back through the centuries to its first sponsors, and he shows convincingly that it is built on a foundation of sand. The Centuriators of Magdeburg, with Mosheim, Gibbon and Michelet, are unsparingly but deservedly castigated. Skene, Todd and G. T. Stokes are among the more recent writers who fare badly at his hands.

Special attention is devoted to St. Columban, from whose letter to Pope Boniface IV the modern historians attempt to deduce some form of ancestral non-conformity. Major Hay proves that few, if any, of these have ever troubled to read the original text. They pretended, indeed, to quote from the source, but in practice they used " the transpositional method " and culled the phrases they required from earlier compilers. That future writers may have smaller excuse for resorting to this labour-saving device Major Hay publishes the whole letter, with an excellent English translation. Since the *leitmotiv* of this document is passionate zeal for the unity of the Church, over which the Pope presides as " Shepherd of Shepherds," it is not easy to see how anyone who reads it through can conceive of St. Columban as outside that unity. The saint, with a boldness unusual even in his race, may have lectured the Pope on how he should behave as supreme ruler, but he would have looked askance at the suggestion that the Church had no such head, or that the office belonged to other than the occupant of St. Peter's Chair.

By making all this clear, Major Hay has dealt a fatal blow to the legend which for so long has done service as history among his countrymen. These, if they seek to retain their position, will have to defend it now with other weapons. They will turn, no doubt, to the peculiarities of organisation and discipline which gave the " Celtic " Church its distinctive character. But here they will be confronted by the fact that the peculiarities of the Eastern Church were still greater, and yet it remained in the unity of the Catholic world until Phocius broke deliberately with the Holy See. They will have to explain, too, how the Uniates of our own day are Catholics, though they differ much more in rite and discipline from Rome than the " Celtic " Church

ever did. In fact, if the claim based on the supposed independence of St. Columban is feeble, that based on different organisation and methods is much more feeble still.

It is a pleasure to note that, before the appearance of Major Hay's book, one Scotsman at least had come to see the truth about the early church of his fatherland. Mr. McNaught, who is Minister of Kilmuir Easter, began to study the history of the Celtic Church (as he frankly confesses) strongly biassed in favour of the traditional view. He fully expected to find his conviction supported by the sources and was deeply disappointed to discover his mistake. The arguments put forward in support of "independence" are discussed by him with learning and with perfect equanimity of temper. Finding the arguments most unconvincing, he is forced to conclude that "the Celtic Church was in communion with the Bishop of Rome and acknowledged his claim to be visible Head or supreme Pastor under Christ of the Church on earth"; and that in consequence, it is evident "that in all other points of doctrine that Church was in agreement with Rome, as the Popes never admitted to their communion any who differed from them in matters of faith."

These admissions follow a study of the sources that has manifestly been thorough. If further links are added to the long chain of error, to the discredit of Scottish scholarship, the fault will certainly not lie with Mr. McNaught or with Major Hay.

J. R.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Hilaire Belloc. Volume III. London: Methuen. 1928. Pp. xvi. + 373. 15s. net.

THE third volume of Mr. Belloc's *History of England* covers the period 1348-1525, thus bringing his narrative down to a date which he holds is a natural date for the close of the medieval age in England. As a piece of writing it can fairly be said that the book has many qualities that commend it to the reader. These qualities are founded on the temperament of its writer, and into nearly all his writings Mr. Belloc puts bits of himself. Hence his way of dealing with the personalities and policies of times long gone by as if they were of his own day, and hence, too, the "debating" tone on which much of the volume is written.

It is true that taking a side tends to add to the attractiveness of a book on history. It was a great historian who declared "bloodless objectivism" to be the great enemy of the true historical sense. And doubtless from the angle from which Treitschke viewed history he was right. But there are other

angles from which one may claim to be given a view, in return for which one would more or less willingly dispense with the glow and warmth that the passion of the partizan may lend to the narrative. Mr. Belloc is certainly not of the school of the "bloodless objectivists"; and to this may be traced many of the good qualities of his book, as well as not a few of its defects.

Its good qualities are on every page for anyone with a feeling for good writing, above all in his power of portraying his personages in a fashion that renders them as vivid as living persons. Take for instance his discription of the young Henry VIII., at his ascension: "A big hearty lad, with pudgy face, reddish hair and grey-green eyes . . . A regular Woodville, of the heavy type, produced by many generations of Wiltshire bacon in the large farmhouse of that recently promoted family." Here one feels that the picture of the "majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome" is made from the life. And the portrait of his father is similarly convincing, though one feels that Mr. Belloc's emphatic dislike of the Tudors has done something to mix his colours for the painting.

As one would expect, much space—far too much in our opinion—is given to military matters both in England and in France. Was it worth while to give so much space to Poitiers and to the part played therein by the long bow? The life of the people is lost sight of by the writer in his preoccupation with battles and their tactical and geographical details. But then Mr. Belloc, though his vocation is literature, would perhaps choose to plan campaigns rather than describe them. Still one hopes that he will, in his remaining volumes, give more attention to what he shows he can do so well, and where there is more need, at least in English popular text-books, for original work. War and policy have been done again and again, and one may well think that now there is little scope to be found there even for Mr. Belloc's debating skill. W.J.W.

Miscellaneous

STUDIEN ZUM SCHRIFTSTELLERKATALOG DES HEILIGEN HIERONYMUS. Von Alfred Feder, S.J. Freiburg: Herder. 1927. 11 Mks.

FOURTEEN years ago the Royal Academy of Vienna asked Fr. Feder to prepare a new edition of St. Jerome's *De viris illustribus.* The work is now nearing completion, and Fr. Feder finds himself, owing to the practical requirements of space and economy, com-

pelled to omit from his edition any full statement of the researches which he has been following up so patiently for all these years. Herder's great firm has once more come to the rescue of German erudition, and we must thank both author and publishers for a volume which is full of much curious and out-of-the-way information. Fr. Feder has divided his volume into five main sections : a full statement of the MS. tradition, an account of the way in which the book was originally put together by St. Jerome, an examination of the various accretions to the original text, a suggested scheme of relationship between the different MSS., and an account of the first printed editions. These five sections might perhaps have been arranged in a more logical order, but taken together they give us a very complete history of one of the most widely read books in all Christian antiquity.

To begin with St. Jerome himself, Fr. Feder has collected a series of most interesting passages from the saint's own writings which show us exactly how the original manuscript must have come into existence. Like the famous *Chronicle*, the *De viris illustribus* was an *opus tumultuarium*, put together in a hurry from existing material. Most of the earlier sections are borrowed almost verbatim from the *Ecclesiastical History* of Eusebius. St. Jerome evidently dictated his translation of these sections, and Fr. Feder points out certain passages where the best MS. tradition gives a confusion between the Greek original and the Latin which can only be explained as due to the saint's own hurried dictation. This dictation was taken down in short-hand by the saint's *notarius*, and a fair copy had then to be made by one or other of his many *librarii*. As these *librarii* were often Greek-speaking Asiatics, whose knowledge of Latin was not always the best, there was need of revision ; and no doubt the saint did his best. But he was always a busy man, and there is pathos in one of the passages which Fr. Feder quotes : " Cotidie morimur . . . . et tamen aeternos nos credimus. Hoc ipsum quod dicto, quod scribitur, quod relego, quod emendo, de vita mea trahitur. Quot puncta notarii, tot meorum damna sunt temporum." And once the labour of revision, however hasty, had been gone through, there remained the possibility of new errors in the work of recopying for the benefit of St. Jerome's private literary agents. For, unlike Sulpicius Severus who put his *Life of St. Martin* on the market through the ordinary book-sellers, St. Jerome had copies made by his own *librarii* for his personal friends, and for the small group of admiring disciples who acted as his literary agents in Rome.

There was thus every chance that the copies which reached Pammachius or Marcella in Rome might be already defaced with more than one copyist's error; and their own subsequent activities might easily add to the list. Indeed Fr. Feder, in a very long but interesting analysis of a supplementary list of St. Jerome's own works which comes at the end of the catalogue in many of our MSS., maintains that we have here a list drawn up in Rome about 406 A.D. by these very friends of the saint for their own convenience. After that we lose sight of the MS. tradition for some centuries. An interesting edition to the saint's work, in the form of two short biographies of Spanish writers, shows that the tradition must have passed through a Spanish phase for some at least of our MSS. More interesting for us is the fact that the tradition also certainly passed through an Irish phase; for a group of MSS., which can all be traced back to Irish sources, are noted for the accuracy with which the correct forms of Greek words and proper names have been preserved. This is doubly interesting, for it proves, not only that the Irish copyists knew their Greek, but also that the text of the *De viris illustribus* must have reached Ireland at a time when the continental versions had not yet been corrupted by ignorant scribes. This fits in well with Zimmer's thesis that the Irish Church must have been in very close contact with the continent during the first half of the fifth century. It is worth noting that St. Columbanus quotes the *De viris illustribus* of St. Jerome more than once in his controversy about the true date of Easter. Very probably he was quoting from a manuscript which he had brought with him from Ireland.

One of the MSS. of this "Irish" group—an Anglo-Saxon MS.—has two interesting glosses which have been badly misspelt by the English tenth-century scribe. In ch. 40 St. Jerome, who had always a sharp eye for any form of clerical vanity, quotes an amusing passage from Apollonius, who is attacking the Montanist prophets and prophetesses. "Dic mihi," he asks with scorn, "crinem fucat prophetes? Stibio oculos linit prophetes? Vestibus et gemmis ornatur prophetes? Ludit tabula et tesseris propheta? Fenus accipit? Respondeant, haec utrum fieri liceat an non." Most of us would find this hard enough to translate at sight. So also did the Irish scribe; and for the benefit of future readers he appended two translations of the more difficult works. In the Anglo-Saxon MS. the gloss on *stibium* appears as: *odub dabron*. Fr. Feder was able to reconstruct the Old Irish original with the help of another German Jesuit, who is not unknown to readers of *Studies*—Fr. Gustav Lehmacher. *odub dabron* should be:

o dub dá bró (*bró* having been misread as *brō*), and is thus an exact translation of the Latin word for the powder with which Roman women blackened their eyebrows. The other gloss—*amthi* as an explanation of *fenus accipere*—puzzled Fr. Lehmacher, and has puzzled a very distinguished member of our Celtic faculty in Dublin.

One other point of Irish interest remains. Three or four late MSS. of the text have a note to the effect that a certain Columba found the catalogue of St. Jerome in a badly mutilated condition, and made a copy of what he found sooner than let so valuable a fragment perish. On the strength of this note a German scholar some sixty years ago bult up the theory that our present text of the *De viris illustribus* is only a mutilated fragment of St. Jerome's original work, and that we owe this fragment to no less a person than St. Columbanus himself. Fr. Feder very properly rejects the whole over-ingenious theory. Irish monks play an important part in the MS. tradition of St. Jerome's text, but they can claim no monopoly. Quite independent of the Irish tradition are other lines of tradition, as old and as venerable. All of the MSS. give the text as we know it to-day ; there is no sign of mutilation. Apparently, as Fr. Feder suggests, some Irish monk of the name Columba found a MS. of our text in a very bad condition, and came to the conclusion that the text itself must have suffered as well as the exterior of the MS. With very praiseworthy zeal he copied all that he found, and in doing so, without knowing it, made a full copy of the text.[1] A. G.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALITY. Later Developments. Part I. From the Renaissance to Jansenism. By the Rev. P. Pourrat, Supérieur du Grand Séminaire de Lyon. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. London : Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1927. 10s. 6d.

This third volume of Père Pourrat's great work is a monument of astonishing industry. The author is no mere compiler who pillages and adapts manuals ; his abundant and apposite quotations reveal a careful first-hand study of his sources. The spiritual literature of the period stretching from the middle of the fifteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth is both colossal in extent and difficulty. Take the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, what a forest of commentaries and controversies

[1] Since this review was written, news has come of Fr. Feder's sudden death in Valkenburg, Holland. *Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur ; opera enim illorum sequuntur eos.*

surround that tiny drill-book of the Jesuits! How few of us know anything of the storms the first Jesuit retreats excited! Even to-day that little volume is a sign of contradiction, as witness Brémond's debate with Father Cavallera. And what a tornado swept round the Carmel of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross! How little do even the well-informed Catholics know of these things. Most of us hardly know the names of Berulle and M. Olier; even of St. Francis de Sales we only know the *Introduction to the Devout Life*. And all these are great names in the history of the Church. How many know that Cardinal Richelieu wrote a *Treatise on Christian Perfection*?

Père Pourrat tells us about all these things and tells us much; for he not merely gives us a careful analysis of the doctrine of an author, but shows him to us in his historical setting. For instance he shows how the phobia of illuminism, which pervaded Spain and dominated the Spanish Inquisition, effected Spanish spirituality. He is even at times disposed to exaggerate the influence of environment, for he attributes to a fear of illuminism St. John of the Cross's "astonishing insistence upon renouncing the enjoyment of supernatural favours which are inferior to the mystical union." Hence we may consider that when St. John of the Cross pushed renunciation to the point of rigorism, he wanted to react against the false mysticism of the *Alumbrados*, who thought that spiritual joys were the sum and substance of piety" (p. 195). It seems to me that Père Pourrat does not sufficiently appreciate the terrible logic of St. John of the Cross. If we would be united to God in the mystical union we must not cling to *anything which is not God*, not even the highest supernatural favours. It is St. John's logic which disgruntles us all. "Durus est hic sermo, et quis potest eum audire"?

Père Pourrat also regards the *Ascent of Carmel* as dealing with a stage of experience quite other than that of the *Dark Night*. Both are commentaries on the same poem, and seem to me to represent two points of view of the same fundamental experience. Action and passion are correlated, and we cannot divorce active and passive contemplation in the concrete mystical experience. Otherwise we could have an acquired contemplation product of a suitable ascesis and non-mystical, with an infused contemplation strictly mystical. Frankly I do not think this is St. John's view, still there is great authority in favour of regarding the *Ascent* as almost an ascetical work.

I have mentioned these points to show how stimulating an author Père Pourrat is and what opportunities of mental dis-

cussion he affords the reader. And I have only picked out two instances from the huge heap of information he has gathered for us. As a book of reference it is one of the finest, if not the finest, for its period that I have run across, and I look forward with the keenest interest to the subsequent volume which will deal with the Quietist controversy. JOHN HOWLEY.

Philosophy

(1.) *NEO-HEGELIANISM.* By Hiralal Haldar. London : Heath Cranton. 1927. Pp. 493. 25s.

(2.) *THE NATURE OF EXISTENCE.* By John McTaggart Ellis McTaggart. Edited by C. D. Broad. Cambridge : University Press. 1927. Pp. XLVII + 480. 30s.

THE first of these books, by one who has made Hegel's philosophy his life-study, gives an intelligible and useful summary of the general teaching of each of the British Neo-Hegelians : Stirling, Green, E. and J. Caird, Wallace, Ritchie, Bradley, Bosanquet, Watson, Jones, Muirhead, Mackenzie, Haldane and McTaggart. It is a study rather than a history of the movement, which Dr. Haldar regards as the greatest movement of thought in modern times.

The time would seem to have now come when a complete survey of this movement of British thought is possible, as it may be said to be now definitely superseded. It was a remarkable development, a very live and stimulating movement, and fortunate in the array of able and influential thinkers who espoused it. Initiated by Stirling's book, *The Secret of Hegel*, it arose out of the need for a philosophy that would do justice to the deeper and higher things of life, as compared with the shallow systems prevalent in the Victorian age. It provided a spiritualistic interpretation of the world, a way to reconcile religion with science. It signalled a great revival of metaphysical speculation, and stimulated the deeper study of philosophical systems and the philosophical study of history. It developed an armoury of philosophical criticism, which was able without difficulty to pulverize such empirical and mechanical systems as those of Locke, Hume, and Spencer. It followed out problems to their farthest depths, and made philosophy once more esoteric. It gave scope for erudite study and encyclopaedic learning. It furnished a philosophical basis for poetry. The Hegelian method provided a convenient scheme for grouping historical movements and a useful weapon for literary and artistic interpretations.

Z

There is, of course, the other side to the picture. A system which had already completely died out in its native country must have serious internal weakness. Hegelianism provides a large *a priori* mould into which it fits the whole universe. It forces the facts to conform to its formulae, and interprets them in its own fashion. It is not surprising that Hegelian interpretations are so often unhistorical and untrue to fact. No one, for example, would now accept as reliable Caird's treatment of Kant, Archer-Hind's interpretation of Plato, or the account of the mediaeval period in any Hegelian history of philosophy. Hegelianism has an easy way of getting rid of facts that do not fit into its system. Its method is to riddle such facts with contradictions. Thus, if everything is spirit, matter has to be shown to be contradictory, and so, unreal. This type of criticism is a favourite exercise of Hegelian dialectic; it abounds, *e.g.*, in Bradley's works: often marvellously acute, it tends to descend to mere logomachy. Over-simplification of facts is due to the same cause. Thus, Hegelian accounts of the mind seem schematic and insufficient in view of the modern development of Psychology. Always intent on seeing things whole, Hegelian philosophy often leaves a disappointing impression of vagueness and even of verbiage.

II.—Although the final draft of Dr. McTaggart's second volume on the Nature of Existence was not concluded when he died, it is a finished work. Dr Broad has ably edited the book, and has added a very full analytical table of contents.

This elaborate work applies the results of the first volume and gives us the author's positive philosophical views. The arguments do not claim to be strictly demonstrative, and the positive conclusions reached are not maintained to be more than probable. Indeed, the logical structure of the work is loose, and questions are decided in a somewhat impressionist and haphazard way.

The central position in this book was put forward by the author some twenty years ago in a lecture which he gave, at the Philosophical Society at Oxford, on "Time." The proof of the unreality of time occupies the more strictly argumentative portion of the present work. This is also the most instructive part; and the reading of these chapters, in which an old and difficult problem, so fully discussed by the Scholastics, is worked out from an original angle, will be found stimulating by students of Metaphysics. It is not possible here to examine this elaborate argumentation; but few would hold that it is cogent. Yet the

conclusion is taken as solidly established; and most of the subsequent results are built on it with a sense of complete security.

The proof of the illusory character of time and of change is followed up by the proof of the unreality of matter and of sense-objects. The author's schooling in the Hegelian method, on which he was one of the best commentators, gives him a masterly skill in this type of dialectical exercise. The strange conclusion is drawn, that everything is unreal except selves and their parts. A type of Idealism results, in which elements from Leibniz, Berkeley, and Hegel are fused together.

The greater portion of the book is taken up with the detailed discussion of the kind of world that remains over when we have thus eliminated time and matter. The states of selves, including perceptions, emotions, and volitions, are examined as to what is real in them; and a picture is drawn of the kind of activities which occupy the selves in the timeless world which alone is real. The contrast between the world of ordinary experience, in which perception is mostly misperception and judgment is largely error, and the world of "absolute reality," has some resemblance to the Scholastic contrast between the temporal and eternal; but as to the details the two views have scarcely anything in common. An unimportant kind of immortality, which goes along with pre-existence and re-birth, is maintained, and suggestions are made as to the conception of God that would fit into this strange system.

No one will dispute the novelty and originality of this work. Its value lies rather in the suggestiveness of occasional incidental discussions than in its main positions. One feels it a pity that such great ingenuity and sustained subtlety should be marred by a certain love of the paradoxical as such. J. SHINE.

Shorter Notices

LA VIE ET LES ŒUVRES DE QUELQUES GRANDS SAINTS. 2 vols. Paris: Librairie de France. 1927. 14 francs each.

THE list of the authors' names on the covers of these two volumes helps one to realise the extent and the intensity of the Catholic movement among French men of letters. By a strange turn of fortune, the Church has now its strongest and boldest defenders among the class from which irreligion was first disseminated among the people. The workers and peasants have in great part lost, or are losing, the Faith which their whilom instructors in atheism are finding again.

These short *Lives* represent, for the most part, a vast amount of effort and study. The sketch of St. Paul, for instance, by Emile Baumann, contains much of the pith of his book, a very notable and fresh attempt to penetrate the mind of the apostle; a mind all the more mysterious for its complete self-revelation. Louis Bertrand, with his great and intimate knowledge of the Mediterranean and its peoples, ancient and modern, gives us St. Augustine, on whom he had

previously written a book that will not be soon forgotten. Etienne Gilson, one at least of whose remarkable works on the great Scholastics has been translated into English, studies St. Bonaventure. Jacques Maritain, of course, does St. Thomas; not even M. Gilson would dispute his title to that honour. Henry Bordeaux writes of his favourite, St. Francis de Sales; Edouard Schneider of St. Benedict, Gaëtan Bernoville of St. Ignatius.

These lives give a strong impression of reality. For one thing, they are written with that measured and sober distinction of style that seems not to desert the French in any literary adventure. But more than this, they are written mostly by men who have found their way back to the Church with many struggles and by strange paths. Such men are resolved to see for themselves how things are, and to tell what they see. They are at once more critical of commonplaces and more eager to tell others of the beauty that God has revealed to themselves.

M. F. E.

CARMELITANA. ENUCLEATIO MYSTICAE THEOLOGIAE S. DIONYSII AREOPAGITAE EPISCOPI ET MARTYRIS, PER QUAESTIONES ET RESOLUTIONES SCHOLASTICO-MYSTICAS. Auctore P. Joseph a Spiritu Sancto. Editio Critica a P. Anastasio a S. Paulo. Romae: Apud Curiam Generalitiam (Corso d'Italia 38). Fasciuli I., II., III. 1927-8. Lire 25 per annum.

THIS new periodical *Carmelitana*, is a supplement to the *Analecta Ordinis Carmelitarum Discalceatorum*, and is published every three months in numbers of about 80 pages in length. Its object is to give us scholarly reprints of the best works on mystical theology by Carmelite authors. This is an enterprise worthy of the warmest support by the scholarly public, and worthy of imitation by the other great Orders. They, too, have works that are both valuable for their matter and practically unprocurable, for books on mystical theology are the most difficult for the student to procure once they go out of print. Usually the editions are small and get locked up in public and private libraries. Seldom do we find them in the second-hand booksellers, that is if they are really valuable, and then they are sold before you can get to the shop. As an old hunter of this type of book, I cannot but welcome with enthusiasm this new enterprise of Carmel.

The first work selected for *Carmelitana* is a very thorough-going commentary on the *Mystica Theologia* by Father Joseph of the Holy Ghost (1609-1674), a Portuguese Carmelite who flourished in the seventeenth century. The editor is Father Anastasius of St. Paul, who is bringing out the magnificent *Cursus Theologiae Mystico-Scholasticae* of that other Father Joseph of the Holy Ghost, that illustrious Spanish theologian of a later date (1667 to 1736), who summed up the mystical doctrine of Carmel in its theological plenitude. His editorship is a guarantee that the reprinted text is all it should be. Now, sons of St. Dominic, it is up to you to give us a reprint of B. Albert's commentary on the Mystica Theologia!

JOHN HOWLEY.

FONDEMENTS DE LA MORALE. Par Edouard Thamiry. Paris: Bloud et Gay. 1928. 10 fr.

THE author of this book is Dean of the Theological Faculty of Lille. Two earlier works by him have been crowned by the French Academy, the first, "De l'Influence," the second, "De la Méthode d'Influence de Saint François de Sales," both published in 1922. In "Fondements de la Morale," Abbé Thamiry has drawn largely upon his earlier studies, and upon a still earlier volume, "De Rationibus Seminalibus et Immanentia," published at Lille in 1905.

His latest book is not a dry treatise on moral philosophy. The chief moral principles are stated lucidly, and the elements of ethical argument are given; St. Thomas is quoted at every important step, and his doctrine is harmonised with that of St. Augustine on the "rationes seminales" in a suggestive way:

on the other hand, the practical side of morals predominates in the author's mind, and his *ascesis* is based upon the writings of St. Francis de Sales. The influence of temperament upon judgment; the manner of dealing with temptations; the safeguards of liberty which secure that the will gathers up all the elements of choice into a moral synthesis, that the soul dominates its resources; the utility of examination of conscience, and the methods of making it—these are some of the problems which the author discusses in a remarkably lucid, interesting and concise style. The third part of the volume deals with the supernatural, and shows how it develops and perfects natural morality. And it was pleasing to note how all through Our Lord is proposed as the concrete model of Christian virtue.

The book, therefore, is a spiritual as well as a philosophical treatise. It treats morality practically as well as speculatively, not in different sections, but together, in the very proof and development of speculative truth. Consequently, preachers and spiritual directors will find in it much that is suggestive, and the general reader will find in it the rational grounds of ascetical practice. J. E. C.

LA LITTERATURE GRECQUE CHRETIENNE. Par l'Abbé G. Bardy. Collection de la "Bibliothèque des Sciences Religieuses." Paris: Bloud et Gay. 1928. 10 francs.

Studies in Patrology meet, if we are to judge from the output, with a reception on the Continent which is not accorded to them in these countries. But there must be not a few, even in English-speaking countries, who are glad to enjoy the fruits of the labour of others. The author of the present book, the Abbé Bardy, has already to his credit several works on the Greek literature of the early Church. Here he gives us a brief summary of the literary output of Greek Christianity from its beginning at the end of the first century, through the golden age of the fourth (but how little he tells us of St. John Chrysostom, the greatest name of all), to the decline of the fifth century and the beginning of the Byzantine period. He has not written a treatise for scholars (though even for them it may be a useful book of reference) but a manual for the general reader, who in short compass will get a clear idea of the whole field and a discreet criticism of the merits of the various writers. The book is not overloaded with scholarship, but is written with ample knowledge in the background to guard against the errors of generalisation which are only too common in short handbooks. If it tends at times to become little more than a list of names, that was inevitable from the nature of the task which the author set himself, and he warns his readers that some knowledge of the history of the period will be necessary.

The book can be recommended as an introduction to the study of Greek Christian literature, the more so that it includes an up-to-date bibliography; it could be still more strongly recommended if it were provided with an index.

T. A. J.

IRISH FIRESIDE HOURS. By William O'Brien. Dublin: M. H. Gill. 1927. 5/- net.

"Irish history is the only department of human knowledge as to which ignorance is not only permissible among educated people but is cultivated, obtruded and gloried in." So writes William O'Brien in his chapter on the Irish Age of Gold, and who will venture to contradict him? William O'Brien is but lately dead, and what place he will himself find in Irish history is a matter of speculation. In the book under review we have a collection of essays bearing dates from 1885 to 1919, and covering such widely different topics as "Gun-running in Cork," "A Rainless Killarney," "Tullamore in Jerusalem," and "The Pope at his High, High Mass" There are Talks to the Young, Boyish Memories, and descriptions of Rome and the Holy Land. O'Brien was gifted with a vivid, picturesque style of writing, albeit his sentences produce at times the effect of

a rushing torrent, the very sound of his words obscuring their actual sense. Those familiar with him as a speaker have recorded a similar quality in his public utterances. He is none the less a fascinating writer, and no part of this book is more entertaining than that devoted to Boyish Memories. There is a notable absence of politics—remarkable considering who the author is—stray allusions here and there to men and systems being all one meets with on this head. An intensely Irish and Catholic fervour permeates the work, and no doubt as to the race or the religion of its author could exist in the minds of even the most casual peruser. The essay on " Happiness " has something of the sermon about it, but what old man writing for youth can succeed in avoiding the " pulpit " touch?

A trifling slip, more than once repeated in the glowing and glittering chapter devoted to " The Quirinal and the Vatican," is worth mentioning as an indication of how a legend can grow into a truth. At least twice he refers to " the third Empire " when he has Napoleon III in mind. Ignorance of modern French history is not " permissible."

He tells a new (to me) story of Disraeli; the book is full of other amusing anecdotes. It is one eminently fitted for beguiling Irish fireside hours.

W. D.

HUC AND GABET'S TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBET AND CHINA (1844-1846). Translated by William Hazlitt, and now edited with an Introduction by Professor Paul Pelliot. 2 vols. With a map. London: Routledge. 1928. 25/-.

STUDENTS of missionary history are vaguely familiar with the name of the Abbé Huc. Lovers of the literature of travel cherish his name with singular affection. And in truth Huc was more of a traveller than a missionary, and so too was Gabet, his ecclesiastical superior. Professor Pelliot sums up the career of these two eccentric missionaries in a short but most valuable Introduction. What were these two wanderers doing in Thibet, at a time when Rome was busy transferring that vast territory from the jurisdiction of the Lazarist Fathers—Huc and Gabet were Lazarists—to the French *Missions Etrangères*? And why was Huc dismissed the Congregation on his return to Europe—a fate which Gabet too escaped only by a timely death in Brazil? More delicate still, did the Abbé Huc—this " son of St. Vincent who wore the red ribbon in the buttonhole of his soutane "—habitually tell the truth? For light on all these matters you must go to Professor Pelliot's Introduction, a very scholarly piece of work. But if you are just a lover of the literature of travel, then you will open the book at random anywhere in these two volumes; and you will read on, blessing the name of William Hazlitt, who has translated a masterpiece of French literature into a masterpiece of English prose.

P. D.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION. Vol. II. *The Breach with Rome.* By James Mackinnon, M.A., Ph.D., D.D. London: Longmans. 1928. 16/-.

CATHOLIC readers will find less to interest them in Dr. Mackinnon's second volume than in his first, with its varied human appeal. We are in a world of stale theological controversy, chiefly about the doctrine of Indulgences as explained in the Schools before Trent. Dr. Mackinnon makes no secret of the fact that he is a convinced Protestant, and it would be too much to expect from him an impartial statement of the whole dispute. Instead he gives us the picture of a titanic struggle, in which Luther is the heroic champion of liberty and pure religion against a corrupt absolutism. Rome's failings—and they were many—are trumpeted abroad; the hero's faults are charitably hinted at in some convenient formula. Dr. Mackinnon has read a vast amount of recent German literature about Luther; but Germany is even more biassed than Scotland as arbiter between Rome and the German champion. We have still to wait for the final estimate of Luther's contribution to European life and thought.

P. D.

Books also received :—

AGNEL, ARNAUD D' ... Méditations sur Sainte Thérèse de l' Enfant Jésus dans sa famille. Téqui, pp. 472).

ALES, ADHEMAR D' ... De Baptismo et Confirmatione. (Beauchesne, 30 fr.). Baptéme et Confirmation. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).

ARQUILLIERE, H. X. ... Le plus ancien Traité de l'Eglise. Jacques de Viterbe—De Regimine Christiano. (Beauchesne, 40 fr.).

ATTERIDGE, A. H. ... The Elizabethan Persecution. Did its Victims suffer for the Old Faith of England or for Treason ? (Harding and More, 2/6).

BARDY, G. ... Littérature grecque chrétienne. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).

BARRY, PATRICK ... Die Zustände im Wiener Schottenkloster vor der Reform des Jahres 1418. (Aichach : Lothar Schütte).

BARRY, MGR. WM. ... The Triumph of Life or Science and the Soul. (Longmans, 10/6).

BECKER, REV. DR. C. ... Katholische missionsärztliche Fürsorge. Jahrbuch 1928 des katholischen Vereins für missionsärztliche Fürsorge. (Aachener Missionsdruckerei, pp. 133).

BEECH, MARGARET ... Peter and Veronica. Spring-time Lessons in an Old Garden. (Jenkins, 2/6).

BOURCHANY, MGR. ... Entretiens sur la Vie religieuse. (Téqui, pp. 216).

BOUSFIELD, W. R. ... The Basis of Memory. Psyche Miniatures. (Kegan Paul, 2/6).

BOYD, CHARLES C. ... Grammar for Great and Small. (Allen and Unwin, 2/-).

BRUNHES, GABRIEL ... La Foi et sa Justification rationelle. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).

BRUYNE, EDGAR DE ... S. Thomas d'Aquin. Le Milieu—L'Homme—La Vision du Monde. (Beauchesne, 30 fr.).

BURY, J. B. ... The Invasion of Europe by the Barbarians. (Macmillan, 12/6).

CALLEWAERT, J. C. ... Caeremoniale in missa privata et solemni aliisque functionibus liturgicis servandum. Ed. altera emendata. (Bruges : Beyaert, pp. 285).

CARLYLE, A. J. ... A History of Medieval Political Theory in the West. (Blackwood, 30/-).

CASTELAIN, D. ... De Cultu Eucharistici Cordis Jesu. Historia—Doctrina—Documenta. (Beauchesne, pp. 376).

CLAYTON, JOSEPH ... Continuity in the Church of England. (Sheed and Ward, 1/-).

CLEARY, GREGORY ... Ireland's Tribute to St. Francis. (Gill, 3/6).

CRONE, JOHN S. ... A Concise Dictionary of Irish Biography. (Talbot Press, 10/6).

DEDIEU, J. ... Instabilité du Protestantisme. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).

DESCOQUS, PEDRO ... Archives de Philosophie. Vol. V. Thomisme et Scolastique. A propos de M. Rougier. (Beauchesne, 32 fr.).

DUBLY, HENRY L. ... The Life of Cardinal Mercier. Translated by Herbert Wilson. (Sands, 7/6).

DURAND, ALFRED ... Evangile selon Saint Jean. Traduit et Commenté. (Beauchesne, 24 fr.).

FOX, RALPH ... Storming Heaven. (Constable, 7/6).

FOX, H. MUNRO ... Selene, or Sex and the Moon. Psyche Miniatures. (Kegan Paul, 2/6).

GAFFNEY, HENRY ... Sweet Miracle. A Drama adapted from the Portuguese. Irish Version by G. M. Cussen. (Talbot Press, 1/6).

GALTIER, PAUL ... L'Habitation en nous des trois Personnes. Le Fait—Le Mode. (Beauchesne, pp. 262).

GASQUET, CARDINAL ... Sacramentals and some Catholic Practices. (Harding and More, 3/6).

GENY, PAULUS ... Brevis Conspectus Historiae Philosophiae. (Universitas Gregoriana, L. 15).

GOURY, GEORGES ... Origine et Evolution de l'Homme. (Picard, 35 fr.).

GRASSET, BERNARD ... Remarques sur l'Action. (Gallimard).

GREEN, E. TYRELL ... Baptismal Fonts Classified and Illustrated. (S. P. C. K., 10/6).

HAMON, A. ... Histoire de la Dévotion au Sacré-Coeur. III.—Paray-le-Monial. (Beauchesne, 30 fr.).

HARDY, THOMAS ... The Short Stories. (Macmillan, 7/6).

HOFFMAN, DOM A. ... Liturgical Dictionary. (Collegeville : Liturgical Press, $2.25).

HOOPER, JOHN ... Agricultural Statistics, 1847-1926. Report and Tables. (Stationery Office, 2/3).

HULL, ELEANOR ... The Folklore of the British Isles. (Methuen, 7/6).

JORGENSEN, J. ... An Autobiography. Translated from the Danish by Ingeborg Lund. (Sheed and Ward, 10/6).

KNOX, RONALD ... The Mystery of the Kingdom and other Sermons. (Sheed and Ward, 6/-).
The Rich Young Man. (Sheed and Ward, 1/-).

LEBRETON, JULES ... Histoire du Dogme de la Trinité. Tome I—Les Origines. Tome II.—De Saint Clément à Saint Irenée. (Beauchesne, 45 fr. et 40 fr.).

MACCARTHY, J. BERNARD The Long Run to Garranbraher, The Down Express, Fine Feathers, Old Acquaintance, Poachers, The Able Dealer—Comedies. (Gill, 1/6 each).

MACDONALD, RT. REV. A. What think ye of Christ? (Kegan Paul, 1/-).
Instinct and Reason. (Kegan Paul, 9*d.*).

MCNABB, VINCENT ... The New Testament Witness to St. Peter. (Sheed and Ward, 5/-).

MAGENNIS, MOST REV. P. E. The Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Its History and Privileges. (Gill, 2*d.*).

MAGNIN, E. ... L'Eglise enseignée. La Discipline du clergé et des fidèles. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).

MANN, MGR. H. K. ... The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages. Vol. XIV.—1243-1254. (Kegan Paul, 15/-).

MARECHAL, J. ... Le Point de Départ de la Métaphysique. Cahier 1.—De l'Antiquité à la fin du Moyen Age. 2e édition. (Museum Lessianum, 20 fr.).

MARITAIN, JACQUES ... Prayer and Intelligence. Translated by Algar Thorold. (Sheed and Ward, 2/6).

MARTRIN-DONOS, ABBE ... Nouveau Mois de Marie. (Aubanel Fils Ainé, 7 fr. 80).

MORET, A. ... The Nile and Egyptian Civilization. (Kegan Paul, 25/-).

MORGAN, JAMES ... The Importance of Tertullian in the Development of Christian Dogma. (Kegan Paul, 7/6).

NEWMAN, CARDINAL ... The Dream of Gerontius. Arranged with Concordance and Chronicle by "Anglican." (Longmans, 7/6).

O'HARA, EDWIN ... The Church and the Country Community. (Macmillan, $1.25).

PASTOR, LUDWIG ... The History of the Popes. Vols. XV—XVI. 1559-1565. (Kegan Paul, 15/- each).

PISANI, P. ... Les Compagnies de Prêtres du XVIe au XVIIIe Siècle. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).

POHL, WENCESLAUS ... De Vera Religione Questiones Selectae. (Herder, M. 9).

PRUNEL, MGR. ... Pour l'Eglise et pour la Patrie. Discours à des Jeunes Gens. (Téqui, 10 fr.).

PUNIET, DOM. J. DE ... La Liturgie de la Messe. (Aubanel Fils Ainé, 14 fr. 40).

REISER, OLIVER L. ... The Alchemy of Light and Colour. (Kegan Paul, 2/6).

SCEILG ... Eachtraidheacht. (Gill, 1/6).

SHAW, BERNARD ... The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. (Constable, 15/-).

SHEAHAN, J. F. ... The English in the English Bibles. Rhemes—Authorized—Revised. (Poughkeepsie: Columbus Institute, $1.25).

SHIELDS, B. F. ... The Evolution of Industrial Organization. (Pitman, 10/6).

SIMPSON, W. DOUGLAS ... On Certain Saints and Professor Watson. (Milne and Hutchinson, pp. 33).

SMITH, G. ELLIOT ... Culture. A Symposium. (Kegan Paul, 2/6).

SMITH, JUDITH ... Studies in Hebrew History. (Sands, 4/-).

STEFANSSON, V. ... The Standardization of Error. (Kegan Paul, 2/6).

THAMIRY, EDOUARD ... Fondements de la Morale. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).

TISSIER, MGR. ... La Doctrine de nos Fêtes. 2 Vols. (Téqui).

TRICOT, A. ... Saint Paul: Apôtre des Gentils. (Bloud et Gay, 10 fr.).

VALENSIN, ALBERT ... L'Evangile selon Saint Luc. Traduit et Commenté. (Beauchesne, 24 fr.).

VUILLERMET, FR. A. ... Vers la Perfection conjugale. (Lethielleux, 12 fr.).

WALKER, J. C. ... The Irish Question Book. (Talbot Press, 2/-).

WALLER, BOLTON C. ... Hibernia or the Future of Ireland. (Kegan Paul, 2/6).

WALSH, LOUIS J. ... The Deposit Receipt. A Play in One Act. With Irish Version. (Gill, 1/6).

WARMINGTON, E. H. ... The Commerce between the Roman Empire and India. (Cambridge University Press, 15/-).

YEATS, W. B. ... Sophocles' King Oedipus. A Version for the Modern Stage. (Macmillan, 2/6).

[VARIOUS WRITERS] ... Great Britain and the Dominions. Lectures on the Harris Foundation, 1927. (Cambridge University Press, 15/-).

(*The prices of all books in this list are net*).

University College
DUBLIN

A Constituent College of
The National University of Ireland

SESSION 1927-28

THE College provides Courses for the Degrees of the National University of Ireland in the Faculties of Arts, Philosophy, Celtic Studies, Science, Law, Medicine, Engineering and Architecture, and Commerce.

The following Regulations for the College Courses, etc., may be obtained on application :—

1. General Regulations, Scholarships, Fees.
2. Courses for Degrees in Arts, Philosophy, Celtic Studies.
3. Courses for Degrees in Science.
4. Courses for Degrees in Law.
5. Courses for Degrees in Medicine and Dentistry.
6. Courses for Degrees in Engineering and Architecture.
7. Courses for Degrees in Commerce.

College Scholarships and Prizes to the value of about £3,500 (not including Scholarships provided by the Corporation of Dublin and by the County Councils) are open to competition amongst Student-Members of the College.

Letters in reference to Courses of Study should be addressed to the Registrar of the College, Earlsfort Terrace, or to the Medical School, Cecilia Street. All Students' Fees due to the College are to be paid to the SECRETARY, University College, Dublin.

The College Offices at Earlsfort Terrace and in the Medical School, Cecilia Street, are open daily.

Phone 646.

THE

DISC LINEN CO.,

20 Temple Bar, DUBLIN, C.4.

PLAIN ALBS, Fine Strong Linen, **35/-** and **42/-** each.

PLAIN SURPLICES, 18/6 and **25/-** each.

PLAIN ALTAR-CLOTHS, linen, 36 ins. wide, **4/3** per yard.

DAMASK ALTAR-CLOTH, 27 ins. wide, **5/6** per yard.

EMBROIDERED AMICES, 7/6. PLAIN AMICES, 5/- each.

Ditto Hemstitched, **10/6.** **Ditto** Hemstitched, **8/-.**

PURE LINEN CORPORALS, 20/- doz. **DAMASK CORPORALS, 24/-** doz.

PURIFIERS, 16/- doz., **DAMASK, 18/-.**

PURE LINEN DIAPER FINGER TOWLES, 18/- doz. **DAMASK, 18/-.**

HAND-MADE LINEN CINCTURES, 10/6 each.

HANDSOME LACE ALBS, from **£4. SURPLICES** to match from **60/-.**

Linens and Laces by the yard for Albs, Surplices, Altar-cloths, Altar Falls and other Church Purposes.

Communion Rail Cloths hemmed and taped ready for use.

CERE (waxed) LINEN by the yard.

Illustrated List of Embroidered Altar-cloths, Albs, etc., Post Free.

CLERYS CLERICAL TAILORING

WE do the largest Clerical Tailoring of any Firm in the World. We employ only the very best Cutters and charge the most moderate prices.

Clery & Co., Ltd., O'Connell St., Dublin

Never say "petrol" —say

THE difference is worth while. Because Pratts is pure—as pure as painstaking effort backed by the experience of a quarter century can make it—it gives more miles per gallon, easier acceleration and smoother running. It reduces the wear and tear on your engine. Get it from the golden pump or the green can—everywhere.

Always Reliable
Always Pure

IRISH-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD.
1 & 2 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin

K.A.A.

Telegrams: "WATT, DUBLIN." Telephone: 4268 DUBLIN.

GEORGE WATT, LTD.

Engineers and Millwrights,

Soho Works, Bridgefoot Street,

DUBLIN.

Estimates given for Repair and Supply for all Classes of Machinery.

FOR SACRISTY OR HALL

There is no more reliable clock made than our modern Regulator. It has a 7 inch silvered dial, strikes the hours and half hours on a deep bass gong, and is fitted in a Walnut Case 32 inches long.

The price is 63/-, In Polished Mahogany Case £5.

Inspection cordially invited.

GANTER BROS. Watchmakers, Jewellers and Silversmiths,

Established 1856. **63 SOUTH GEORGE'S STREET, DUBLIN.**

By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty King George V.
To His Late Majesty King Edward VII.

By Special Appointment
To His Excellency The Lord Lieutenant,
And the Officers' Messes throughout
Ireland.

McDONOGH & CO.,

VICTUALLERS,

11 & 12 CHATHAM STREET, DUBLIN.

Telephones: 1175 and 4634. Telegrams: "McDonogh, Chatham St., Dublin."

IRISH MARGARINE IS THE BEST

STOCK THE BRANDS THAT SELL

LEANDER - - -	**at 1/- per lb. RETAIL**	
Sweet Lavender - -	**at 10d.**	,, ,,
Snow Cap - -	**at 8d.**	,, ,,

DOWDALL, O'MAHONEY & CO., LTD.

(*Proprietors of the famous "Black Swan" Butter*)

UNION QUAY, COKK, and 29-30 FLEET STREET, DUBLIN.

LAWN MOWERS : GARDEN VASES : WOOD TRELLIS : PRIMUS STOVES : WATERING POTS : INDIA RUBBER HOSE : GARDEN SEATS : WATER BARROWS.

GLEESON, O'DEA & CO., Ltd.

21 & 22, Christchurch Place

DUBLIN, C4.

Telephone: DUBLIN 523 (2 Lines.)

TODD, BURNS & CO.

LIMITED.

High-Class TAILORING

TO ORDER.

SUITS and OVERCOATS

READY TO WEAR.

Gentlemen's OUTFITTING

IN ALL REQUIREMENTS.

Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums

IN BEST QUALITIES.

MARY STREET, DUBLIN.

BEST HOUSE COALS. BEST GAS COKE.

Dublin General Steam Shipping Co.

Limited,

COAL IMPORTERS,

18 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN.

Telephone: Dublin 1067 and 1068. Telegrams: "WALLSEND," DUBLIN

ESTABLISHED 1824.

Thomas, William AND John **Kelly,** Dublin.

89, LOWER GARDINER STREET.

Offices: 1 & 2, WESTMORELAND STREET, DUBLIN

(NEXT BANK OF IRELAND).

We respectfully solicit from the HIERARCHY and CLERGY a continuance of their valued patronage for the

Pure Altar Wine,

imported by us for the use of the Altar, and which we have for three generations supplied throughout Ireland, England, and the Colonies.

Price per dozen (Bottles and Carriage included) on application.

2/- per dozen allowed for Altar Wine Bottles when returned in good condition, carriage paid.

In other WINES we hold a large and well-assorted stock, together with the finest SPIRITS, both home and foreign. Lists on application.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER FIRM IN THE TRADE.

Telephone 1612. **Telegrams: "Threekays, Dublin."**

ASK FOR——

RATHBORNE'S . . . .

ALTAR CANDLES

Deanta in Eirinn

Reg. No 0379.

Guaranteed and Stamped

75%, 65% & 25% GENUINE BEESWAX.

SANCTIONED BY THE HIERARCHY.

Irish Bleached Beeswax. Sanctuary and Burning Colza Oils.

Manufactured by . . . **JOHN G. RATHBORNE, LTD.,** [Established A.D. 1488.

Candle Manufacturers, Oil Refiners, Wax Bleachers, &c.,

EAST WALL ROAD, DUBLIN.

OUR TEAS

Are the pick of the Market, are of unvarying quality and give universal Satisfaction.

Prices: 2/- 2/2, 2/4, 2/6, 2/8, 2/10, 3/- & 3/2 per lb.
China Tea a Speciality, 2/-, 2/8 and 3/2 per lb.

BECKER BROS., Ltd.,

8 SOUTH GREAT GEORGE'S ST.,
And 17 NORTH EARL ST., - - DUBLIN
'Phone 156

Telephone: Dublin, 1531. Telegraphic Address: "Ecclesia, Dublin."

C. BULL, Ltd.

Church Furnishing Specialists

VESTMENTS.	STATIONS OF CROSS.	STATUARY.
PEDESTALS.	CONFESSIONALS.	SHRINES.
BEADS.	PICTURES.	PRAYER BOOKS.

Etc., Etc.

21, SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN.

FARRELL'S

Telephone 711.

FUNERAL AND CARRIAGE ESTABLISHMENT
:: SALOON AND MOTOR HEARSES ::

66 MARLBOROUGH STREET

Established over 100 Years. DUBLIN

ROWAN'S **SEEDS**

FOR THE

FARM and GARDEN

Quotations and Catalogues on request

M. ROWAN & CO.

Seed, Bulb and Plant Merchants

51-52 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN

Established nearly 40 Years.

Murphy Brothers

(John J. Murphy)

Builders and Contractors

3 Castlewood Avenue, Rathmines

Work carried out in City and Country under personal supervision. Estimates given for Building, Plumbing, Painting and Drainage.

'Phone Rathmines, 571

Irish Billiard Table Makers

J. J. DELAHUNTY, Proprietor.

New & Secondhand Tables and all accessories stocked.
- Estimates Free. - Irish Labour only. -

38 Upr. O'Connell Street, Dublin

(Opposite Parnell Monument).

ALEX. THOM & CO., LTD.

PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS,
BOOKBINDERS, STATIONERS.

LARGE RESOURCES FOR PRINTING IN GAELIC.

Books, Magazines and Periodicals produced by Latest Methods.

Try "THOM'S" for your next Printing Order. Our Service and our Prices will please you. "Studies" is a specimen of our work. :: ::

Head Offices: CROW STREET

WORKS :: :: BOTANIC ROAD, GLASNEVIN.

THE PRACTICAL SCHOOL — RAMSGRANGE, WATERFORD
CONVENT OF ST. LOUIS

Under Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction.

THE SCHOOL FOR FARMERS' DAUGHTERS

TRAINED AND SPECIALLY QUALIFIED TEACHERS APPOINTED and paid by Department.

30 FREE PLACES AVAILABLE EVERY YEAR, GRANTED BY Department.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN MILKING, DAIRYING, POULTRY-KEEPING, COOKERY, DRESSMAKING, HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY, LAUNDRY WORK, HORTICULTURE.

Full Particulars from THE SISTER IN CHARGE.

KENNEDY'S BREAD

FINEST QUALITY
· · · MADE · · ·

BAKERIES:

124 to 130 GREAT BRITAIN STREET

—— AND ——

ST. PATRICK'S BAKERY · DUBLIN.

Telegrams—"HOSIERY, DUBLIN." Telephone No. 1292.

KENNEDY & McSHARRY

Shirt Makers, Hosiers, Hatters
and General Outfitters, :: ::

24 WESTMORELAND STREET,
——— And 3 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN

Phones—3455 and 3456 THE

Irish Agricultural Wholesale Society

LIMITED,

151 - 156 THOMAS STREET, DUBLIN

ARE SUPPLIERS OF

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, SCHOOL STATIONERY, DRAPERY, FARM AND :: :: GARDEN SEEDS TO THE :: :: PRINCIPAL COLLEGES, CONVENTS, INSTITUTIONS AND HOSPITALS AT LOWEST PRICES.

Branches: LIMERICK, BELFAST, DERRY, WATERFORD.

SCIENCE POLISHES

ARE SOLD

"ON MERIT ALONE"

MANUFACTURED BY PUNCH & CO., CORK

PRINTED BY SEALY, BRYERS & WALKER, DUBLIN.